

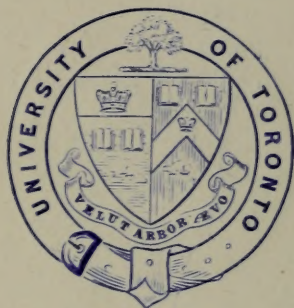


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ITALIAN
TRAVEL

BY H. NIVILLE MAUGHAM





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THE BOOK OF
ITALIAN TRAVEL

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(1580-1900)

BY

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H. NEVILLE MAUGHAM

NEW YORK
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THE BOOK OF ITALIAN TRAVEL

(1880-1900)



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PREFACE

THE question of how best to popularise the large amount of travel-literature concerning Italy is a problem of some difficulty. The view here adopted has been to utilise it so as to give a synthesis of the art and character of the most typical Italian towns. The danger of the many specialised books that pour from the press—admirable as some of them are—is that the reader does not attain a general idea of Italy. In that country very little has altered since the northern travellers first journeyed there in the seventeenth century. The accounts of early travel are mostly as correct now as when they were written, and often they possess the picturesque drawn from a life more in harmony with the art of the great eras. Some sides of Italian art were totally neglected by the first travellers, and in such cases we have to go to later interpreters, seeking the aid of those most in sympathy with any particular period.

It has been remarked by Ampère that as a man's temperament is, so will he show a preference for Venice, Florence, or Rome. He might have added that there is a natural predisposition towards the Classic, the Gothic, or the Renaissance periods. Every one of our travellers has his bias, but we still believe that passages chosen from authors so widely apart as Evelyn and Taine will not form an unharmonious mosaic. If there is a difference in the style of our authors, there are often far greater differences in the style of the churches or pictures contained within one town. It is only owing to the scientific habit of thought that modern men are able to con-

sider such varying manifestations of the æsthetic life. The present writer's numerous journeys in Italy enable him, he trusts, to mark when a writer is giving us a direct impression rather than a mere bit of fine writing. The personal descriptions of Montaigne, Evelyn, Goethe, and Beckford are retained as being of importance, but as a rule in other cases we have to ask for the objective note first of all.

It would have been perfectly possible to make our book entirely personal and social, for travellers' descriptions of architecture and painting cannot always be scientifically correct. We have come to the conclusion, nevertheless, that the towns can only be differentiated by the comparison of their monuments, and having found our own Italian memories considerably simplified by the mere process of selection, we think it probable that the reader too will be assisted, though he must exercise prudence with regard to the finality of the statements our travellers have made. A travel-picture is necessarily more a sketch than a ground-plan, an impression rather than a treatise. The reader will not always find *his* Italy here, but from the "multitude of counsellors" he may learn some new views. With the fresh activity directed to our own towns at home, it cannot be superfluous to examine those of Italy, considering them as organisms, but always remembering that we live under different conditions of faith and civilisation. No book that we know of gives a complete picture of Italy; the subject is too vast, the historical associations too numerous. Our selection does not propose to supersede the existing guide-books,¹ but rather to supplement them; it may be useful as showing modern travellers what the average opinion is concerning any town or typical monument. Taste is always changing, and it is of importance to sum up the experience of the past so as to test any fresh advance.

¹ The late Mr. A. J. C. Hare's entertaining volumes occupy the *via media* between the guide-books and this selection, but very few of his quotations will be found in the present volume, as our title excludes poetry and romance.

Particular care has been taken to make the appreciations chosen representative ; and in the general balance of the book credit has been given to every school of art. However we may estimate the later schools, they had their influence on European art, and to sacrifice Palladian architecture to the Gothic order, or the Renascentists to the Primitives, is to prejudice the whole inquiry.

The general bibliography of Italian travel is contained in Boucher de la Richarderie's *Bibliothèque des Voyages*, with occasional comments ; and a still fuller list up to the year 1815 has been published by Prof. Alessandro d'Ancona at the end of his translation of Montaigne's *Journey*. The introduction here following can only be said to be relatively exhaustive, and there is the possibility of having omitted some work that might have been of assistance. We begin our selection at Venice, because the most important travellers down to Goethe started with that town. From Venice we follow the towns on the Adriatic side to Ravenna ; thence we come back north and—following the easiest comprehensive railway journeys—we take the towns from the Lakes to Milan and Bologna ; from Turin to Genoa, Pisa, and Leghorn ; from Florence and Perugia to Siena and Orvieto ; then Rome and Naples, concluding with the bay of Naples. We have necessarily excluded antiquities, except in some few cases at Rome and Pompeii.

Most generous permission to use copyright matter has to be acknowledged in the following cases : For extracts from J. A. Symonds' *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece* (edited by Mr. H. F. Brown) to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. ; for the extract from Frederika Bremer to Messrs. Hurst and Blackett ; for those from Mrs. Elliot's *Idle Woman* to the Marchesa Chigi and to Messrs. Chapman & Hall ; to Messrs. Chapman & Hall also for the extracts from T. A. Trollope's *Lenten Journey* ; for the translations from Goethe and Vasari to Messrs. George Bell, as also for a passage from Hope Rea's *Donatello* ; for the extracts from Hawthorne's *French and Italian Notebooks* to Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. ; for the

passage from Mr. H. James' *Life of Hawthorne* to Messrs. Macmillan; for the extract from C. G. Leland's translation of Heine's *Reisebilder* to Mr. W. Heinemann; for a note from *Tuscan Cities* to Mr. W. D. Howells; for an extract from his translation of *Rabelais* (A. P. Watt) to Mr. W. F. Smith; for the extracts from G. S. Hillard's *Six Months in Italy*, from Dean Stanley's *Letters*, and from G. E. Street's *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages* to Mr. John Murray; for those from Lady Wallace's translation of Mendelssohn's *Letters*, and from Lord Macaulay's *Life and Letters* (Trevelyan) to Messrs. Longman; for a passage from the Letters of Henri Regnault to M. Eugène Fasquelle; for the extract from *Montesquiou* to the Baron de Montesquiou.

Mme. Taine, in granting the courteous permission to select from M. Taine's *Voyage en Italie*, added that she was always happy to see her husband's works "mises a portée du public anglais." In conclusion, it may be stated that biographical facts in the introduction have always, where possible, been tested by the admirable accounts in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The Editor would be glad to receive any corrections, for in dealing with matter covering such a wide period mistakes may very well occur.

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Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

. . . Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm : tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Ingredior.

VERGIL, *Georg. II.* (ap. 158-174).

The Book of Italian Travel

INTRODUCTION

THIS book is a symposium expressing the delight of many of the greatest minds of modern Europe when fresh from one of the unique experiences of life. But while it contains the selected descriptions and appreciations of Montaigne, Evelyn, Addison, Goethe, Shelley, Dickens, Taine, Symonds, and many others, our record of their travels will show plainly how gradual was the recognition of the importance of Italy. Books and books have been written about Italy, but it needed many minds to understand the meaning of the architecture and the painting contained in its towns. It took some 800 years to make the Mediæval and Renaissance Italy which still exists for our wonder; it has taken 400 years for the northern races to arrive at a full conception of the civilisation that resulted in such an art. The reason why the full appreciation of Italy has taken so long may be expressed as the result of (1) the extreme diversity of the influences that made Italy; (2) the essential differences between the Teutonic and Latin races.

To take the first point, the differences between the Italian towns are as striking as those between Athens, Corinth, or Sparta must have been. This is in most cases more than a contrast of geographical peculiarities; the fierce antagonisms of the Middle Ages produced results of extreme individualism. The conflict was the result of a mingling of races and spiritual influences which can only be paralleled by modern America. The factors, stated in their simplest form, were the clash of Christian customs and paganism, the influx of new blood from the north, the Byzantine influence with its attenuated form of

Oriental mysticism, the supremacy of the Papacy, the establishment of the Republics and of monastic institutions, and, finally, the rule of the despots and the revival of Greek learning. We have the blood of the north and the south, the religion of the east and the luxury of paganism, a country of heavenly beauty and strife of unimaginable hate, all in a ferment to the making of a new order of things. The intermingling, the clash and reaction of all these influences have occupied historians for many years. It was not easy to see the past in any proportion until Gibbon wrote his great work, which is really as much the history of the early evolution of Italy as that of the disintegration of Rome. We believe that the succeeding pages of this study will show plainly that the increased appreciation of art has always gone with the progress of historic inquiry; we might almost say that the art has not been recognised until its history has been elucidated.

To indicate the second preliminary point, it is evident that the Teutonic ideals resulting in the Reformation and culminating in Puritanism were something deeper than a mere change of ceremonial. Those movements were a part of the temper of abstract thought of the northern races.¹ The Italians living in a beautiful country, and linking on to the pagan representation of deities in all forms, were naturally inclined towards a visible manifestation of their ideals. The Mass is a dramatic representation of the Divine Sacrifice; the Cathedrals by their very form typify the Cross on which that sacrifice was consummated. The Catholic religion began with asceticism, but ended by reconciling itself to the beauty of life. The Church of Rome in the Renaissance represented a Christianity founded on paternal authority together with a pagan love of earthly beauty. In severe contrast with this is Puritanism, with its faith founded on the individual conscience and its reading of life as discipline. A religion of tradition will need vast churches as evidences of the past; a religion of the conscience will be satisfied with its plain houses of prayer; the Catholic will ask for the Church made manifest in ceremonial, the Protestant will rely on his Bible.

Catholicism is, perhaps, more than a religion, it is a national

¹ Only in one town in Italy—Naples—has there ever been a marked tendency to speculative philosophy, and this is attributed to its Greek origins. The abstract temper of the Teutonic races is fully discussed in Taine's *Philosophie de l'Art*.

temperament, and Puritanism might be looked at in the same way. Some such fundamental distinction must be sought between the Italian and the Teutonic races. The national genius of Italy found itself in a life of outward splendour and in a laxer rule. Look at the expression of our English spirit in Shakespeare: it is a search for hidden laws of truth and righteousness. Shakespeare took from Italy what England could not give him, the romantic colour and decorative architectural background of the south. But he had a fundamental Puritanism in his Renaissance expression, for every one of his characters is judged by unseen laws. Galileo, the Italian, discovered the movement of the heavenly bodies; Newton, the Englishman, discovered the reason of that movement. Catholicism marks the place of the Divine Sacrifice in the history of the world, and illustrates it in ritual and in fresco, with a wealth of beauty and pity that is unapproachable. Puritanism seeks out the moral tragedy of good and evil and asks for no actual manifestation, no real presence of a Redeemer beyond the mystical communion of prayer.

It would not be possible to find a generalisation wide enough to express the difference of the Italian and the Teutonic conceptions of life. It was necessary to indicate that a fundamental difference does exist. The better we understand this fact, the easier it will be to trace the gradual appreciation of Italian art from the years following on the close of the Renaissance—which was also the period of the northern Reformation—to the end of the nineteenth century.

PART I

ITALY THE SCHOOL OF HUMANISM AND TASTE

AT the close of the sixteenth century the outward evidence of the perfervid life of Italy is as complete as the shell which has grown round some sea-organism. This shell remains to us almost untouched by time, and scarcely deformed by the last growths of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. But it is notable that the travellers from the north of Europe begin to go to Italy just when its great artistic work is practically complete. It was not possible for the Italians themselves to appreciate fully the work of their ancestors. We must not think that they have been indifferent to their great possessions, although the fact that so many things have been done in their country is at present a dead-weight on their enthusiasm. There were always Italians with a love of antiquity, who were ready to collect their national documents or treasures. In the seventeenth century, too, we see frequent reference to the antiquaries, or "sightsmen" who conducted travellers, and these were often learned men.

But if we had only the accounts of Italians, the literature dealing with Italy would be far less rich than it is. The northern sightseers were at first instructed by the inhabitants, but they soon began to compare, to classify. We travel now with their accumulated experience, but many appreciations, which are easy to us, were the results of years of inquiry. It is worth while to trace the gradual growth of that æsthetic evolution. When the first literary travellers went to Italy from England there was no school of painting in existence at home, and Vasari penned the epilogue of the art of his country a hundred years before even the most cultured Englishmen could discuss art at all. They were days of progress when the northern mind grasped the beauty of Venice; the plastic

of the *Venus di Medici*; the refined charm of Raphael's Madonnas; the subtlety of Donatello or the simplicity of the Primitives; and the further we go, the more we shall mark the rest of Europe seeking its inspirations in Italy, and taking as much treasure-trove home as its mental equipment made it capable of adapting. As we go forward, taking our travellers for the most part chronologically, we shall be able to work into the thread of the narrative certain passages which cannot very well go into the body of selections made. The fund of information concerning manners and customs is extraordinarily rich, but we can only choose here and there, leaving an ample harvest for other workers in the same field.

§ 1. EARLY TRAVELS

Even in the fifth century A.D. a poet from Lyons called SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS undertakes a kind of classical tour, quoting Virgil at Cremona and speaking of Hasdrubal at Fano. Pilgrimages to Rome had already begun in the fourth century, and Charlemagne and our own Alfred the Great visited the holier spots. A guide-book for strangers, called the *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*, was written in the Middle Ages, and the earliest manuscript copy extant is attributed to the end of the twelfth century. An English version of this curious book was undertaken by Mr. F. M. Nicholls in 1889. The general tone of the *Mirabilia* is much like that of the *Golden Legend*. In the memorable year of Jubilee (1300), Villani estimates 200,000 pilgrims as being in the papal city, and the historian, seeing such multitudes of men in something of the spirit which made Xerxes weep as he thought that all his hosts were but mortal, resolved on writing the history of Florence. Dante was probably also present, and in the *Inferno* (cant. xviii.) certainly uses an image describing the barrier then erected on the bridge of St. Angelo, so that those coming from St. Peter's and those going thither should not clash. But without delaying unduly on these travellers (they are well set forth in Ampère's essay, *Rome à travers les Siècles*¹), we may pass to the spiritual marriage between English and Italian poetry, one which was to last uninterruptedly for 500 years.

CHAUCER's first Italian journey was the result of a diplomatic mission in 1373, "to treat with the duke, citizens, and mer-

¹ Printed in the *Grèce, Rome et Dante* volume.

chants of Genoa for the purpose of choosing an English port where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment." The editor of Chaucer, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, continues: "It was probably on this occasion that Chaucer met Petrarch at Padua, and learnt from him the story of Griselda, reproduced in the *Clerkes Tale*." To quote again the meagre details of a second journey which took place in 1378, Chaucer "was sent to Italy with Sir Edward Berkeley, to treat with Barnabo Visconti, lord of Milan, and the famous freelance, Sir John Hawkwood, on certain matters touching the king's expedition of war . . . a phrase of uncertain import." As to Chaucer's use of Italian books, it would be a mistake to overestimate particular influences on his work. He was probably unacquainted with Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and the few Italian stories used in the *Canterbury Tales* are taken from Petrarch. His minor poems are written on French models, but the spirit of the longer works is certainly Italian. Dante's influence is markedly present in the *House of Fame*, so far so that Lydgate extravagantly referred to the poem as "Dant in English." The greater number of the tales in the *Legend of Good Women* are in Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*. Again in *Troilus and Criseyde*, Chaucer's indebtedness to Boccaccio's *Filostrato* is over 2500 lines, or one-third of the Italian poem, and a complete sonnet of Petrarch's is worked into the narrative. But for any detailed statement of these facts, Prof. Skeat's larger edition of Chaucer must be studied.

A very early traveller in Italy was Brother FELIX FABRI of Ulm, who arrived at Venice in 1484 on his way back from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His "faithful description" of Venice is mainly historical, but contains some details concerning commerce. We may roughly translate from his monkish Latin this description of the approach by sea: "Presently, before we could see the town of Venice, we were seen by the watchers on the tower of St. Mark's, who ran and took the ropes of the bells, and began to ring them all. As soon as the bells were heard, the same thing was done in all the towers and belfries through the whole town of Venice; for this was always done on the arrival of the ships. Then even as the stroke of the clappers was heard, all who had friends or merchandise on board were eager to hear the news; and those who wished to earn money by acting as guides, and those whose office it was to collect the customs for the state, ran to sea, and getting into barques and boats hastened to

come to meet us. Thus even before we reached the anchorage a great number of small boats came from the town, rowing round us and doing their business."

To come to the first foreign painter visiting Italy, ALBRECHT DÜRER's visit to Venice in 1505 was the beginning of a very friendly connection with some of the well-known painters. At Venice, among other works, Dürer painted an altar-piece for the German merchants dwelling in the town: this work is now in Prague. From Venice the painter went to Bologna and to Ferrara, hoping to make Mantegna's acquaintance there, but the latter's death prevented it. Letters from Dürer to his friend Pirckheimer give some glimpses of his life in Venice; his work excited no little curiosity, and he was so astonished that he remarked on the honours accorded to him, for at home he was looked on as little more "than a hanger-on." At a later date, though no longer in Italy, Dürer corresponded with Raphael, who sent him a sketch of a group for the *Battle of Ostia*, and Dürer sent his portrait to Raphael. Raphael's engraver, Marc Antonio, appears to have imitated Dürer's engravings, and the German's method must have aroused much interest in Italy, for the Italians, further removed from the country of the discovery of printing, were far less advanced in engraving than in the other arts.¹ To illustrate the history of this period, it may be remarked that Dürer went to Italy hardly half-a-dozen years before the Reformation was introduced into Nuremberg.

The first professed English record of travel concerning Italy is to be found in *The Pylgrymage of Sir R. GUYLFORDE, Knyght*, edited for the Camden Society in 1851 from a unique printed copy in the British Museum. Guylforde went to Italy in 1506 on his journey to Palestine. Entering the country by way of Chambéry and Aiguebelle, he stayed at Alessandria, and passed through Cremona and Ferrara. At Padua he saw the feast of St. Antony, and later at Venice a festival in commemoration of the capture of Padua. He refers to the "many great relics and jewellery" of St. Mark's, to the "artillery and engines" he saw, and "the rychesse, the sumptuous buyldyngs, the relygyous houses, and the stablysshynge of their justices and counsylles." On Ascension Day he saw the spousals with

¹ The illustrations of the *Dream of Poliphile*, printed in 1499, are admirable in design, but the figures are outlines without any modelling, except lines indicating drapery. Boldrini's engraving of Titian's *Milon of Crotona* at a far later date partly shows the Dürer manner.

the Adriatic: "Upon the Ascencion daye, which daye the Duke, with a great tryumphe, and solemnyte, with all the seygnoury, went in their Archa triumphali, which is in manner of a Galye of a straunge facyon and wonder stately, etc.; and so rowed out into ye see with assystence of their patriarche, and there spoused ye see with a rynge. . . ." He also saw the festival of Corpus Christi, described as follows: "There went pagentis of ye olde lawe and the newe, joynynge togyther the figures of the blessyd sacrament in suche noumbre and soo apte and convenyent for that feeste y^t it wold make any man joyous to se it. And over that it was a grete marveyle to se the grete noumbre of relygyous folkes, and of scholes that we call bretherhede or felysshyps, with theyr devyses, whiche all bare lyghte of wondre goodly facyon, and bytwene every of the pagentis went lytell children of bothe kyndes, gloriously and rychely dressyd, berynge in their hande in riche cuppes or other vessaylles some pleasaunt floures or other well smellynge or riche stuffe, dressed as aungelles to adorne the sayde processyon. The forme and maner thereof exceded all other that ever I sawe so moche that I can not wryte it." Guylforde's account of Italy hardly occupies five quarto pages of his travel book, but it was soon to be copied. RICHARD TORKYNGTON (priest of Mulberton, in Norfolk) started in 1517, travelling toward Palestine like Guylforde; the diary he left was first printed in 1883. There is an evident resemblance between some particulars narrated by Torkyngton and details given by Guylforde. Torkyngton copies Guylforde's sentence, "the richesse, the sumptuous buyldyng, the religious houses, &c. &c.," textually; and the description of the feast of Corpus Christi is the same. The account of the dinner in the Doge's palace, at which the pilgrims were present, appears to be new, but the question of the originality of Torkyngton's Diary must be left an open one, as he has further copied his account of Crete from another book.

Our next figure of importance is MARTIN LUTHER. We have but few indications of his visit to Italy in 1510, when he went to adjust a matter of business between his monastery and the Pope's vicar. He passed through Milan, Pavia, Bologna, and Florence, and hastened on to Rome, desirous of accomplishing the purpose of the proverb, "happy the mother whose child shall celebrate mass in Rome on St. John's Eve." This he was unable to do, but as he came to the city he echoed the traditional prayer of the pilgrims: "Hail, Holy Rome! made

holy by the holy martyrs and by the blood spilt here." One of his few recorded comments on Rome was made years after his visit: "I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome. I should have always felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the Pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point."

RABELAIS was in Italy (between 1532 and 1536) in the suite of Jean, Cardinal du Bellay, the ambassador sent from France to Pope Paul III. Rabelais describes his intentions in going to Rome in the epistle dedicatory he wrote for Marlianus' *Topography of Rome*. He meant to see the famous men, to collect plants and drugs for his medical studies, and "lastly, to pourtray the appearance of the city with my pen, as though with a pencil, so that there might be nothing on my return from abroad, which I could not readily furnish to my countrymen from my books." Unhappily for us, though to his own "great relief," the researches of Marlianus made a new book unnecessary. The great humorist in his *Letters* describes the Pope making preparation for the arrival of Charles V. of Spain in Rome on a visit to the Pope, who housed 3000 of his retinue in his palace. He comments on the Holy Father having received letters informing him that the "Sophy, King of the Persians, has defeated the army of the Turk." He sends his friends, in Poitou, grains from Naples, and warns the gardeners sowing them to remember the earlier season in Italy. He describes, in a curious historical passage, how the papal bull of excommunication against the King and the realm of England was defeated in the consistory by the opposition of the Cardinal Du Bellay. Rabelais' letters are sixteen in number, filling some forty small pages.

Rabelais has also left us a most important description of the festival held by Cardinal du Bellay at Rome on the receipt of news of the birth of the King of France's second son in 1549. A projected mimic seafight above the Ælian bridge was prevented by a rising of the Tiber, but on the "14th of this month of March, the sky and air seemed to show favour to the festivity." It began with bull-baiting and followed with a contest of armed men and a pageant of fair women, the chief of whom, "taller and more conspicuous than all the others representing Diana, bore above her forehead a silver crescent, with her fair hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, her head bound with a garland of laurel all intertwined with roses,

violets, and other beautiful flowers; she was clad, over her tunic and fardingale of red crimson damask with rich embroidery, with fine Cyprus cloth quite covered with gold lacquer, curiously twisted as though it had been a cardinal's rochet, coming half-way down her leg, and over that a leopard's skin very rare and costly, fastened with large gold buttons on the left shoulder."¹ This goddess and her nymphs are taken prisoners, but finally rescued after much artillery practice and the "horrible thunderings made by such a cannonade." Rabelais refers to the supper that closed the day in characteristic fashion: "It might outdo the celebrated banquets of several ancient emperors. . . . At this banquet were served more than one thousand five hundred pieces of pastry; I mean pies, tarts, and meat rolls. If the viands were plentiful, so also were the tipplings numerous." In the immortal history of *Pantagruel*, the fifth book takes that hero with Panurge and his other friends to a place called Ringing Island, and this is evidently a parody of Rome. It is towards the end of Rabelais' masterpiece, and he does not extract any considerable humour from the "popehawk" (*papegau*) and his attendant "clerghawks, monkhawks, priesthawks, abbot-hawks, bishophawks, cardinhawks." Rabelais was too much of a Frenchman to take much interest in Italian art, and the last book of *Pantagruel* (if authentic at all) is admittedly inferior to its forerunners.

To come back to England after the time of Chaucer, Italian travel and study are at first only tentatively undertaken. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, brought Italian scholars to England, and presented many Italian books to the University of Oxford in the middle of the fifteenth century. From that university, too, "a small band of scholars" went to Italy and brought back the precious knowledge of Greek literature. Mr. Lewis Einstein, in his book on *The Italian Renaissance in England*, gives us such facts as can be gleaned with regard to these literary pilgrims. Linacre and Grocyn were the most distinguished of them, and, on their return to Oxford, they taught such students as More, Colet, and Erasmus. But interest in Italian matters other than scholarship began to grow. WILLIAM THOMAS (*d.* 1554), clerk of council to Edward VI., was in Italy from about 1545 for some five years. Thomas is said to have returned to England "highly famed for his travels through France and Italy"; his

¹ From the rendering of W. F. Smith (1893).

grammar and dictionary are certainly the first published of their kind in the English language. His *Historie of Italie* (1549), printed in black letter, concerns not only the record of the past, but is to a great extent a guide-book.

Thomas' knowledge of history is considerable for his time. In his description of Rome he examines the antiquities, but says little about later buildings except St. Peter's, and then gives brief lives of the Popes, whom he calls "bishops." At Venice he remarks on the freedom accorded to strangers, for "if thou be a papist there shall thou want no kinde of superstition to find upon. If thou be a gospeller, no man shall ask why thou comest not to church." A few words of characterisation may be culled from another page: "The common opinion is, that the Florentines are commonly great talkers, covetouse, and spare of livyng. . . . I continued there a certain space at mine owne charges and laye a good while with Maister Bartholomew Panciatico, one of the notablest citesins, where I never saw the fare so slendere, but any honest gentilman woulde have been right well contented withall. And yet I dare avowe, he exceded not the ordinarie. Besydes that the fine service, the sweetnesse of the houses, the good ordre of all things, and the familiar conversacion of those men, were enough to feede a man; if without meate men might be fedde." Thomas considered the Florentine women more virtuous than the Venetians, and the lower classes very religious; he admits that the gentlemen are fond of talking, but he pleads their love of eloquence.

Sir THOMAS HOBY, the translator of Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, travelled in Italy in 1549 and subsequent years, and has left a brief diary in his *Booke of the Travaile and lief of me Thomas Hoby* (MS. Brit. Mus. Eg. 2148 Farnb.). He was in Venice and Padua for about a year, and intersperses a brief account of things seen with plentiful classical references. Hoby found Florence occupied by a garrison of Spanish soldiers, and at Rome he found a papal conclave taking place. The following remarks on Rome are a specimen of Hoby's style: "When I came there and beheld the wonderful majesty of buildings that the only roots thereof do yet represent the huge temples, the infinite great palaces, the immeasurable pillars, most part of one piece, fine marble and well wrought, the goodly arches of triumph, the bains, the conduits of water, the images as well of brass as of marble, the obelisks, and a number of other like things not to be found again throughout

an whole world ; imagining withal, what majesty the city might be of, when all these things flourished ; then did it grieve me to see the only jewell, mirror, mistress and beauty of this world that never had her like nor (as I think) never shall, lie so desolate and disfigured."

In 1568 MIGUEL DE CERVANTES went to Italy as *camarero* in the train of Julio Acquaviva, the Papal Nuncio returning from the Court of Spain. Travelling along the southern coast of France and thence down to Rome, Cervantes may have obtained on the journey some of the atmosphere of beauty with which he surrounds his romance *Galatea*. The book, however, has the general flavour of Italian prose pastorals, and is more a fine literary exercise than a transcript of life and its humours. Mr. H. E. Watts reminds us that Spaniards were scarcely strangers in Rome at a time when Spain "was absolutely mistress of Lombardy and of Naples," when Tuscany was under its protection, and the Pope practically under its authority.

MONTAIGNE was a sceptic of the Renaissance, less open than Luther, less epicurean than Rabelais ; in his character as a polished gentleman he is peculiarly fitted to describe the social Italy of his time. As Stendhal points out, Montaigne does not even mention Michael Angelo or Raphael, and admiration of scenery had not then influenced the French. His journey is dated 1580, and occupied seventeen months and eight days ; the manuscript lay for a long time undiscovered, until a historian in quest of material obtained leave of the Comte de Ségur, the later occupant of the château of Montaigne, to search its records. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of the *Journal du Voyage* ; it was published in 1774, and later on translated into English by William Hazlitt (the son of the essayist) in 1842. The journey was at first dictated to an amanuensis, but presently Montaigne takes it up with his own hand. It contains frequent references to the state of his health, and in many cases the narration is dull or trivial. Here, as in every author quoted in our extracts, some severity has been necessary. The general purpose of giving a living picture of the Italian towns is more important than details of extreme interest in personal biography. Montaigne, for instance, was made a Roman citizen in 1581 ;¹ he had some trouble with the papal agent about his Essays ; but such facts

¹ He gives the text of the patent in the third book of his Essays, written subsequently to the Italian journey.

can only briefly be mentioned, and do not belong to our scheme. Montaigne expresses the general regret of the classicists about Rome when (as the amanuensis wrote from his dictation): "He observed that there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of Rome at least remained, said more than they were warranted in saying; for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honour and reverence for its memory;—nothing, he said, remained of Rome but its sepulchre."

Another Frenchman who wrote on Italy was the poet JOACHIM DU BELLAY, whose verses on the antiquities, the grandeur, and the fall of Rome are gracefully rhetorical. He expresses, however, a characteristically French preference for his own country of Anjou:

"Plus me plait le séjour qu'ont bâti mes aïeux,
Que des palais romains le front audacieux,
Plus que le marbre dur me plait l'ardoise fine;

"Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tiber latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine."

Du Bellay's *Visions of Rome* were translated by Spenser.

The Earl of Surrey (Henry Howard, 1517?–1547) was never in Italy, and the tale connecting him with a fair lady called Geraldine; whose cause he espoused in the lists of Florence, is derived from the misreading of a novel by THOMAS NASH, called *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594). Surrey, indeed, was the first English writer who imitated Italian sonnets successfully; and if the tale of his journey is incorrect, the sixteenth-century novel which he inspired is not without its interest. The chief claim of this novel was first pointed out by M. J. J. Jusserand, who goes so far as to say that Shakespeare found hints for his Falstaff in it. The tale contains some realistic pictures of life in Italy at the end of the sixteenth century, narrating "strange accidents, treasons, poisonings," with a conclusion that shows a curious Puritan note of repentance. The book has been lately reprinted with a preface by Mr. Edmund Gosse (1892).

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY was in Padua and Venice in 1573. In

the latter town his portrait was painted by Paolo Veronese, but the original is now lost. Sidney was advised by a severely Protestant friend not to go to Rome, and he therefore stayed away. Young Englishmen did not always come back entirely improved by their southern experiences. Ascham, the gentle master of Lady Jane Grey, was only nine days in Italy, but he tells us that he saw "in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin, than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years." Robert Greene, the dramatist, admits that he "saw and practised on his Italian travels such villainy as it is abomination to describe." Sir Philip Sidney has admitted the dangers of Italy, but remarks that he is acquainted with "divers noble personages . . . whom all the siren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's Word." The poet Spenser, a kindred spirit and friend of the author of the *Arcadia*, never went to Italy.

Sir ROBERT DALLINGTON (1561-1637), afterwards Master of Charterhouse, travelled in Italy in 1596, and his *Survey of the Great Duke's State of Tuscany* was printed in 1605. Dallington had earned means to travel as a schoolmaster, and he arranged his "discourse" in a very precise manner, under "cosmographie, chorographie," and so forth. The book, which is of sixty-six quarto pages, is in the first part more properly a treatise, dealing especially with history, fortifications, and natural products. Few instances of a later date can be found of references to fortresses or artillery; we may take it that Italy at the end of the sixteenth century still preserved some of its military reputation. Dallington gives a pedigree of the Medici family, and then elaborately describes the arms, style, title, court, expenses, and coinage of the Grand Duke. The book ends with a sententious description of the Florentine character. Following Boterus, Dallington says the Florentines are "niggards, they live to themselves, they love no strangers, they are close-fisted, they have an eye to the backe doore, they are hard to be sounded, they are ever biting the lip, their mind ever on their pennie, their study still how to gaine. Also, they are men of a shrewd wit, of a spare dyet, of a warie and discreet carriage, very industrious, very apt to learne, they proceede for an inch, they stand upon the advantage." When we think of the millions which Florentine usurers in early times lent our English kings (money which, in the case of Peruzzi's loan to Edward IV., was not repaid), we can understand this description of a business-like people, out of

accordance as the picture is with our ideas of artistic Florence. The English schoolmaster does not think much of Italian education, and complains: "As for their liberall sciences, it is not seen in their schooles, where in one universitie ye shall scarce finde two that are good Grecians, without the which tongue they hold in our schooles in England a man never deserveth the reputation of learned." The fact is that Greek studies fell into abeyance with the Catholic reaction. Among the few references to the arts is the following concerning Florence: "This towne hath had famous men in painting and poetry; and I verily thinke that heerein Italy generally excelleth. And no marvell, when all their time is spent in amours, and all their churches deckt with colours." Granting that Dallington has the pedagogic mind, his expression "deckt with colours" is a not unfair gauge of the uneducated sensation of pleasure which will take many years to grow to the scientific appreciation of the art of Italy.

A traveller of importance in Italy is RUBENS, who arrived in Venice in 1600. Here some of his pictures or sketches were shown to a gentleman of the household of Vincent Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who engaged the young painter, then in his twenty-third year. No paintings of Rubens are at present to be traced in the palace at Mantua. In 1601 the painter went to Rome, where he made numerous studies, among them one in red chalk after Michael Angelo's *Creation of Woman* and another in charcoal after the lower left-hand portion of Raphael's *Transfiguration*, sketches now in the Louvre. Rubens was still in the employ of the Duke, and was to remain so for eight years; in 1603 he went with an envoy to deliver some pictures and presents from the Duke to the rapacious Court of Spain. Returning to Mantua, Rubens painted an important *Trinity*, and also a *Transfiguration*, now at Nancy. In 1606 we find him studying the antique in Rome, and making an oil-copy of Caravaggio's *Entombment*. The Duke of Mantua probably employed him to buy pictures there, and Rubens' stay in Italy, like that of Velasquez later, shows how desirous the reigning princes of Italy and other countries were of obtaining works of art, although many were just as anxious to obtain them for as small sums as possible. Rubens himself was not overpaid by Vincent Gonzaga.

To the question whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy, a negative is the only reply to be made. "To Italy, it is true," writes Mr. Sidney Lee, "and especially to cities of Northern

Italy, like Venice, Padua, Verona, Mantua, and Milan, he makes frequent and familiar reference, and he supplied many a realistic portrayal of Italian life and sentiment. But the fact that he represents Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (I. i. 71) as travelling from Verona to Milan by sea, and Prospero in the *Tempest* as embarking on a ship at the gates of Milan (I. ii. 129-44), renders it almost impossible that he could have gathered his knowledge of Northern Italy from personal observation. He doubtless owed all to the verbal reports of travelled friends or to books, the contents of which he had a rare power of assimilating and vitalising." While agreeing with Mr. Sidney Lee's opinion in the main issue, we may remark that Shakespeare does not say that Valentine travelled by sea, but that he "embarked" for Milan. Much of the intercourse between the northern towns was by canal and river, and with the connecting canals between the towns and the Adige, the Po and the Adda, a journey by water was perfectly feasible between Verona and Milan. The reference to the *Tempest*, however, is more debatable, and would depend on the precise meaning of the expression "bore us some leagues to sea." As to the books Shakespeare may have read, Hoby's was in manuscript. Sir Robert Dallington's *Survey* was printed when several of Shakespeare's Italian plays were already written. The *Itinerary* of Fynes Moryson was not printed till 1617. Shakespeare may very well have read the *Cortegiano* in its English dress, as also Guazzo's sketch of manners at the Court of Ferrara, translated in 1586. The book of Saviolo, a fencing-master settled in England, was published in 1695, and gives details as to the *duello*. We may venture to differ from Mr. Lee's phrase "realistic portrayal of Italian life." The realism produced by travel is to be found in Nash's *Unfortunate Traveller*; Shakespeare's Italy is uniformly that of the Italian novelists as far as local colour is concerned.¹ No doubt it is curious that so few travel-books on Italy exist before 1600, but it will be found that nearly all literary travel begins about that date, excepting perhaps in the case of Eastern voyages. Among Shakespeare's friends may very possibly have been John Florio, Italian tutor to the Earl of Southampton and the author of an Italian-English Dictionary published in 1596. Florio was the son of an Italian who had left Italy owing to politics, much as Rossetti's father did in the

¹ Except in the character of Iago, who is a typical Renaissance Italian.

nineteenth century. As Rossetti had the bilingual gift which enabled him to make the early Italian poets familiar to English readers, so Florio assisted the current of Italian culture, and in addition to this was the translator of Montaigne's *Essays*.

The briefest digression may be permitted here to illustrate the indebtedness of the Elizabethan age to Italian literature. Spenser in his *Faery Queen* had imitated the Italian epics, and his Platonism was purely of Italian origin; in common with many other writers he had written sonnets, which, if not on the Italian model, were in imitation of Italian fancy. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that many Italian books were translated as a result of our trade with Italy. Grammars and dictionaries were necessary for merchants; but in 1566 William Paynter issued a first collection of novels called *The Palace of Pleasure, containing sixty novels out of Boccacio*. It was from this and other translations of Italian novels that Shakespeare and other dramatists drew many of the plots whose Italian beauty and extravagance they balanced with British strength and humour. It would not be possible to speak too highly of the value of Italian inspiration to English minds, but it is fair to point out that a tale like *Romeo and Juliet* found a more complete setting in its new home. Apart from dramatic tales, it may be noted that both Tasso and Ariosto were Englished before 1600 by Fairfax and by Sir John Harrington respectively, and even apart from such books, English manners were already Italianised by the *Cortegiano*. Mr. Einstein's book, already referred to, gives an excellent account of this period.

An Elizabethan traveller who was Shakespeare's contemporary is FYNES MORYSON, whose *Itinerary* describes journeys begun as early as 1591. After traversing the Netherlands, Germany, and Switzerland, Moryson finds himself in Italy in 1594. Much of his book is a compilation from the learned authors of the time, but where Moryson gives us his own experiences they are of the highest value. Especially do they interpret for us the one main factor, the religious spirit and furthermore the enormous inquisitorial power of the Church. Moryson notes at Rome: "Easter was now at hand, and the priests came to take our names in our lodging, and when we demanded the cause, they told us that it was to no other end but to know if any received not the Communion at that holy time, which, when we heard, we needed no spurs to make haste from Rome into the State of Florence." Moryson

indicates that the position of heretics in Rome had been most hazardous till the defeat of the Spanish Armada. When riding near Florence, Moryson was imprudent enough to break off a mulberry branch to shade himself from the sun, but was warned in time that the trees were preserved by the Grand Duke for the silkworms, and that there were heavy penalties for touching them. Concerning diet and the price of food Moryson is very full of information. He writes: "In general the Italians, and more especially the Florentines, are most neat at the table, and in their inns from morning to night the tables are spread with white cloaths, strewed with flowers and fig leaves, with Ingestars or glasses of divers coloured wines set upon them, and delicate fruits, which would invite a man to eat and drink, who otherwise hath no appetite, being all open to the sight of passengers as they ride the highway, through their great unglazed windows. . . . In cities where many take chambers in one house, they eat at a common table, but each man hath his own food provided. . . . And at the table, perhaps one man hath a hen, another a piece of flesh, a third poached eggs, and each man several meat after his diet." As an illustration of the disguises women assume in the Novels, we may quote Moryson's statement: "I have seen honourable women, as well married, as virgins, ride by the highway in Princes' trains, apparelled like men, in a doublet close to the body and large breeches open at the knees." A curious description is that of the Dutch lady on the road to Rome, "and her gentlewomen and men-servants all in the habit of Franciscan friars," going a pilgrimage "for the satisfaction of their sins." Concerning the supremacy of Italy as the school of humanism, this may be quoted: "I stayed all this winter at Padua, in which famous university I desired to perfect my Italian tongue. . . . Gentlemen of all nations came thither in great numbers, . . . some to study the civil law, others the mathematics and music, others to ride, to practise the art of fencing, and the exercises of dancing."

There is one side of Italian travel that we can only glance at in the influence of INIGO JONES. He first went to Italy in about 1603, where he studied architecture and devoted much attention to the ruins of ancient buildings. Again in 1613 he was purchasing works of art for the Earl of Arundel. It was through Inigo Jones that Italian decoration was introduced into our drama. Coryatt describes a playhouse at Venice as being very inferior to English ones, but he does not

appear to refer to scenery. It was fortunate for Shakespeare that he had formed his art before pictorial realism robbed the drama of the poetry which had suggested the background. Inigo Jones originated the English study of Palladian architecture, and through him it was handed down to Sir Christopher Wren.

§ 2. TRAVELLERS FROM CORYATT TO EVELYN

The real succession of literary travels now begins with CORYATT's *Crudities*, which is the result of a journey to Venice in 1608 by way of Paris, Lyons, Turin, and Milan. It is a very quaint book, full of conceit and eccentricity. The following description of Venice is a specimen of Thomas Coryatt's style: "The fairest place of all the citie (which is indeed of admirable and incomparable beauty, that I thinke no place whatsoever, eyther in Christendome or Pagenisme, may compare with it) is the Piazza, that is, the market-place of St. Marke, or (as our English merchants commorant in Venice doe call it) the place of S. Marke, in Latin *Forum* or *Platea Di Marci*. Truly such is the stupendious (to use a strange Epitheton for so strange and rare a place as this) glory of it, that at my first entrance thereof it did even amaze or rather ravish my senses." Coryatt's account of Venice (the principal town he describes in Italy) is a delightful personal experience, and it is with extreme regret we have omitted its most important pages. The time had not come for distinguishing the differences that mark Venice off from other towns.

Coryatt, as a traveller to the India which was afterwards to become the brightest gem in the British crown, deserves to be printed apart and in his entirety.¹

A rare illustrated book of travels is that of GEORGE SANDYS (1578-1644), a son of an Archbishop of York. His journey began in 1610, and shows him setting forth from Venice by sea to go to Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. On his way back he saw the southern part of Italy, which he describes at the end of his volume, published in 1615. To towns like Florence and Bologna he only makes a passing reference, but he tells us the history of Naples and the adjoining towns with frequent classical allusions. The book has curious engravings which

¹ Coryatt was surprised to find that forks were in use in Italy, and took the custom home. With his love of notoriety, he was highly pleased to be called *furcifer*, or "fork-bearer," by his friends.

enhance its interest, but the descriptions do not afford us any useful matter. One story, however, may be preserved. "In the south," says the writer, "a certaine Calabrian, hearing that I was an Englishman, came to me and would needs persuade me that I had insight in magicke: for that Earl Bethel was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in those parts famous for suspected necromancie. He told me that he had a treasure hidden in his house; the quantity and qualitie shewne him by a boy, upon the conjuration of a Knight of Malta: and offered to share it between us if I could helpe him unto it. But I answered that in England we were at defiance with the divell; and that he would do nothing for us." The peasants in the south to-day have the same belief in buried treasure, if less faith in the necromantic powers of Englishmen.

Sir HENRY WOTTON was British Ambassador at Venice in three distinct periods falling between 1604-24. The letters in his *Reliquiæ* deal mostly with politics, but some references to Paolo Sarpi are of particular interest. The Englishman would naturally be the friend and admirer of the monk who caused the Venetians to set at naught a papal interdict. Herein Paolo Sarpi was more fortunate than Savonarola, for his fellow-citizens upheld him in the long polemic with the Vatican, and he finally died at a good old age. Wotton and Paolo Sarpi appear to have taught each other English and Italian. It was towards the end of the ambassador's stay in Venice, in 1618, that the Republic was threatened by the conspiracy of which Otway gives a dramatic, if exaggerated, rendering in his play *Venice Preserved*.

The Familiar Letters of JAMES HOWELL, published 1641, comprise some letters written from Italy in 1621, but the recent editors express a doubt as to whether many of Howell's letters were not written when he was a prisoner in the Fleet, rather than from abroad. Undoubtedly he had travelled, but his Italian letters have neither the interest nor picturesqueness of Evelyn's. Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travel* were printed in 1642, and in the Italian section warn young travellers against "brokers of manuscripts," who under pretence of offering valuable historical documents sell "old flat things" that are already in print. The general comment on the passions of Italians is that the traveller will "find Vertue and Vice, Love and Hatred, Atheisme and Religion in their extremes." Howell especially recommends the traveller

“to see the Treasure of St. Mark and Arsenall of Venice ; the Mount of Piety”—(the original of the French *mont de piété*, or state-pawnshop)—“in Naples ; the Dome and Castle of Milan ; the proud palaces in and about Genoua ; St. Peter’s Church, the Vatican, and other magnificent structures in Rome.” A remark which he makes, in which we would heartily follow him, is “the most materiall use . . . of Forraine Travel is to find out something that may bee applyable to the publique utility of one’s own countrey.”

The first visit of VELASQUEZ to Italy is dated 1630-1, and opens with a residence at Venice. Palomino tells us that “he was much pleased with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo”—Veronese—“and other artists of that school ; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was there ; and especially he made studies from Tintoretto’s famous Crucifixion.¹ . . .” On leaving Venice he was very anxious to get to Rome, where we are told by Pacheco that “he received many favours from the Cardinal Barberini, the Pope’s nephew, at whose request he obtained a residence in the Vatican Palace. They gave him the keys of some rooms and the chief apartment painted in fresco with scenes from the Bible by Federigo Zuccari and others. But he gave up this residence because it was too much out of the way, and he did not like to be so much alone. All he required was to be let in freely by the watch when he wanted to draw—for instance, Michael Angelo’s *Last Judgment*, or things by Raphael. There he appeared many long days, and made great progress.” He settled for two months in or near the Medici Palace on the Trinità de’ Monti, and there painted the sketch of the garden that is now in the Prado. Another direct transcript from nature is that of the Arch of Titus. It is said that Velasquez ordered for the King of Spain twelve pictures by the best masters in Italy, but Justi reminds us that “not one of the twelve pictures reached its destination.” Undoubtedly Velasquez brought back some pictures for the King from Rome. At Naples he became acquainted with the Spaniard Ribera, painter to the Viceroy. Velasquez’s first journey was mainly that of a painter desirous of learning, the second was more motived by the necessity of obtaining pictures and casts from the antique for the Alcazar at Madrid, and is dated 1649. He found that good pictures were difficult to obtain in Venice, but he bought a Tintoretto and a Veronese. Velasquez was

¹ In the Scuola di San Rocco.

in Rome in 1650, and the record exists of a conversation with Salvator Rosa, in which Velasquez expressed but a poor opinion of Raphael. In this year he painted the portrait of Pope Innocent X.; he also obtained castings of thirty-two statues, of ancient statuary, and of the head of Michael Angelo's Moses. He had endeavoured to obtain some Correggios, and especially the *Nativity*, from Modena, but in this case was unsuccessful.

RICHARD LASSELS (1603-1668) is one of the few English Roman Catholics who have written about Italy. He made his journeys into Italy as tutor of various young noblemen. His travels were posthumously published in 1670, but probably refer to journeys made in 1630-40, though some few references in the book are of later date. The style is fresh and frank and not without poetic imagery. Observing that the houses in Genoa lack in breadth but take it out in height, he adds that the town "looked in my eye like a proud young lady in a straight bodied flowered gowne, which makes her look tall indeed and fine, but hinders her from being at her ease and taking breath freely." A comic note comes in when he says that the women look like "haycocks with armes and heads." Lassels' account of Italy is not overdone with classical quotations. Though it is more a guide-book than a travel-book, he supplies us with the following comment on character:

"As for the Italian humour, it is a middling humour, between too much gravity of the Spaniard, and too great levity of the French. Their gravity is not without some fire, nor their levity without fleame. They are apish enough in carnevall time, and upon their stages, as long as the visard is on; but that once off, they are too wise to play the fooles in their own names, and own it with their owne faces. They have strong fancies and yet solid judgments, a happy temper, which makes them great preachers, politicians, and ingeniers; but withall they are a little too melancholy and jealous; they are great lovers of their brethren and of neare kindred as the first friends they are acquainted withall by nature, and if any of them lye in passe and fair for advancement, all the rest of his relations will lend him their purses, as well as their shoulders to help him up, though he be but their younger brother. They are sparing in dyet, both for to live in health and to live handsomely, making their bellies contribute to the maintenance of their backs, and their kitchen help to the keeping of their stables. They are ambitious still of honours, remembering

they are the successors of the masters of the world, the old Romans, and to put the world still in mind of it, they take to themselves the glorious names of Camillo, Scipione, Julio, Mario, Pompeo, etc. They are as sensible also of their honour, as desirous of honours, and this makes them strickt to their wives even to jealousy, knowing that for one Cornelius Tacitus, there have been ten Publii Cornelii; and that Lucius Cornicius is the most affronting man. They are hard to be pleased when they have once been red-hot with offence; but they will not meet revenge in the face and field, and they will rather hire it than take it. . . .

"As for their manners, they are most commendable. They have taught them in their bookes, they practise them in their actions, and they have spread them abroad over all Europe, which owes its civility unto the Italians, as well as its religion. They never affront strangers in what habit soever they appeare, and if the strangeness of the habit drew the Italian's eye to it, yet he will never draw in his mouth to laugh at it. As for their apparel or dresse, it's commonly black and modest. . . . They are precise in point of ceremony and reception, and are not puzzled at all when they heare a great man is comeing to visit them. There's not a man of them but he knows how to entertain men of all conditions, that is, how farre to meet, how to place them, how to style and treat them, how to reconduct them and how farre. They are good for nunciatures, embassies, and state employments, being men of good behaviour, lookes, temper and discretion, and never outrunning their business."

MILTON went to Italy after his *Comus* had been acted, and an interesting letter from Sir Henry Wotton, then Provost of Eton, is printed in the second edition of the Masque. After thanking the young poet for the "dainty piece of entertainment," Wotton goes on to talk of Milton's projected journey: "I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety. At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of

those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. ‘*Signor Arrigo mio*,’ says he, ‘*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*¹ will go safely over the whole world,’ of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary.”

Milton’s journey to Italy is best epitomised by Mark Pattison in his short life of the poet. He set out with his letters of introduction from Sir Henry Wotton and arrived at Florence in the autumn of 1638. The young foreigner (he was then thirty) was well received by the learned Academies, which upheld the literary traditions of an Italy in decadence. In one minute-book in which his attendance is recorded, Milton is described as *multo erudito*. No particular record of his stay at Florence or at Rome exists except a few scattered references in his prose works, the famous comparison suggested by Vallombrosa, and the sympathetic reference to Galileo, whom he met in 1639. Some of Milton’s Italian poems show his facility in the language, which he had begun to study in his twenty-fourth year. It is perhaps late in the day to quote Milton, but the lines in *Paradise Regained* describing ancient Rome give a grand conception of its former glories:

“The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods—so well I have disposed
My aery microscope—thou may’st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

¹ “Honest thoughts and guarded looks.” The “Sir Harry mine” is much like the modern “*caro mio signore*.”

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in :
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power."

JOHN EVELYN is a perfect traveller, and very much of what he has written finds its place here. He lived from the reign of Charles I. to that of William and Mary, and his diary extends from 1641 to 1705. He came of a good family, and his father's estate in Surrey, as he tells us, "was esteemed about £4000 *per ann.*, well wooded and full of timber." The house is tenanted to-day by a collateral descendant, and among other relics possesses the MSS. of the diary. Evelyn was a fine example of the activity and culture of his time, alternating public services with efforts on behalf of the fine arts. Horace Walpole wrote : "He was one of the first promoters of the Royal Society ; a patron of the ingenious and the indigent, and peculiarly serviceable to the lettered world ; for besides his writings and discoveries he obtained the Arundelian Marbles for the University of Oxford and the Arundelian Library for the Royal Society." He went to Italy in 1644, that is, just over 100 years after Michael Angelo's death.

Evelyn's taste for magnificence will be sufficiently noted in our extracts, but we may illustrate his love of connoisseurship by the following : "We were againe invited to Signor Angeloni's study, where with greater leysure we survey'd the rarities as his cabinet and medaills especially, esteem'd one of the best collections in Europe. He also showed us two antiq lamps, one of them dedicated to *Palas*, the other *Laribus Sacru'*, as appeared by their inscriptions ; some old Roman rings and keyes ; the Aegyptian Isis cast in yron ; sundry rare bas-relievos, good pieces of paynting, principally the *Christ* of Corregio, with this painter's owne face admirably don by himselfe : divers of both the Bassanos ; a greate number of pieces by Titian, particularly the *Triumphs* ; an infinity of naturall rarities, dry'd animals, Indian habits and weapons, shells, etc., divers very antiq statues of brasse ; some lamps of so fine an earth that they resembled cornelians for transparency and colour ; hinges of Corinthian brasse, and one great nayle of the same mettall found in the ruins of Nero's golden house." The variety of the *objets d'art* here enumerated shows a culture that is far more advanced than that of travellers like Coryatt or

Sandys. These writers held to the classical note of the sixteenth century, but in Evelyn the admirer of things both ancient and modern is to be seen. He describes the splendid palaces he sees in language of a similar fanciful grace, but he is more than a dilettante, for he sees Italy in due proportion of the past and present. Evelyn's balanced study of the country is remarkable, for it had no forerunner, and is the first fairly complete picture of Italy we possess, with the omission, of course, of certain modern notes of admiration for art. Thus much may be said to support the choice of Evelyn as our representative traveller of the seventeenth century. We place Evelyn in this section of travel, because he links on by style and habit of thought to the later Renaissance. The advance in his culture may be attributed to his greater acquaintance with the Italian *cognoscenti*, but his references to painting are extremely bald, and he is sometimes content to refer to "divers good pictures," merely adding the names. In one way Evelyn is right: the artistic value of a picture in his day was only considered in relation to the building of which it formed a detail. Exaggerated admiration for easel pictures was to come later, and to make painting too often an art of conscious trickery and affectation.

A book whose subject is somewhat out of the category of travel, but of interest nevertheless, is the *Voyage et observations* of the *Sieur AUDEBER, conseiller du Roy au Parlement de Bretagne* (1656). This medley of no little shrewdness refers to character, customs, and such divers subjects as meals, demoniacs, weights and measures, wines, coral, and scorpions. Audeber begins by repeating the familiar idea that the Italian is always an extremist, "de sorte qu'il est du tout homme de bien, ou du tout méchant"; he remarks on his eloquence, his discretion and fidelity, but considers that his vice is that of being vindictive, and of concealing his hatred till he can satisfy vengeance. A curious detail is that, in reference to arms worn on the person, a defensive weapon (generally the sword) is everywhere permitted; that a dagger can only be worn outside the towns; that any one wishing to go into the country with halbard or javelin must place a piece of wood on the point; and that any one with a *baston a feu*—videlicet, a gun—must leave it uncharged while within the city gates. The dagger was permitted at Ferrara, at Milan the rapier had to be a certain length; in Genoa and in San Marco at Venice no sword could be worn. Audeber further tells us of the various

methods by which Guelfs and Ghibellines are to be distinguished. Knife and fork and spoon are placed on the right side of the platter in Guelf houses, in Ghibelline houses neither right nor left, *mais en travers, plus avent en la table*; they cut their bread differently too, the former at the side, the latter above or below. We also read of bets being made about future Popes.

Il Mercurio Italico is a small volume containing the *Itinerary* of JOHN RAYMOND in 1646-47, which gives the towns the following epithets: Rome the Holy, Venice the Rich, Naples the Gentle, Florence the Faire, Genua the Superbe, Milan the Great, Bologna the Fat, Padua the Learned, Verona the Ancient. The Italians have always retained certain names for the principal towns, and we may add the Latin title of *Augusta Perusia*, still preserved. Verona, it may be remarked, is always called *La Degna*, and not the "Ancient."

§ 3. OBJECTS OF TRAVEL

We may now seek to indicate the main directions of research among sixteenth- and seventeenth-century travellers. They carried on the humanistic tradition of the early Renaissance, a humanism based on the study of the classics and directed to making a courtier. The poets and dramatists had used Italian books as a mine of romantic material, but the travellers go abroad, as James Howell tells us, "to mingle with those more refined nations, whom learning and knowledge did first urbanize and polish." The northerner, in fact, from 1550 to 1680 was not an invader going in search of plunder, but a partially instructed man going to the best school of knowledge, letters, and manners. He sought culture, not specially of an æsthetic kind, but to become a more complete man by the influence of the country which Howell declares "hath beene alwayes accounted the Nurse of Policy, Learning, Musique, Architecture, and Limning, with other perfections which she disperseth to the rest of Europe."

Notwithstanding the reference to "limning" our early travellers know very little of painting. Lassels refers to Raphael's *Loggie*, and also speaks of Cimabue as being mentioned by Vasari, but he most probably drew his information from an antiquary. He says too, "*Virtuosi* make a great dispute which of these three painters was the most excellent: Raphael Urbin, Michael Angelo, or Andrea del Sarto? But

the wisest give every one his particular praise or excellency. Raphael was excellent in *colori*, Michael Angelo in *designe*, and Andrea in making things seeme to be of *rilievo*." The use of the Italian words is of importance as probably indicating that English terms of art did not exist, at least in this precise significance.

No clearer summary of one side of early seventeenth-century travel can be found than that given in Lassels' preface to his book.¹ Himself a bear-leader of young noblemen, he considers mature men, and comments on his own texts for the young: "Travelling preserves my young nobleman from surfeiting of his parents, and weanes him from the dangerous fondness of his mother. It teacheth him wholesome hardship, to lye in beds that are none of his acquaintance; to speak to men he never saw before, to travel in the morning before day and in the evening after day, to endure any horse and weather, as well as any meat and drink, whereas my country gentleman that never travelled can scarce go to London without making his will, or at least without wetting his handkercher. . . .

"Travelling takes off, in some sort, the aboriginal curse, which was laid upon mankind almost at the beginning of the world: I meane the confusion of tongues. . . .

"Travelling enables a man much for his countrye's service. It makes the merchant rich, by showing him what abounds and wants in other countryes, that so he may know what to import, what to export. . . . It makes a nobleman fitt for the noblest employment, that is, to bee ambassador abroad for his King in forrain countryes, and carry about with him his King's person, which he represents, and his King's word, which he engageth. . . .

"Travelling brings a man a world of particular profits. It contents the minde with the rare discourses we heare from learned men. It makes a man think himself at home everywhere, and smile at unjust exile. It makes him wellcome home againe to his neighbours, sought after by his betters, and listened unto with admiration by his inferiors. It makes him sit still in his old age with satisfaction, and travel over the world againe in his chair and bed by discourse and thoughts. In fine, it's an excellent Commentary upon historyes, and no man understands Livy and Cæsar, Guicciardin and Monluc,

¹ Coryatt's reasons for travelling are almost all drawn from classic examples.

like him who hath made exactly the Grand Tour of France and the Giro of Italy. . . .”

The Italy to which our travellers went was one which still preserved the pride of its old pageants. Lassels, speaking of the entry of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy into Chambéry, then the chief town of the dukedom, declares that “to describe all the triumphal arches in the streets, with their emblems and mottoes rarely painted; the stately throne a little out of the town, where the Duke and Duchess received the compliments of their subjects; the rich liveries of the young townsmen on horseback, the gallantry of the noblemen and gentlemen of the country (800 in all), with their horses as fine as they; the *Parlament* men, and other officers of Justice all in black velvet gowns, the clergy and religious marching in the meantime humbly a foot and in procession; the Duke’s two companies of horse in velvet coats of crimson colour, embroidered with gold and silver; the pages and footmen of the Duke and Duchess in crimson velvet laid thick with gold and silver lace; in fine, the Duke and Duchess on horseback as brilliant as the sun, would fill a book alone.”

When the traveller came over the mountains into Italy, he was carried on a chair or rode a mule; in winter he might be “posted down the hill upon the snow in sledges.” Arriving in the towns, he bargained for his lodging and refreshment; and could often obtain money on the bills of exchange he had brought with him. As long as he was discreet in speech he could go to see any religious ceremony: Evelyn was actually invited by a friendly Dominican to be godfather to a converted Turk and a Jew. He visited the schools of anatomy, saw the dissection of dead bodies, and was sometimes able to view the ceremony of Circumcision in the Ghetto. If he was learned, or even companionable, he was admitted to the sessions of the Academies. Evelyn gives us one instance of this:

“I was invited after dinner to the Academie of the Humorists kept in a spacious hall belonging to Signor Mancini, where the Witts of the towne meete on certaine daies to recite poems, and debate on several subjects. The first that speaks is cal’d the Lord, and stands in an eminent place, and then the rest of the Virtuosi recite in order. By these ingenious exercises, besides the learn’d discourses, is the purity of the Italian tongue daily improv’d. The roome is hung round with devises or emblemes, with mottos under them. There are severall other Academies of this nature, bearing like fantastical

titles. In this of the Humorists is the picture of Guarini, the famous author of the *Pastor Fido*, once of this society. The cheife part of the day we spent in hearing the academic exercises."

Private collections of art were willingly thrown open to foreigners, cathedrals and churches were always public, while even the palaces of the Doges or Dukes could be visited without much apparent formality. A letter introducing Tom Coryatt to Sir Henry Wotton shows that it was necessary to have credentials when not of noble birth; a nobleman, apparently, was still introduced by his title. Some evidence of the state of mind in which the travelled Englishman returned is supplied by Shakespeare. He himself is not very favourable to foreign travel, if Rosalind expresses his opinion when she says: "A traveller! By my faith, you have reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's." We presently come to the quip: "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look your lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola." It is to be observed, however, that England was almost mediæval in spirit till the beginning of the reign of James I. The English mind, as soon as it had been put in touch with the record of the past, made as astonishing progress as Norway has made within our own time. From being provincial London became a seat of learning; we may note how thoroughly Italian Francis Bacon is in his diction; splendid palaces began to arise throughout the country, pictures and medals were brought from Italy: the record of the art collection of Charles I. serves as a model of the taste of 1640; and a general spirit of culture was diffused, which showed itself both in the Puritans, John Milton and Andrew Marvell, as well as the Royalists, George Herbert and Robert Herrick. The growing austerities of the Commonwealth, the lewd French follies of the Restoration, the comfortable prosperity of the Georgian era, crushed this fine spirit of the reconciliation of seemliness and beauty with truth and reverence. It was only in the Victorian age, with its new expansion, that England was to win back a true spiritual freedom, with its accompanying love of the arts which add a dignity to life and its nobler pleasures.

§ 4. TRAVELLERS FROM BURNET TO WINCKLEMAN

A certain hiatus in the record of travel is observable from the time of Evelyn to that of Addison. This may be attributed to the Civil War, and the prevalence of Spanish influences in England during the time of Charles II. and James II. Dryden and his compeers followed Spanish models in the drama, and a large number of Spanish books were translated into English. Intercourse with France, too, altered the mental attitude. When we come to the later years of the seventeenth century, we find plain and precise accounts of Italy without any of the beauty of the earlier travels. GILBERT BURNET, the author of the *History of his Own Times*, and famous as one of the supporters of William of Orange, by whom he was afterwards made Bishop of Salisbury, travelled in Italy about the year 1686. He embodied his ideas in three long letters from Milan, Florence, and Rome. He was at that time in disfavour with James II., but he was well received by Pope Innocent XI., until—it is to be supposed—the Papal Court heard of the part Burnet had played against Catholicism in England. Burnet's letters are chatty accounts of many different impressions, written *currente calamo*, and interspersed with historical remarks showing unusual research for his period. Another letter of his was printed, describing Molinos and the Molinist heresy. LIMOJON DE ST. DIDIER, who has left us an entertaining monograph on Venice (1680), was a Frenchman of Avignon, who was well versed in political affairs, and at one time went on a mission for Louis XIV. to the deposed James II., then in Ireland. A book of travels that had some repute was the *New Voyage to Italy*, translated in 1695 from the French of MAXIMILIEN MISSON. The writer was a Protestant refugee from France, and went to Italy in 1688 as bear-leader of the young Charles Butler, afterwards Earl of Arran. Addison considered his account as being generally "more correct than that of any writer before him." Misson's narration is undistinguished in style, and such few extracts as might possibly have been suitable would only have had an antiquarian interest. In his "Instructions to a Traveller" he gives us some glimpses into the material side of life abroad in his day. He says: "There are some good Inns at Venice, such as the *Louvre*, the *White Lyon*, and the *French Arms*; but when one intends to spend some months in that city, the

best way is to hire a furnished house. . . . At the *Louvre* you are entertain'd for eight livres a day, and the *White Lyon* and *French Arms* are somewhat cheaper, but you must always remember to make your bargain for everything before you go into the house, to avoid after-debates." He adds that an ordinary gondola costs fifteenpence an hour, or a superior one seven or eight livres a day. Misson recommends those staying in Rome to "agree with a skilful Antiquary and fix certain times to visit with him the principal rarities." He remarks that he gave his antiquary three pistoles a month, stating that "he is well acquainted with medals and trades in 'em."

The letters from Italy of James Drummond, fourth EARL OF PERTH, were first published in 1845 from the original MS. by the Camden Society. Mr. William Jerdan, the editor, tells us that James Drummond was born in 1648, and studied philosophy at the University of St. Andrews. After succeeding to his father's title, he became Chancellor of Scotland in 1684, and in James II.'s reign declared himself a Roman Catholic. After James' flight to the Continent, the Earl of Perth travelled in Italy, and finally ended his career at St. Germain's in attendance on the deposed sovereign. The first letter bears date Venice, 18th February 1695. We may extract from one of the early letters this pretty vignette: "This morning the Princess Pallavicini carryed us to mass, and after that to a vineyard where the Princess Savelli was making her vintage. We had an handsome dinner, although we surprised the Princess; and the young lasses who were there, *per mozzicare*, that is, to gather the grapes, played on the *tambour de sasque* and sung songs how when they went out the dew wet their pettycoats, how they sung and talkt with their sweet-hearts while they cut the stalks of the rasins, and how their mistress had provided a good breakfast, etc., and every verse ended with a *Viva il Compare et viva la Comare*, that is, may our good-man and good-wife prosper." Drummond also gives us a glimpse of the Spanish dominion which lasted in Naples till 1713, in the following:—"The feast of Saint Antonio, the abbot (St. Paul, the first hermite contemporarie), began the carnavall here with a Spaffagio or Corso, where all the great folks in the town went in the street that leads to St. Antoine's Church to walk in their coaches; all the chief magistrates went; their officers, alguazils, and sbirri, were on horse-back, in Spanish cloaths; the Viceroy, with all his court and guard,

on horse-back and a' foot, with the Swizzers in their liveries, and all the Spanish troops in the publick places where his Excellency was to go through."

ADDISON was under thirty years of age when he reached Italy for his two years' trip. The earliest edition of his book appears to be *Remarks on several Parts of Italy, etc.* (1705); the title-page has a motto from Cicero, and the publisher is Jacob Tonson. Addison's object in travel is mainly to follow the footsteps of the ancient poets. In a versified letter to Lord Halifax, written in 1701, he says:

" Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread a classic ground,
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung ;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows."

Dr. Johnson's opinion of the book was expressed with his usual terseness: "As his stay in foreign countries was short, his observations are such as might be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets. . . . The most amusing passage of his book is his account of the minute republic of San Marino; of many parts, it is not a very severe censure to say that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language and variegation of prose and verse, however, gains upon the reader." We have not been able to select much from Addison, but we have followed Dr. Johnson in choosing the description of San Marino. A description of the Italian character has the keen perception that would be expected of the writer of the *Spectators*:

"The Italians are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain . . . where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which

every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides that, the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous and value themselves upon their great wisdom."

Dean (afterwards Bishop) BERKELEY was in Italy in 1714. He had Pope among his correspondents, and the point of view of the age is to be noted in the following: "Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know light-some days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps." This famous philosopher's *Italian Journal* was first published in 1871, and this must not be confused with his letters to Pope; the journal is more a series of jottings than a connected account. The *Voyage en Italie* of MONTESQUIOU, the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, was published posthumously. Montesquiou went to Venice in 1728, where he met Lord Chesterfield, and they discussed the respective merits of Englishmen and Frenchmen. It came down to an argument whether *sangfroid* or *esprit* were the superior gift. Montesquiou enjoyed the hospitality of the Milanese aristocracy during three weeks' stay in Lombardy, and in Turin was received by King Victor-Amadeus II. Turin bored the brilliant Frenchman, but he was delighted by the affable simplicity of the Florentines. He described Naples and Rome by saying, "Naples can be seen in two minutes, Rome requires six months." The *Voyage Historique* of GUYET DE MERVILLE (1729) is not much more to our purpose than that of Montesquiou, but it is worth an examination by the student of history as giving some conception of the intrigues of the clerical court in Rome in the story of the trial of a spy called the Abbate Volpini. JOSEPH SPENCE, whose *Anecdotes* are a repertory of the literary opinions delivered in conversation by Pope and other celebrities, knew Italy well. He made three tours there between 1730 and 1739, and inserts several bits of conversation in the *Anecdotes*, which illustrate the small-talk of the time. Spence's letters

to his mother describe incidents in his travels. A remark by Dr. Cocchi in the *Anecdotes* shows that the study of Dante (somewhat interrupted during the Renaissance) was obtaining a new vogue.

The letters written from Italy by GRAY, the author of the immortal "Elegy," have often been praised, but a study of them shows that the zeal of the biographers has outrun their acumen. Critics are too often unable to distinguish between personal interest and intrinsic value. It is only by comparing the results of travel that we see what is really an addition to the store of experience or delight. Gray's journey took place in 1740-1741; he went in company with Horace Walpole, but their different temperaments caused an estrangement which was only healed years after. Gray's letters are those of a confirmed classicist and have occasional felicities of expression. HORACE WALPOLE dates his earliest letter from Italy, November 11th, 1739, and begins, "So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy." His letters do not contain any more interest for our purpose than those of his companion. They are the letters of a very young man, and contain such remarks as "the incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth." His comment on the landscape after leaving Siena is "you can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees and tipped with villas or convents." His description of life at Rome is: "Roman conversations are dreadful things! such untoward mawkins as the princesses! and the princes are worse. Then the whole city is littered with French and German abbés, who make up a dismal contrast with the inhabitants." He visited the excavations of Herculaneum, which had been discovered about a year and a half before. He states at the end of a year that he has made "no discoveries in ancient or modern arts," adding, in a fashionable spirit of weariness, that he has "so absolutely lost all curiosity that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of foreign land." The *Castle of Otranto*, written after the author had become a middle-aged man, is the first modern effort in Italian Romance. It is easy to laugh at its affected sentiment, but it is an invaluable aid to the understanding of the eighteenth-century idea of the sublime. When Horace Walpole wants to write his finest, he paints a Domenichino picture in words. The tale fails in any sense of Gothic feeling,

because mediæval life had not been sufficiently studied. The necessity of historical inquiry to the comprehension of early art could not be shown more plainly than by Horace Walpole's *pastiche*.

The famous *Lettres Familières* of CHARLES DE BROSSES, written in 1739-40, but published far later, is a difficult book to deal with. De Brosse's social account of Italy is that of a clear-sighted observer, but it is rather superficial and deals with some scandalous matters. De Brosse was the first President of the Parliament of Dijon, and his scientific knowledge was favourably commented on by his friend Buffon. He visited Naples when the excavations of Herculaneum had recently been begun, and sent a paper describing them to the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* some years later. De Brosse's account of Italy has a peculiarly modern note: he refers very little to the classics, and the advance in cultivated appreciation from Addison's journey some forty years before is very marked. The *Lettres Familières* have been recently translated by Lord Ronald Gower, as far as was possible for modern readers. For the very brief extracts we have made our translation is a new one. The description of our fellow-countrymen in Rome is too good to be missed: "The English are here in great numbers, and live extravagantly. As a nation they are much liked by the Romans on account of the wealth they bring, though most Italians keep their most real affections for Germany. I observe that in general no nation is less liked than our own: this comes from our detestable habit of proclaiming our preference for our customs beyond those of foreigners, invariably finding fault with whatsoever is not done as it is at home. The money spent by the English in Rome, and the habit of making the grand tour as part of their education, does not do them much good. There are some men of culture who seek for knowledge, but they are few in number. Most of them have a hired carriage stationed in the Piazza di Spagna, which waits for them throughout the day, while they get through it by playing billiards or some similar game with each other. I have known more than one Englishman who left Rome without meeting anybody except their fellow-countrymen and without knowing where the Coliseum was. . . ."

De Brosse is noteworthy for his criticisms of pictures. He admired Giorgione, "a painter all the more admirable for his colouring, in that he had no forerunner for this part of

the art, of which he may be called the inventor." Of the great canvas illustrating the *Miracle of St. Mark* we are told that "Tintoret has done no finer thing." De Brosse has evidently studied Vasari at first hand, and speaks of Cimabue, Giotto, the Spanish Chapel in *Sta Maria Novella*, of Ghirlandajo and Orcagna, though he adds that they have pictured sacred subjects "in a comical and absurd manner." Nevertheless, if we compare De Brosse's notes on pictures with Samuel Richardson's specialised book on Italian statuary (published in 1722 and considered by Winckelmann the most complete book done up to his time) we see the relative superiority of the Frenchman's knowledge. The clues given by De Brosse were not followed up, his appreciations were not those of his own time. De Brosse gives the best view of eighteenth-century society in Italy, but it is not very useful for our general purpose.

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU'S Letters from Italy are not so entertaining as those she wrote from Constantinople. She appears to have resided in the country at frequent intervals for almost twenty years from 1739; but she is more interested in setting down her impressions on *Tom Jones* or *Clarissa Harlowe* than in Italian life or art. S. WHATLEY'S *Journey to Tuscany* (1741) contains some of the small-talk of the period and remarks on the Inquisition at Rome.

We need not attempt to sum up the purpose of travel till we have come to the confines of the French Revolution period; a certain difference arises, however, with Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. He is the first important English painter who comes as a painter, and he will be followed by Richard Wilson and not a few others down to the time of Turner, Wilkie, Prout, Bonington, and Eastlake. Reynolds journeyed to Italy in 1750 when in his twenty-sixth year. According to his pupil and biographer James Northcote, he "was too much occupied in his studies to dedicate much time to epistolary correspondence." The chief results of his Italian travel exist in his art and in the *Discourses* he delivered to the Academy students in England. The notes on the pictures he studied in Italian towns have been edited by William Cotton, with two photographs from rough pencil sketches showing the placing of the figures in two compositions; these notes take up forty-six pages of print, and are extremely fragmentary. Here, by way of example, is the description of Tintoretto's *Adam and Eve* in the Scuola della Carità at Venice: "His back forms a mass

of light, his thigh lost in the ground ; the shadows in general, full. The figures in the colour of the ground, sometimes a little greyer, sometimes warmer. The landscape all mellow, except a little blue distant hill and sky ; black trees and others more yellow. The nearer hills are painted slap-dash with white and grey and flesh tints. The leaves of the trees ditto, then scumbled over with a mellow colour of oil." This is highly technical criticism, and such fragments may be found useful by painters. A remark made elsewhere by Reynolds concerning his travels is worth quoting : "The manner of the English travellers in general, and of those who most pique themselves on studying Vertu is, that instead of examining the beauties of those works of fame and why they are esteemed, they only inquire the subject of the picture and the name of the painter, the history of the statue and where it was found, and write that down. Some Englishmen, while I was in the Vatican, came there and spent above six hours in writing down whatever the antiquary dictated to them ; they scarcely ever looked at the paintings the whole time." We shall refer later to Sir Joshua's art-criticism.

The EARL OF ORRERY'S *Letters* (1754-1755) are devoted principally to history, and gave Robert Browning the subject of his play *King Victor and King Charles*. The Earl distinguished himself by handing Johnson's Dictionary—then recently published—to the Accademia della Crusca ; he describes this institution as having received "the authority of regular statutes" in 1580, and its name as being taken from the word *crusca* (bran), while its device is a mill, typifying that in matters linguistic it separates the flour from the chaff. It is infinitely regrettable that OLIVER GOLDSMITH has left us but the vaguest hints as to his Italian journey in 1755. A poetical reference to "the wandering Po" and to the condition of Italy, a description of the floating bee-houses of Piedmont in the *Animated Nature*, and a few statements as to academies and universities in Italy are all that John Forster refers to in his life of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Tramping from town to town, flute in hand, sleeping and supping where he could, Goldsmith might have given us a picture of Italian manners which would have ranked with his delicious novel.

We pass now to the first German who made his mark in Italian study. It is difficult to understand precisely where J. J. WINCKELMAN was an innovator in art criticism. The clearest point is that up to his time Italian archæologists had

mostly preferred to study medals and bric-à-brac with a great deal of tedious classic erudition, but still with reference to Italian art. Winckelman tried to see the classic remains as those who created them in the past would have looked upon them. From this he formed a canon of beauty which controlled Europe for years. Winckelman's *Letters* are dated between 1756-1764, and refer mainly to critical questions. We may note that the eighteenth century marked the discovery of many classical masterpieces. The results of the discoveries at Herculaneum were partly transmitted to the north by Winckelman's two letters.

§ 2. TRAVELLERS FROM GIBBON TO YOUNG

Any correct idea of GIBBON'S travels in Italy has to be pieced out of the several different autobiographical memoirs edited in 1896 by Mr. John Murray from the present Earl of Sheffield's manuscripts. The first Earl of Sheffield has used many passages of the memoirs, but some important passages were not known till the recent publication. From Memoir B it appears that Gibbon at one time thought of writing a "History of the Republic of Florence, under the House of Médicis." That classical history was of more interest to him is shown by his preliminary studies of antiquarian books on Italy, and of descriptions of the country by "Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela," before setting out on his journey (Memoir B *ad fin.*). Again he writes: "My studies were chiefly preparations for my classic tour—the Latin poets and historians, the science of manuscripts, medals and inscriptions, the rules of architecture, the topography and antiquities of Rome, the geography of Italy, and the military roads which pervaded the Empire of the Cæsars. Perhaps I might boast that few travellers more completely armed and instructed have ever followed the footsteps of Hannibal" (Memoir C). He started from Lausanne on April 16, 1764, and went to Turin, Milan, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. At this last town he stayed from June to September, and then went on by Lucca, Leghorn, and Siena to Rome. "My temper," he writes (Memoir C), "is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod

with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum ; each memorable spot where Romulus *stood*, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye ; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool or minute examination." At Naples, Gibbon met Sir William Hamilton, the British Envoy, and later on went to Loretto, Bologna, Padua, Vicenza, Milan, and Turin. Gibbon describes his idea of a good traveller as one who is indefatigable in enterprise and research, and who has "a correct and exquisite eye, which commands the landskip of a country, discerns the merit of a picture, and measures the proportions of a building." He finally repeats the famous passage in his private journal, in which he narrates that it was on "the fifteenth of October 1764, in the close of the evening, as I sat musing in the church of the Zoccolanti or Franciscan Fryars, while they were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter on the ruins of the Capitol," that he first determined on writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He refers, in Memoir E, to the fact that he "read the Tuscan writers on the banks of the Arno," and sums up the four great towns not unhappily as "the beauties of Florence, the wonders of Rome, the curiosities of Naples . . . the singular aspect of Venice."

SMOLLETT the novelist was in Italy between 1763 and 1765. His biographer, Mr. David Hannay, remarks that his travels are dreary reading. "His view . . . is naturally darkened by his own sufferings, and the book in which he described his experiences is full of melancholy details of the state of his health, and dreary stories of the extortion of landlords and the insolence of postilions." Smollett's career was drawing to a close, and after a visit to Scotland in 1766 he returned again to Italy, and wrote, or completed, *Humphry Clinker*, dying at Leghorn in 1771. His grave is in the old English cemetery of that town. Smollett is something of an iconoclast, and ridicules any excessive admiration for art. His friend, Dr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, writing under the name "Lancelot Temple," in 1771 published *A Short Ramble*, which forms a tiny book of 102 pages, with twelve lines to the page : this curious essay is partially intended as a skit on travellers in Italy. Smollett compared the Pantheon to a cockpit with a hole on the top ; and Armstrong suggests that Michael Angelo might have dressed the Charon in his *Last Judgment* "in a chancellor's wig, and stuck a blue cockade upon his hat."

SAMUEL SHARPE travelled south in 1765-1766, having an interview with Voltaire at Geneva on his way. He remarks that the Venetian Republic was "extremely rigid in what regards the quarantine; and indeed, as they border upon these countries where the plague so frequently rages, they cannot be too watchful." He notes in one letter: "I make no doubt that you are apprized the Italians count their hours till twenty-four o'clock," which is still the custom to-day. We need not follow him implicitly when he states that "in Florence, the generality of Ladies have each of them three Cicesbeos: the first is the Cicesbeo of dignity; the second is the Cicesbeo who picks up the glove, gives the fan, and pulls off, or puts on the cloak, etc.; the third Cicesbeo is, by the wags, deemed the substantial Cicesbeo, or Lover." A point to be noted is that the right of sanctuary existed in Sharpe's time: "At Florence my eyes were tired with the view of an assassin and another delinquent, who had taken refuge on the steps before a church." Baretti (presently referred to) has called this account in question, reminding us that gossip at Florence may well call a pickpocket or a runaway debtor *assassino*. We may add our own testimony in recalling the proverb:

"*Cocchieri et marinai, sono assassini assai.*"¹

JOSEPH BARETTI (Giuseppe Marcontonio Baretti), who was born in Italy, began his career by writing poetry, but found his hopes of success frustrated by an imprudent squib. Coming to England, he obtained an engagement at the Italian Opera-House in London, and published a Dictionary, which was of permanent value. He became a friend of Dr. Johnson, who thought highly of his conversation. His *Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy* (published 1768) is the narrative of a journey made in part "to animadvert upon the remarks Mr. Sharpe and those of other English writers, who after a short tour have ventured to describe Italy and the Italians." Baretti had become in many ways Anglicised, and the book of an Italian revisiting his country and writing of it in excellent English repays perusal. We may, for the present, quote his account of the Tuscan custom of competitive improvisation, "that is, of singing verses extempore to the guitar and other stringed instruments. . . . I can aver that it is a very great

¹ "Coachmen and mariners are mostly murderers."

entertainment, and what cannot fail of exciting very great surprise, to hear two of their best improvvisatori, *et cantare pares et respondere parati*, and each eager to excel, expatiate in *ottava rima* upon any subject moderately susceptible of poetical amplification. Several times have I been astonished at the rapidity of their expressions, the easiness of their rhymes, the justness of their numbers, the copiousness of their images, and the general warmth and impetuosity of their thoughts; and I have seen crowds of listeners hurried as well as myself into a vortex of delight, if I may so express it, whose motion acquired more and more violence as the bards grew more and more inflamed by the repeated shoutings of the bystanders, and by the force of that opposition which each encountered from his antagonist."

JAMES BARRY, the historical painter, was in Italy in 1768-1771, and wrote letters describing it to his friend and patron, Burke. Barry belongs to the period when the *dilettanti* had begun to talk about the sculptured Laocoon group; the art-study indicated in his letters is really a profound one, and he approvingly mentions the "Abbate Winckleman, the Pope's antiquary." Barry has also the distinction of having been the last painter to see Leonardo da Vinci's *Cenacolo* in anything like its former state.¹ "I found," he writes, "a scaffold erected, which on ascending, I saw one half of the picture covered by a great cloth; on examining the other part that was uncovered, I found the skin of colour, which composed the picture, to be all cracked into little squares of about the eighteenth of an inch over, which were for the most part in their edges loosened from the wall and curling up; however, nothing was materially lost. I saw that the picture had been formerly repaired in some few places; yet as this was not much, and as the other parts were untouched, there was nothing to complain of. The wonderful truth and variety of the expressions, so well described by Vasari and Rubens, and the admirable finesse of finish and rilievo taken notice of by Armenini were still remaining." Presently the cloth on the other side is withdrawn by a monk, and Barry, seeing the repaint, breaks out into a diatribe concluding: "Now you have got a beast to paint another picture upon it, who knows no more of the matter than you do yourselves; there was no occasion for this

¹ We have the most perfect pedigree of this great work, for Bandello the novelist was living at Santa Maria delle Grazie while Leonardo painted it.

covering it over with new colours ; it might be easily secured in those parts that are loosening from the wall, and it would stand probably as long as your order will."

Under the date 1771 comes Dr. BURNEY's *Music in France and Italy*, which does not afford us any material for comment. LESSING's one journey to Italy in 1775 affords the like insignificant results. The much-discussed comparison of poetry with plastic art based on the Laocoon group in the Vatican was evolved before Lessing had left Germany. Deriving our impression from the life by Mr. James Sime, we do not think the severely critical temper of Lessing was much influenced by Italy. At Turin he frequents the museum of antiquities, and especially the ancient Egyptian collections, and in the library of the town he was able to discover the valuable treatise on art by Alberti. Lessing wrote one play on an Italian subject in his *Emilia Galeotti*, and we are tempted to say a word here on the inability of any dramatists except the Elizabethans to evoke a dramatic result from Italian life. The fundamental quality of drama is the working out of individual destinies under the unseen laws of Fate, and neither Lessing, nor Goethe in his *Tasso*, nor Byron after him fulfilled this canon of what we might call *dramatic mysticism*. Nor does the Italian drama itself fulfil these conditions, for in Italy Fate was eliminated by the dogma of the Church. A possible exception might be found in Spanish plays, but here the rules of the "point of honour" supply in great part the unseen influences lacking in Italian drama.

Lady MILLER's *Tour* is dated 1776, and has interest as its authoress went into the best society of the time, whose frocks and frills she has described as a woman of fashion would, but she has not the descriptive gift of Mrs. Piozzi. Her chief claim on our attention is her having measured the Venus de' Medici, whom she found to be exactly 4 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height. JAMES NORTHCOTE, the biographer of Reynolds, was at Rome in 1778, and left an MS., which was edited by Mr. Stephen Gwynn in 1898. He met in Rome among other people, David, the painter and the friend of Robespierre. Northcote's work in Rome consisted rather of copying than of painting original pictures. There appears to have been quite an English colony of painters there ; on a death occurring Northcote describes the necessity of effecting the funeral in the Protestant cemetery at night by the light of torches, in order not to offend the superstitious populace.

In reference to the French writers,¹ Voltaire seems never to have gone to Italy, and Ampère remarks that while Voiture and Balzac (not the later novelist, but a well-known stylist) went to Rome, not one of the great writers of the time of Louis XIV. was ever there. Such Italian travel-books as were produced by Frenchmen dealt more with social matters than with art. The PÈRE LALANDE gives many descriptions of ecclesiastical ceremonies in his voluminous book; the ABBÉ RICHARD in his *Description Historique et Critique* (1766) deals with "government, arts, commerce, population, and natural history" in six volumes; PINEAU-DUCLOS, the *secrétaire perpétuel* to the French Academy, made researches into the customs and the finances of the Papal States in 1767; P. J. GROSLEY in 1769 studies Muratori and early chronicles in his *Observations*; Mme. de Genlis, the writer of moral and educational tales, describes an Italian journey in her *Memoirs*; her Italian descriptions lack the piquant interest of what she writes about France. The brilliant woman-painter, Mme Vigée Le Brun, fled to Italy from the terrors of the French Revolution, and has described her experiences in her *Souvenirs*, which are of a bright anecdotic nature. She was honoured in Florence by being asked for her portrait for the Uffizi, where it still hangs. In Rome she made friends with Angelica Kauffmann, and at Naples was on the most intimate terms with Sir William Hamilton and Emma Hart.

Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON formed a really fine collection of antiques, sold to the British Museum in 1772, and forming the nucleus of the present collection of Greek and Roman antiquities. He also wrote about Vesuvius. JOHN MOORE'S *View of Society and Manners in Italy* was published in two volumes in 1781. It abounds in such remarks as: "The Italians, I am informed, have a greater relish for agility and high jumping in their dancers, than for graceful movements." The keynote of the book may be seen in the criticism concerning Guido: "The graceful air of his young men, the elegant forms and mild persuasive devotion of his Madonnas; the art with which, to all the inviting loveliness of female

¹ "The Italians very generally decry the French travellers," writes Lady Morgan, "who, they assert, never know or at least never *speak* their language; and against poor Lalande they are very inveterate. . . . They quote with triumph his florid description of the beautiful aloe growing in the garden of the Ambrosiana. This we saw just as blooming as when Lalande saw it forty years ago; for it had recently got a new coat of paint;—being made of tin."

features, he joins the gentleness and modesty which belong to the female character, are the peculiar excellencies of this charming painter.”¹ Miss MARY BERRY, whose Journals and Correspondence (1783–1852) were first printed in 1865, had, says the editor, “seen Marie Antoinette in all her pride and beauty,” and yet lived to “be privately presented to Queen Victoria a few months before her death.” She was among Horace Walpole’s correspondents, and knew most of the European celebrities for sixty years. She was in Italy in 1783, in 1816, and again in 1820; but she does not take advantage of this fact to point out any changes. Her journal has some amusing touches, like the description of the Grand Duke’s carriage at Modena in 1783, as “the oldest, plainest, shabbiest chariot I ever saw,” and a horse which any country parson “would have been ashamed to own.” The contrast between the apparent wealth and the private penury of the great families in Italy at the end of the eighteenth century is not in any way exaggerated.

Mrs. PIOZZI (Dr. Johnson’s Mrs. Thrale) has left us a highly entertaining and picturesque account of her residence in Italy. It was published in 1789, and has been edited lately by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. Mrs. Piozzi’s marriage to an Italian enabled her to enter into many sides of the life which are beyond the scope of the ordinary traveller. She refers to many things somewhat beneath the dignity of other travellers, but of value notwithstanding. Her account of the *presepio* in churches or houses at Christmas-time may be quoted:

“In many houses a room, in some a whole suite of apartments, in others the terrace upon the house-top, is dedicated to this very uncommon show, consisting of a miniature representation in sycamore wood, properly coloured, of the house at Bethlehem, with the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and our Saviour in the manger, with attendant angels, etc., as in pictures of the Nativity. The figures are about six inches high, and dressed with the most exact propriety. This, however, though the principal thing intended to attract spectators’ notice, is kept back, so that sometimes I scarcely saw it at all; while a general and excellent landscape, with figures of men at work, women dressing dinner, a long road in real gravel, with rocks, hills, rivers, cattle, camels, everything that can be imagined,

¹ When we have found platitudes of this nature in later travel-books, we have not troubled to describe them at all.

fill the other rooms, so happily disposed, too, for the most part, the light introduced so artfully, the perspective kept so surprisingly ! One wonders, and cries out it is certainly but a baby-house at best ; yet managed by people whose heads, naturally turned towards architecture and design, give them power thus to defy a traveller not to feel delighted with the general effect ; while if every single figure is not capitally executed and nicely expressed beside, the proprietor is truly miserable, and will cut a new cow, or vary the horse's attitude, against next Christmas, *coûte que coûte*. And perhaps I should not have said so much about the matter if there had not been shown me within this last week *presepios* which have cost their possessors fifteen hundred or two thousand English pounds ; and, rather than relinquish or sell them, many families have gone to ruin. I have wrote the sums down in letters, not figures, for fear of the possibility of a mistake. One of these playthings had the journey of the three kings represented in it, and the presents were all of real gold and silver finely worked ; nothing could be better or more livelily finished."

This comment of Mrs. Piozzi's on perfumes is as true to-day as when it was written : "The Roman Ladies cannot endure perfumes, and faint away even at an artificial rose. I went but once among them, when Memmo, the Venetian ambassador, did me the honour to introduce me somewhere, but the conversation was soon over—not so my shame, when I perceived all the company shrink from me very oddly and stop their noses with rue, which a servant brought to their assistance on open salvers. I was by this time more like to faint away than they from confusion and distress ; my kind protector informed me of the cause, said I had some grains of *marechale* powder in my hair perhaps, and led me out of the assembly, to which no entreaties could prevail on me ever to return, or make further attempts to associate with a delicacy so very susceptible of offence."

Mrs. Piozzi, somewhat unexpectedly, gives us a clever impression of landscape in these words : "Nothing is so little animated by the sight of living creatures as an Italian prospect. No sheep upon their hills, no cattle grazing in their meadows, no water-fowl, swans, ducks, etc., upon their lakes ; and, when you leave Lombardy, no birds flying in the air, save only from time to time, betwixt Florence and Bologna, a solitary kite soaring over the surly Apennines, and breaking the immense void which fatigues the eye ; a ragged lad or wench, too, now

and then leading a lean cow to pick among the hedges, has a melancholy appearance, the more so as it is always fast held by a string, and struggles in vain to get loose."

WILLIAM BECKFORD'S "*Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents, in a series of letters from various parts of Europe*," contribute some of the most picturesquely sensitive descriptions of Italy in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Beckford was a young man of great wealth, who had already written the romance of *Vathek*, when he went to Italy with his tutor (1780-1782). The Italian letters (including those on Spain and the Low Countries) were published in 1783, but almost all the copies were destroyed by the author, and the book only saw the light in 1834. Beckford's career in England was that of a connoisseur who wasted considerably over a million of money in the collections of books and *virtu* he gathered at Fonthill, where Nelson and Lady Hamilton visited him together. The reader will need no commendation of the letters here chosen: Beckford is at the beginning of the romantic movement which touched Sir Walter Scott, and Rousseau on the Continent; as a writer of prose he must always hold a high place among Englishmen. In sentiment and in love of landscape he anticipates Byron in some measure, and he might well be placed in our next section of travel except for his general attitude of connoisseurship.

ARTHUR YOUNG'S Italian journey forms an intermezzo in the memorable *Travels in France* (1787-1789). They present a very important account of the agricultural condition of Italy, but the traveller sometimes glances at civic or artistic matters. His point of view is characteristically shown when he visits the Abbey of St. Ambrose in Milan. He remarks: "They showed us a MS. of Luitprandus, dated 721, and another of Lothaire, before Charlemagne. If they contained the register of their ploughs, they would have been interesting; but what to me are the records of gifts to convents for saving souls that wanted probably too much cleaning for all the scrubbing brushes of the monks to brighten?" His comment on Venice is even more amusing: "If cheapness of living, spectacles, and pretty women are a man's objects in fixing his residence, let him live at Venice: for myself I think I would not be an inhabitant to the Doge, with the power of the Grand Turk. Brick and stone, and sky and water, and not a field or a bush even for fancy to pluck a rose from! My heart cannot expand in such a place: an admirable monument of human

industry, but not a theatre for the feelings of a farmer!" To quote another typical passage, Young writes: "The circumstance that strikes one in Florence, is the antiquity of the principal buildings; everything one sees considerable is of three or four hundred years' standing: of new buildings there are next to none; all here remind one of the Medicis: there is hardly a street that has not some monument, some decoration, that bears the stamp of that splendid magnificent family. How commerce could enrich it sufficiently, to leave such prodigious remains, is a question not a little curious; for I may venture without apprehension to assert, that all the collected magnificence of the House of Bourbon, governing for eight hundred years twenty millions of people, is trivial when compared with what the Medici family have left for the admiration of succeeding ages—sovereigns only of the little mountainous region of Tuscany, and with not more than one million of subjects." Arthur Young attributes these enormous results to trade having been a monopoly.

§ 6. THE THEORY OF GOOD TASTE; ITALIAN CHARACTER

The keynote of travel in the eighteenth century is more diversified than that of the seventeenth. Addison expresses a more abstract, a less keen humanism in his preface when he writes: "There is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of music and painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of governments, that are so different in their constitutions, and so refined in their politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in history, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action." In the last sentence is seen the love for classical lore, which still inspired Addison, and later on, in a different period, Eustace and Macaulay. But the eighteenth-century travellers are more generally either observers of manners, or enthusiasts of "good taste." De Brosse and Mrs. Piozzi, Samuel Sharpe and Lady Miller, have

a keen eye for social conditions, but less as humanists than as actors in the genteel comedy of life. The age which produced Pope and Fielding could not fail to see character with clear eyes.

Such æsthetic culture as was sought by travellers was derived from rational study of the masters. Gibbon in a letter to his stepmother (June 20, 1764) wrote: "I flatter myself that the works of the greatest artists, which have been continually before my eyes, have already begun to form my taste for the fine arts." Sir Joshua in his *Discourses* said: "The *gusto grande* of the Italians; the *beau idéal* of the French; and the *great style*, *genius*, and *taste* among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity . . . that ennobles the painter's art. . . ." The endeavour to find perfection by the rules of Burke and other philosophers of the Beautiful happily never found credit with Reynolds. "Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would be no longer taste or genius." Sir Joshua has some inclination to discuss art by these canons, but he saves himself by his perfect knowledge of craftsmanship. Most of the contemporary books base their art criticism on this question of *taste*, and it led to the admiration of the Caracci, of Domenichino and Guido Reni. But here we must seek to explain the overpraise of these painters. Admiring Raphael and Michael Angelo as he did, Reynolds was compelled to seek a more complete painter's technique than those masters possessed. As painters of a certain school (for we must always except Velasquez and Rembrandt) the Italian Ecclectics took academical painting and design as far perhaps as they can be taken. Modern art has searched for scientific decomposition of light or for realism of vision, but in the actual business of covering the canvas the Ecclectics are only surpassed by the Venetians, or the Dutch and the Spanish master. Reynolds expressly says that the best work of Ludovico Carracci shows the "power over materials" which he calls style.¹ It must not be forgotten that in the *Discourses* Reynolds is talking to students, and the work of the Ecclectics is by its nature fitted to stand as the model of academic art. Eastlake, discussing this question in 1842, points out how much these Ecclectics were once admired, and said "the change in more recent times with regard to the homage paid

¹ In the "Discourse" for 1792 the technical accomplishment of Raphael and the Ecclectics is fully contrasted.

them has, however, been owing to a change of principle. It has been felt that, in the attempt to combine the excellencies, however great, of various minds, the chief recommendation of human productions, viz. the evidence of individual character, the moral physiognomy, which in its sincerity and passion atones for so many defects, is of necessity wanting; this is one reason why the Germans dwell so much on the unaffected efforts of the early painters."

The cult of *good taste* will be sufficiently illustrated in our extracts from Beckford, but the eighteenth-century view of Italian character has an equal importance. Baretti, as an Italian who had seen a totally different civilisation, was in a position to give us a very clear view of what the Italians were. The notes we take from him are lengthy, but we believe of considerable importance: "Superficial travellers," he writes, "are apt to speak of them in the mass; and they cannot fall into a greater mistake. There is very little difference, comparatively speaking, between the several provinces of England, because all their inhabitants live under the same laws, speak dialects of the same tongue much nearer each other than the dialects of Italy, and have a much greater intercourse between themselves than the Italians have had these many ages. No nations, distinguished by different names, vary more from each other in almost every respect than these which go under the common name of Italians; but still these provincial discriminations require a masterly hand in the description; and I am sure I feel my abilities to be very disproportionate to the task. . . . However, that I may not leave so ample a topic quite untouched, I will here endeavour to give my reader what satisfaction I can upon the several characteristics of the Italians.

"To begin therefore with the Piedmontese, who are the most Alpine nation of Italy, I must observe, that one of the chief qualities which distinguish them from all other Italians, is their want of cheerfulness. A stranger travelling through Italy may easily observe, that all the nations there have in general very gay countenances, and visibly appear much more inclined to jollity by their frequent and obstreperous laughing. But take a walk along any place of public resort in any of the Piedmontese towns, and you will presently perceive that almost every face looks cloudy and full of sullen gravity. There are many peculiarities besides this, that render the Piedmontese unlike the other Italians. Among other things, it is very

remarkable that Piedmont never produced a single poet. . . . But if the Piedmontese are not to be compared with the Tuscans and other Italians for that brilliancy of imagination which poetry and the polite arts require, they have, on the other hand, greatly the advantage when considered as soldiers. Though their troops have never been very numerous, everybody conversant in history knows the brave stand they have made for some centuries past against the French, Spaniards, and Germans whenever they were invaded by these nations.¹

“ . . . South of Piedmont, and alongshore of the Tyrrhene Sea, lie the small but populous dominions of the Genoese republic. The people of this country have been much exposed in ancient days to the malignity of wit, and many of the Roman poets have taken much freedom with the ancient Ligurians. Yet, whatever truth there may be in the sarcastic sayings of Virgil, Silius Italicus, Ausonius and others, I think that a proud ostentation of learning rather than sober reason has induced many a modern to tread in their footsteps. As a native of Turin, I could not help being brought up in an unjust aversion to the Genoese: an aversion very common among neighbouring nations, and very difficult for human reason to conquer at any time of life. But having had occasion, twice in my days, and at distant periods, to pass some months at Genoa, and to visit the greatest part of the republic's territories, I own I could not find in that people any ground for the insolent reproach, that *their men are as devoid of faith, and their women of shame, as their hills are of wood, and their sea of fishes*. . . . I would certainly rather choose to live with them at Genoa than in any other town I ever saw; because there the government is mild, the climate soft, the habitations large and clean, and the whole face of the country most romantically beautiful. The Genoese nobles are in general affable, polite, and very knowing: and their great ladies much better acquainted with books than any other set of Italian ladies. . . . Trade in Genoa is far from being derogatory to nobility, as I have already observed; so that even the chief senators and members of government engage in it publicly and in their own names. The Piedmontese differ so much from them in this particular, that no man professing commerce, except a banker, is allowed in Piedmont to wear a sword.

¹ Without the bravery of the Piedmontese the Unity of Italy, effected long after Baretto wrote, would have been an impossibility.

“ . . . The inhabitants of Lombardy, and the Milanese especially, value themselves upon their being *de bon cœur* ; a phrase which in the spelling appears to be French, though it be somewhat different in the meaning as well as in the pronunciation, answering with much exactness to the English adjective *good-natured*. Nor do the Milanese boast unjustly of this good quality, which is so incontrovertibly granted to them by all other Italians, that they are perhaps the only nation in the world not hated by their neighbours. The Piedmontese, as I said, hate the Genoese ; the Genoese detest the Piedmontese, and have no great kindness for the Tuscans ; the Tuscans are not very fond of the Venetians or the Romans ; the Romans are far from abounding in good will to the Neapolitans ; and so round. . . . But the Milanese are, much to their honour, an exception to the general rule. . . . They are commonly compared to the Germans for their plain honesty, and to the French for their fondness of pomp and elegance in equipages and household furniture ; and I have a mind to add that they resemble the English in their love of good eating. . . . The Milanese are likewise remarkable amongst the Italians for their love of rural amusements. They generally pass the greatest part of the summer and the whole autumn in the country, and they have good reason for so doing, as that hilly province of theirs called *Monte di Brianza*, where their country-houses chiefly lie, is in my opinion the most delightful in all Italy for the variety of its landscapes, the gentleness of its rivers, and the multitude of its lakes.

“ . . . The Venetians are indeed more addicted to sensuality than more northern nations, and love cards rather too passionately ; but their fondness for cards and women excludes them not from the possession of many virtues and good qualities very estimable and useful in society. They are most remarkably temperate in their way of living, though very liberal in spending. . . . They are so characteristically tender-hearted, that the least affectionate word melts them at once, makes them lay aside any animosity, and suddenly reconciles them to those whom they disliked before. Of this quality in them, strong traces are presently discovered in their very dialect, which seems almost composed of nothing else, but of kind words and endearing epithets.¹ However, this humane

¹ Mrs. Piozzi says : “ At Venice the sweetness of the patois is irresistible ; their lips, incapable of uttering any but the sweetest sounds, reject all consonants they can get quit of, and make their mouths drop honey.”

turn of mind shows itself much seldomer in their nobility than in the people. . . . It is well known that the Venetian nobles, together with the very meanest of their servants and dependants, are forbidden by a most severe law to speak or hold any correspondence with any person whatsoever who resides in Venice in a public character from any foreign sovereign, or even with the servants and dependants of such persons. . . . As all strangers of any distinction generally frequent the houses of the foreign ministers, the nobles dare not see them often, and even shun those places where strangers resort most. By these means they are almost reduced to the necessity of only conversing among themselves; and as very few of them are even allowed to travel by the inquisitors of state (without whose permission they will scarcely venture to go so far as their country houses when situated at any considerable distance from Venice) their manners are borrowed from no nation (as is partly the case with all other Italians) but are perfectly their own, and have not changed for many centuries.

“ . . . As to the customs and manners of these provinces of Italy, which belong to the republic, they are considerably different from those of Venice, and approach nearly to those of Austrian Lombardy. The people of Brescia¹ made it formerly a point of honour to be great bullies; and I remember the time myself when it was dangerous to have any dealings with them, as they were much inclined to quarrel merely for a whim, and would presently challenge one to fight with pistol or blunderbuss. And when it was the fashion amongst our great folks to have any enemy treacherously murdered, a bravo was easily hired amongst the low people of this town and province. But such abominable customs have now been abolished many years. . . . It has often been asserted by writers of travels, that many of the Italian provinces are but thinly inhabited, and that the badness of the government is the cause of their depopulation. If there be any truth in this remark, it is certainly with regard to Ferrara and its territory. . . . The natives of this duchy, which I have only visited in a cursory manner, are very modest and ceremonious, if one may judge of their private deportment by what they appear in their places of public resort. By virtue of an ancient privilege, whereof they are not a little proud, even their tailors and cobblers can strut about with a sword at their side. . . . From this duchy we enter the state

¹ Brescia, in Evelyn's day, was a great place for the manufacture of fire-arms.

of Bologna, of which the Pope is likewise possessed. Bologna has been much renowned for many ages on account of its university, which boasts of being the most ancient in Europe, and even to this day preserves a kind of pre-eminence over all other Italian universities, as it is said to be furnished with learned professors more abundantly than any other, though their stipends are much smaller. The nobility and genteel people of Bologna have long possessed the reputation of being upon the whole more acquainted with books than those of any other Italian towns. . . . Of the Romagna, Umbria, and other papal provinces, I have little to say, as I have only crossed them hastily. It is affirmed that their inhabitants, the Romagnoles especially, are remarkable for their rudeness and ferocious temper.

“ . . . The Romans of to-day have somewhat degenerated from their ancestors ; or, to speak more properly, their art of managing nations has at last been learnt by other people. The principles of policy and government are at present more generally understood ; and the Pope is not now the only prince who has the means of an universal information and extensive influence. However, to me the Romans still appear superior on the whole to all other people in Europe, or at least to all other nations in Italy. . . . They are habitually well-bred, careful to please, and anxious to get new friends and new connections. Their cardinals and principal monsignori's seem in general to have a greater turn for the science of politics than for any other ; and it is believed that a stranger who has any public business to transact with their statesmen has need to be very dexterous and cautious not to be outwitted. . . . Tuscany was the mistress of politeness to France, as France has since been to all the western world ; and this little province may justly boast of having produced (and nearly at one time) a greater number of extraordinary men than perhaps any of the most extensive European kingdoms. . . . The Tuscans were smitten by the charms of poetry to a greater degree than any other people, as soon as their language began to be turned towards verse. . . . That sensibility of heart which has long made the Tuscans thus enamoured with poetry, has likewise totally wore out that ferocity for which they were so remarkable in the brutal times of the Guelphs and Ghibelines ; and has brought them to be perhaps the most gentle and amiable nation now extant. This character of gentleness is indeed easily to be perceived by any traveller as soon as from Bologna he reaches

the highest top of the Apennine, where all strangers are treated with the softest urbanity by these mountaineers, who to the simplicity which is natural to all inhabitants of extensive ridges of hills, join the most obliging expressions and most respectful manners."

We may supplement Baretti's notions of local character by an attempted estimate of Italian character in general. Of the respect paid to their love of beauty by all travellers we need not speak, for that is obvious; but between the lines of eighteenth-century travels, extremely keen in the search for character, we may perceive a certain dissatisfaction with Italians personally. The Italian, much as his taste and refinement were deferred to, was at a disadvantage when meeting the foreigner on questions of government. He had no sheet-anchor of loyalty to a king or a constitution; no prevailing theory of national progress. He loved his town, but that was mostly a decadent power. The Frenchman came to him as representative of a country which prided itself as being the exponent of manners in Europe; the Englishman had the pride of his wealth as landowner and the fine animal spirits of the lover of sport. The Italian had the artistic treasures of his country, but they belonged to the past. To the instinctive unspoken query "What *are* you?" he could give no reply. In character he was infinitely more complex than his guests; for modern Italy, as the product of a second civilisation out of the remains of an older one, had gone from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous state. We must add to this the former Teutonic and the actual Spanish and Austrian dominations, with the perpetual unseen tyranny of the Papacy. The Italian was not his own man, and he was accused of dissimulation where he was only steering a safe course between very real dangers. The artistic temperament had made it difficult for him to see the blessings of unified government; in his search for the infinite he had lost hold of the humble realities of human happiness. He could not appeal to ancient Rome, for Catholicism had won its triumph by destroying the ancient empire, and Guicciardini had pointed out that Machiavelli's Roman sympathies were illogical; when Leopardi came, he could look back to Rome as an example, but only because religion had begun to lose its hold.

The Italian in our own day preserves a *gentilezza*, which is the cloak of very strong passions. With many virtues and qualities he was more complex and less easy to deal with than

other Europeans. He now has won his national unity and has become more like other Europeans, but the impress of hundreds of years of repression is not easy to shake off. He will calculate with a great deal of profundity about very small matters ; but that is a habit rather than a vice, for it does not follow that his calculation goes towards an egoistic purpose. Outwardly he appears very simple and childlike, but his intellect is highly developed ; and he is not entirely the creature of momentary impressions. We shall rather find the key to his nature in the word *versatility*, a quality which has its dangers, but which gives a perpetual fascination to life. This versatility was the result of the clash of all the varied influences that moulded the Italian nature till the French Revolution. If the men of the Renaissance sought to take all knowledge for their province, Dante had already done so in his time ; the first indications of the possibility of the undiscovered world of America arose in Italy, as did the first modern curiosity about ancient Egypt. The Italian presents the curious aspect of an archæologist who yet stretches out his hands towards the discoveries of science ; and in his everyday life he does not divorce superstition from a keen vision of modern necessities. Christian and pagan, artist and realist, sensuous and yet self-denying, he remains in extremes.

There was in all this too much subtlety for the understanding of the eighteenth century, with its rationally calm methods of thought. The Italians seen by De Brosses or Baretti were going through one of those long periods of depression which come to a race which has overtaxed its powers in splendid effort. But even in his darkest hours the Italian preserved his enthusiasm and still hoped for better things, for with the privileges and the pains of genius he had the secret consolations which more practical people do not possess.

PART II

ITALY AND THE MODERN SPIRIT

As we approach the French Revolution we breathe a fresher and more bracing air; the Gothic age of Italy always has a faint smell of incense, and the Renaissance is laden with heavy perfumes of luxury and passion. Even the rationalism of the eighteenth century is somewhat formal and pedantic compared with the frank defiance of the revolutionary era. Hitherto our travellers have run in grooves, and follow the general trend of opinion with slavish fidelity. We shall still see the schools succeed each other, but the personality of the writers is clearly marked. Italy itself was still living in the past, and the clash of the protected Republics and Principalities with the revolutionary spirit would be tragic if it were not amusing. But before coming to the Napoleonic era we have to discuss some important travellers who link together the two periods.

§ 1. GOETHE AND MME. DE STAEL

GOETHE'S¹ Italian experiences (September 1786 to April 1788) have been well described by Prof. Herford "as interesting us even more as biography than as travel. . . . The work called the *Italienische Reise* was worked up by Goethe thirty years after the journey itself, from the journals and letters written at the time. A large number of the originals he then destroyed. But the valuable Journal sent to Frau von Stein and a number of the letters to Herder were happily preserved, and have now been issued by the Goethe-Gesellschaft, admirably edited by Eric Schmidt" (*Taylorian Lecture for 1898*).² Professor Herford indicates that the main research of Goethe in Italy was connected with antiquity rather than the period

¹ Schiller was never in Italy, but chose the subject of the Genovese conspiracy in 1547 for his drama called *Fiesco*.

² Published by the Oxford University Press.

expressed in *Faust*. Goethe, delighted as he had been with his initiation into classical beauty at Weimar, had temporarily lost his love for an art which could only appeal to him through incomplete reproductions, in woodcut and plaster cast." Suspecting that the theories of Winckelmann about the *repose and majesty* of ancient art did not contain the entire truth, Goethe had an increasing desire to go to Rome and see for himself. Goethe, we must not forget, is half of the eighteenth century and half of the nineteenth century: with the former he looks for Good Taste, for the abstract quality of beauty; with the latter he is seeking for the more living inspiration, the creation at white heat, the personal expression and the nature-worship of romanticism. Weary of a conventional Germany, and with all the desire which led the Teutons southwards for centuries, he begins to feel in his thirty-seventh year that if he does not go to Italy, he will "go mad." What Goethe wanted to find in Italy is not easy to explain: most critical writers on the problem expend a great deal of language with little result that we can take hold of. One of the poet's *dicta* will perhaps best aid us: "If the artist, by imitating Nature, by striving to find a universal expression for it, by exact and profound study of the objects themselves, finally attains to an exact and ever exacter knowledge of the qualities of things and the mode of their existence, so that he surveys the whole series of forms, and can range together and imitate the various characteristic shapes, then what he achieves, if he achieves his utmost, and what, if achieved, sets his work on a level with the highest efforts of man, is *Style*." The definition appears to relate to the art of design, but Goethe habitually spoke of one art in terms of another. Going to Italy as a poet seeking for the law governing creative art, he still talks of style (which is a great deal more than good taste), but with the added scientific necessity of finding "universal expression." Eighteenth-century good taste as a rule was directed to finding an art which should give pleasure, Goethe's conception is of a search for something going beyond the approval of the *dilettanti*. After a very brief sojourn in Rome, Goethe writes: "Here I feel calm, and tranquillised, I believe, for my remaining life."

Had he found what he sought? At any rate, he writes: "So much is certain: the old artists had as complete a knowledge of Nature, and as definite an idea of what can be represented and how it must be represented, as Homer had. These great works of art were at the same time supreme works

of Nature, produced by men according to just and natural laws. All that is arbitrary or fantastic falls away; here is necessity, here is God." The majestic unity and completeness of Greek sculpture became infinitely more to him than the suavity of the art of *good taste*; and the classic spirit was a complete contrast to the modern idea, even then coming into vogue with the nearing French Revolution, with its Democratic hurry, its gigantic egoism, and its desire to possess without earning, to enjoy without suffering. Goethe had never reached a full conception of artistic unity till he went to Rome; even the first part of *Faust* is a collection of *morceaux* cleverly welded together, deriving unity from their psychological, their human interest rather than their governing artistic motive. To understand Goethe's search in Italy we must contrast *Wilhelm Meister* and its fascinating impressionism with the clear-cut classic lines of his poems written in Rome. On his return home he came to see the value of national subjects,¹ and it is in *Hermann and Dorothea* that he combines the nature and simplicity of classic art with the homely sweetness of German rural life. The objection may be made that Goethe is always searching consciously for perfection, but perhaps that is the fault of modernity, with its text-books for all the arts. Goethe finally saved himself "by an exact and profound study of the objects themselves," and chose for the object of that study the life of his own people and his own time.

The whole question of Goethe's travels has been interestingly studied by M. Théophile Cart. It is not possible to say that Goethe assisted in making Italy better understood than it had been. His letters give us the opinions of an exceptional mind, and show a synthesis of the stock of ideas of his age. The pioneers of the new spirit are not necessarily men of importance, and Goethe did not aid in the imminent "discovery" of Gothic architecture. It is in the temper of inquiry and freedom from prejudice that he is modern; in his self-analysis by the touchstone of antiquity—for he goes to Italy as much to discover his own soul as that of the country—he leaps over the gap of a hundred years and belongs to the end of the nineteenth century. Not a few of the poet's opinions will be found in our selections, arranged mostly as *pensées*, and their deep philosophy and vivid sense of history are beyond praise.

¹ Cervantes, too, finally devoted his genius to an essentially Spanish subject, just as Chaucer found himself in the *Canterbury Tales*.

One personal note may be placed here, as showing to what lengths connoisseurs carried their admiration of art. "Sir William Hamilton," writes Goethe from Naples, "who still resides here as ambassador from England, has at length, after his long love of art, and long study, discovered the most perfect of admirers of nature and art in a beautiful young woman.¹ She lives with him: an English woman of about twenty years old. She is very handsome, and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has made for her a Greek costume, which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and look, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds here in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious—all mental states follow rapidly one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of head-dress. The old knight holds the light for her, and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul. He thinks he can discern in her a resemblance to all the most famous antiques, all the beautiful profiles on the Sicilian coins—aye, of the Apollo Belvedere itself. This much at any rate is certain—the entertainment is unique."

Deferring the consideration of Napoleon for the moment, we come to MME. DE STAEL, who, exiled from France by Napoleon, went from Coppet to Italy in 1804. Among her friends were Monti the poet, Bonstetten, Humboldt, William von Schlegel, and Sismondi. Angelica Kaufmann (the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Goethe), the young Thorwaldsen, and Canova, who was to become the sculptor of Napoleon as Emperor, were the artists in vogue. Goethe had thought that what he called Mme. de Stael's "convinced lack of artistic form" would prevent her producing anything of interest, but *Corinne* was the result of her year's journey. The book has undoubtedly had its influence on European literature; its graceful periods are still interesting to read, and as a composition with an ideal figure posed against a background of Italian architecture or scenery, it has some claim as a creative work. The scene in the Capitol, in which Corinne

¹ Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. Some of her letters, during the Nelson episode, give pretty glimpses of Court life at Naples.

the poetess is crowned, is really an amplification of the homage paid to Mme. de Stael in Rome ; and as it has been said that *Dephine* was what Mme. de Stael was, so *Corinne* was what she wanted to be. *Corinne*, it is true, is drawn as a young English girl, whose mother was Italian ; seeking freedom, she has gone to Rome, and it is by no stretch of the imagination that we see her holding her *salon* and meeting men on equal terms, without forfeiting public esteem. The beautiful *improvisatrice*, Isabella Pelligrini, who died young, was among the women poets whom Mme. de Stael met, and who were on fully equal terms with their contemporaries. *Corinne* happens to fall in love with a young English noble, Oswald, and it is with a very simple plot of passion and despair that the descriptions of Italy are intermingled. Oswald, with all his admiration of *Corinne's* poetry, of her innocent freedom of life, wishes her to become the submissive wife of English society. *Corinne* cannot forfeit her independence, and finally dies of love in a swan-like manner that was customary to the heroines of romance in the beginning of the nineteenth century. This scheme enables the writer to see Italy through an atmosphere of joy or sorrow, and there is something very attractive in the mild way in which the hero receives instruction from the learned and talented *Corinne*. The sketches of English, French, or Italian character are vivid ; the psychology tender and not forced. Byron wrote a passionate letter in La Guiccioli's copy of the book, and also in a note remarked of Mme. de Stael : "She is sometimes right, and often wrong about Italy and England ; but almost always true in delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no country, or, rather, of all."

But this is not the chief interest of Mme. de Stael's writings. She is the founder of a cosmopolitan literature in that she clearly marks national differences of character. In *Corinne*, the search is not for a criterion of good taste, or a standard of beauty ; it is not for the still earlier humanism. Mme. de Stael wants to show us the contrast of national character, and the influence of new surroundings on it. Her passion is feeble when compared with Rousseau, her historic imagination tame when compared with Chateaubriand. Ampère has pointed out that "in her delineation of places that impressed her, we admire the loftiness and strength of the ideas suggested by things seen, rather than their actual representation." Classic art said little to her ; the pictorial

masters left her cold, and when she speaks of them it is in an abstract way. Nevertheless Italians still give a high place to *Corinne*, and it is interesting to see them studying their own country through a foreigner's eyes. Till Beckford's time the foreigner had to take his ideas on Italy from the native historians, antiquarians, or dilettanti. When Mme. de Stael crowns her *Corinne* in the Capitol, she shows that the north has appreciated Italy, and that the natives are willing themselves to learn from that appreciation. The book had enormous influence in France, and according to M. Albert Sorrel: "*Corinne* was, to a whole generation of generous, romantic, and passionate men and women the book of love and of the ideal. It was a revelation of Italy to many French people. It made Italy for years the land of lovers and the cherished end of all travels in quest of happiness."

Among historians WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753-1831) is a sympathetic figure. Brought up to the profession of the law in Liverpool, he imbibed a taste for Italian poetry in his youth, and in 1790 began to work on the *Life of Lorenzo di Medici*. A friend consulted rare manuscripts and books on his behalf in Florence, and Roscoe published his first edition in 1796. It won the warm approval of Lord Orford and other distinguished men, and two years later Roscoe began his *History of Leo X*. Owing to business losses he had to sell his fine library, but his zeal for learning was recognised in the appreciation of friends who raised a sum of £2500 for him. His influence brought the subject of Italian literature forward in northern countries, and his son THOMAS ROSCOE, by translating some of the Italian novelists and Lanzi's *History of Painting*, continued his good work. SAMUEL FORSYTH travelled in Italy in 1802, and was detained in France on his way home under the arbitrary order of Buonaparte's regulations against British subjects. Curiously enough, his book was a favourite of Buonaparte's, though (published during his ten years' detention) it did not obtain Forsyth's release. His opinions are mostly too fragmentary for quotation, but he gives us a helpful criticism of ancient art when he refers to the "colossal taste which arose in the empire, and gave an unnatural expansion to all works of art. In architecture it produced Nero's golden house and Adrian's villa; in hydraulics it projected the Claudian emissary, and Caligula's Baian bridge; in sculpture it has left at the Capitol such heads and feet as betray the emperor's contempt for the dimensions of man;

in poetry it swelled out in the hyperboles of Lucan and Statius." Forsyth had a pretty gift of sarcasm, sometimes unnecessarily exerted, concerning Italian manners.

CHATEAUBRIAND was in Italy in 1803-4 seeking material for his book *Les Martyrs*. He wrote a useful, if not always accurate, description of Hadrian's villa; and a long letter on Rome, written to a friend, M. de Fontanes, contains some philosophic reflections, and the following admirable pictorial note: "Nothing can be so beautiful as the lines of the Roman horizon, the gentle inclination of the planes, and the soft fugitive outlines of the mountains which bound them. . . . A singular tint and most peculiar harmony unite the earth, the sky, and the waters. All the surfaces are blended at their extremities by means of an insensible gradation of colour, and without the possibility of ascertaining the point at which one ends, or another begins. You have doubtless admired this sort of light in Claude Lorraine's landscapes. It appears ideal, possessing a beauty beyond nature; it is nevertheless the genuine light of Rome." Chateaubriand shows himself extremely sensitive to light, and in this anticipates the beautiful skies which are the noblest part of the art of Turner. We make no apology for inserting such a picture as this of Chateaubriand's: "I did not neglect to visit the Villa Borghese, and to admire the sun as he cast his setting beams upon the cypresses of Mount Marius and the pines of the Villa Pamphili, planted by Le Notre. I have also often directed my way up the Tiber to enjoy the grand scene of departing day at Ponte Mole. The summits of the Sabine mountains then appear to consist of *lapis-lazuli* and pale gold, while their bases and sides are enveloped in a vapour, which has a violet or purple tint. Sometimes beautiful clouds, like light chariots, borne on the winds with inimitable grace, make you easily comprehend the appearance of the Olympian deities under this mythologic sky. Sometimes ancient Rome seems to have stretched into the west all the purple of her Consuls and her Cæsars, and spread it under the last steps of the God of day. This superb decoration disappears less swiftly than in our climate; for when you believe the tints vanishing, they suddenly illumine some other point of the horizon. Twilight succeeds twilight, and the charm of closing day is prolonged. It is true that at this hour of rural repose, the air no longer resounds with bucolic song; you no longer hear the *dulcia linquimus arva*, but you still see the

‘great victims of the Clitumnus’—white bulls and herds of half wild horses, which descend to the banks of the Tiber, and quench their thirst with its waters. You might fancy yourself transported to the times of the ancient Sabines, or to the age of the Arcadian Evander, ποιμένες λαῶν, when the Tiber was called Albula, and the pious Eneas navigated its unknown stream.”¹

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, the German dramatist, travelled in Italy in 1804 and 1805. His account is marred by ignorance of Italian history and art. It occasionally contains a reference to customs of interest. Kotzebue describes as a “laudable custom” the old habit in Naples of milking the cow at the door of the customers. He goes on: “Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis, who not only in idleness get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of their live-stock to their good-nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf with the figure of St. Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animals walk about uncontrolled, devour as much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them.” Kotzebue, like other Germans, Archenholtz (1797) and Heine, shows a certain boorish contempt for Italians, which is displeasing.

CHARLES VICTOR DE BONSTETTEN’s *Voyage en Latium* was published at Geneva, *An XIII* (1805), and is an essay on the scenes of the six last books of Virgil’s *Eneid*. The subject has been attempted by Juste Lipse, Cluvier, and others; but Bonstetten’s imaginative restoration of Latium in the time of the pious Aeneas, if going outside our purview, has its charm. He believes in the accuracy of “the picture which Virgil gives of the Latins of Aeneas’ time, of the vast forests and clearings, of the semi-pastoral, semi-warlike customs, and of a cold climate such as exists in our time in partially cleared countries.” The general comparison of Italian landscape with Virgil has the defect of the idea that poetry expresses by imitation, whereas it rather suggests by imagery. The approach of Aeneas to Italy, the impressions of scenery in the *Georgics*, reproduce the great features of the land that Virgil knew and loved for the spiritual eye alone. Dryden, who did not know Italy,

¹ From an anonymous translation (1828).

succeeded in eliminating every hint of the country, admirable as his version is for its limpid English. Virgilian landscape would best be illustrated by the minor Pompeian paintings in the Museum at Naples.

Though severely censured by Byron, the *Classical Tour* (1813) of JOHN CHETWOOD EUSTACE is by no means to be despised. Eustace was a friend of Burke's, and was with him during his last illness. He was a Catholic who had the breadth of mind to associate with Protestants, though this offended his co-religionists. Eustace's *Tour*, if somewhat dull, is thorough and often instructive. Byron's friend, HOBHOUSE, afterwards Lord Broughton, has criticised the travels severely, but Hobhouse's own book on Italy is not very entertaining.

§ 2. NAPOLEON'S ITALY

To understand the conditions of Italy when Buonaparte invaded it, we may epitomise its infinite subdivision into small states from NUGENT's *Grand Tour*, a guide-book published in 1778. We read that the Pope possessed Rome and the Campagna, the province of Sabina, the Duchies of Spoleto, Castio Urbia and Ferrara, the Marquisate of Ancona, Romagna, Bologna, the Duchy of Benevento, and the county of Avignon in France. The Emperor as Grand Duke of Tuscany had Florence, Siena, Pitigliano and S. Floro, Pontremoli, Porto Ferrara and the islands of Giglio, Gorgogna and Monte Cristo. The House of Austria had Milan and Mantua, Aquileia, Glorizia, and Gradisca, with places in Istria. Don Carlos was King of Naples, and had the ports of Tuscany. The King of Sardinia had Savoy, Piedmont, Montferrat, Saluzzo, and part of the Duchy of Milan. The Republic of Venice had Istria, Friuli, the Marca Trevigiana, Venice and Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema besides part of Dalmatia, &c. The Republic of Genoa had the two Rivas, east and west, the kingdom of Corsica, and the marquisate of Final. In addition to this there were such petty states as the Dukedoms of Parma and Placentia, of Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola, of Guastalla, of Massa, of Sabionetto; then the republics of Lucca and San Marino; the principalities of Castiglione and Solferino, of Monaco (under French protection), of Masserano, and other fiefs in Piedmont, yielding homage to the Pope, &c. &c.

To a country thus divided, and yet preserving the pride

of history and art, keeping the most pompous of manners amid the small intrigues of these tiny states, came the gaunt young Buonaparte with his following of superb rascallions, wild with revolutionary ardour, many of them unshod, and all of them hungry. The French force of 35,000 men was opposed by the joint armies of Piedmont and Austria, amounting to 60,000 men. Buonaparte used the tactics afterwards unsuccessful in Belgium; piercing the centre of the enemy's line, he turned the Piedmontese towards Turin, followed them, and inflicted a crushing defeat. The King of Sardinia made peace by ceding Savoy and Nice to the French: these possessions had later on to be restored, but were definitively added to French territory by Napoleon III. Buonaparte followed the Austrians, and, after forcing the bridge of Lodi, made his triumphal entry into Milan (1796), and, after further defeating the Austrians, proceeded to Bologna, where he extorted from the Pope twenty millions of francs and a large number of works of art. Among the pictures chosen by the French commissaries were not a few by Correggio, Guido Reni, Perugino, and Raphael. At a later date Napoleon obtained from Venice Tintoretto's acknowledged masterpiece, the *Delivery of a Slave by St. Mark*, his *Paradise*, Titian's *Assumption of the Virgin*, and, to crown all, the four bronze horses of St. Mark's. These treasures were afterwards restored to Italy, but some wonderful Mantegnas remain in the Louvre as souvenirs of what is to the art lover the most excusable side of the Napoleonic conquests.

Napoleon's letters from Italy to that "languorous Creole" Josephine made no reference to the country, but are fiery amatory appeals following on laconic announcements of victory. The result of the first Italian campaign was to make the idea of unity a possible reality in those Italian minds which had only cherished it as an impossible ideal. The abstract idea of unity had failed to impress the Italians sufficiently to lead to action. When that idea had been actually embodied in a human being, it gradually brought them to the endeavour which culminated in the crowning of Victor Emmanuel. True that in every country the idea of liberty needs a representative, but Italy could not herself supply the prototype. Buonaparte undoubtedly went to Italy with the desire of freeing it; his wonderful success brought his ambitions to a head, and with his inherited Italian blood he was fully a match for Italian intrigue. Venice fell to him without a blow, was soon pledged

away to the Austrians as a pawn in the game, but freed again under the treaty of Presbourg. Other towns which had hoped to regain their ancient Republican institutions were formed into a Cisalpine Republic under the protection of France, but certainly with more freedom than they had enjoyed for three centuries.

The Italians were again to learn that invaders from the outside, invited or uninvited, always played for their own hand, and that Italian unity could only be won by a national uprising, dependent on itself. Called away by the failure of other French generals, and with the interval filled in by his Egyptian campaign, Buonaparte only reappeared in Italy in 1800, after imitating Hannibal's feat of crossing the Alps with an army. Marengo and a succession of victories culminated in his naming himself the President of the reorganised Cisalpine Republic. In 1804, after his coronation as French Emperor, Napoleon transformed the Cisalpine Republic into a monarchy, and in 1805 was crowned with the iron crown of the Lombard princes, in Milan cathedral, as King of Italy, with his stepson, Eugène de Beauharnais, as Viceroy. All this jerry-built empire-building was soon to be thrown down, but popular engravings of Napoleon are still to be met with in Italy, where his name is often spoken of with respect.¹ There are not a few valuable *obiter dicta* of Napoleon concerning Italy, but the most memorable is his prediction contained in the *Mémorial de Ste Hélène*: "Italy, set apart within natural limits, separated by the sea and by lofty mountains from the rest of Europe, seems called to be a great and powerful nation. . . . Unity in customs, language, and literature should, in a period that will be more or less remote, at last unite its peoples under a single government. . . . Rome is undoubtedly the capital which they will some day choose."²

We place Stendhal (HENRI BEYLE) next to Napoleon, not by virtue of any extraordinary gift, but because his best book illustrates the Italy of Napoleonic times, and because he is of interest as having followed Napoleon in several campaigns from the entry into Milan to the retreat from Moscow. After the Restoration in France he went back to Milan, always dear to him, and stayed there from 1814 to 1821. He went into

¹ The editor, within our own day, has received money bearing the inscription "Napoleone Imperatore."

² The letters of Mrs. Starke (1800) illustrate some part of the Napoleonic era in Italy.

literary society, meeting Manzoni and Monti, and also Byron. In Milan he enjoyed the love-affair which seems indispensable to every Frenchman's study of Italy. His documented analysis called *De l'Amour* contains several old Italian stories well told. Finding his means of livelihood in default after his father's death, he accepted the French consulate first at Trieste and then at Civita Vecchia. We may deal with the *Chartreuse de Parme* first, though it was one of the author's latest works. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author of the brilliant *Little Novels of Italy*, has written of this book: "*La Chartreuse* depicts the Italy of the eighteenth century: the Italy of faded simulacra, of *fard* and hair powder, of *Cicisbei* and curled *abbati*, of *petits-mâîtres*, of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, of Luca Longhi. For the comedian of manners this is the time of times, since manners seemed all, and Italy the place of places, where manners have always been more than all."¹ Stendhal undoubtedly knew his Italy as few people do; and the political intrigues of the Court of Parma, interwoven with the passions excited by the Duchess of Sanseverina and the affection she entertains for her nephew, form a plot of absorbing interest. Balzac wrote of the *Chartreuse* that Stendhal had produced "the modern *Prince*, the romance which Machiavel would write, if exiled from Italy in the XIXth century," and adds that the book would only satisfy "the diplomats, statesmen, observers, the most eminent men of the world, the most distinguished artists;—in a word, the twelve or fifteen hundred persons at the head of European affairs." Here is precisely the difficulty experienced by most readers of the book, which not only deals with court intrigues of extreme subtlety, but deals with them in Italy. To really enter into the spirit of *La Chartreuse* we have to know our Italy very well, for the romance is not based on broad human emotions. It is curiously compact of stirring adventure and passion with a very minute analysis of motives. Stendhal prophesied truly that his vogue would come with the year 1880, and his work belongs by anticipation to the psychological school of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Without doubt, as a creative work of art it will always appeal, in the English words quoted at the end, "to the happy few," but it may be added—to the few who look for morbidity as the crowning excellence of art. There is no moral sense in what Stendhal writes, but then there was no moral sense in the period of which he wrote.

¹ See Introduction to the translation published by Mr. Heinemann.

Stendhal's nature was, notwithstanding his love of adventure, that of an ironist; and the medallion portrait which David modelled from his head is not unlike Ibsen in expression. But he lacks the profound tenderness of Ibsen, and it is herein that his chief failing lies.

Lacking in love for his fellows, Stendhal had a great passion for Italy, and, though of French birth, suggested for his epitaph: *Qui Giace, Arrigo Beyle, Milanese, Visse, Scrisse, Amo.* In 1819 Stendhal published his *Rome, Naples et Florence*, and in 1829 his *Promenades dans Rome*; both books being in the nature of haphazard notes, and the latter lacking the historical study necessary for Rome more than any other town. His sense of character is often shown in just observations; he analyses Italian local peculiarities in a passage which may be compared with Baretti's estimate: "Italy has seven or eight centres of civilisation. The simplest action is performed in an entirely different way in Turin and Venice, Milan or Genoa, Bologna or Florence, Rome or Naples. Venice, notwithstanding the extraordinary misfortunes which must crush it, has a frank gaiety, while Turin is biliously aristocratic. Milanese good humour is as well known as Genoese avarice. To be respected at Genoa a man must only spend a quarter of his income. . . . The Bolognese is full of fire, passion, generosity, and sometimes imprudence. The Florentines have a great deal of logic, prudence, and even wit, but I have never seen more passionless men: love in Florence is so little known that lust has usurped its name. As for the Neapolitan, he is the slave of the sensation of the moment. . . ." Stendhal also gives us some curious instances of the *jettatura* or power of the evil eye in Naples.

While we are on the subject of character, we may here insert some observations of Lord Byron, which explain the custom of the *cavaliere servente*. He writes: "You ask me for a volume of manners, etc., on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen never resided before . . .; but there are many reasons why I do not choose to treat in print on such a subject. I have lived in their houses and in the hearts of their families, sometimes merely as "amico di casa," and sometimes as "amico di cuore" of the Dama, and in neither case do I feel myself authorised in making a book of them. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you

would not understand it ; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions, which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies ; they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from. Their *conversazioni* are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The women sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary *faro*, or "lotto reale" for small sums. Their academies are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival, balls and masquerades, when everybody runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers they make extempore verses and buffoon one another ; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north.

"In their houses it is better. I should know something of the matter, having had a pretty general experience among their women, from the fisherman's wife up to the *Nobil Dama*, whom I serve. Their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the *not* out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted. It is to be observed that while they do all this, the greatest outward respect is to be paid to the husbands, not only by the

ladies, but by their Serventi—particularly if the husband serves no one himself (which is not often the case, however) : so that you would often suppose them relations—the Servente making the figure of one adopted into the family.”

This *sigisbeism* was a late custom. Molmenti writes (*Vie Privée à Venise*) : “When the fashion, at the beginning of the XVIIth century, required that domestic affection should not be shown in public, the *cavalieri serventi* were invented, and there was often a clause as to them in the marriage-contract.” In some towns, it may be added, a husband who was seen even walking with his wife in public was as like as not cut by his friends, hooted by the populace, and challenged to fight duels. Napoleon when at Milan endeavoured to discourage *sigisbeism*, and is said to have insisted that invitation cards should include the name of husband and wife ;—“a thing formerly unknown in Italy,” adds Lady Morgan.

§ 3: BYRON AND SHELLEY

LORD BYRON was twenty-eight when he first went to Italy in 1816, with the advantage of having already travelled in Spain, Greece, and Asia Minor. The obvious remark on his achievement is the wonderful celerity with which he entered into the associations, the history, and the thoughts of the people. The monkish frolics of Newstead, the dandyism of London, and of the Drury Lane management were quickly forgotten in his first residence at Venice ; although “for old acquaintance’ sake” the poet’s letters home are thoroughly English. He went a great deal into Italian society, and indulged in some intrigues with women of the lower classes. Venice was not then much frequented by his countrymen, for Byron writes : “Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious ; their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, etc.” He studied the town to a certain extent, being most struck by “the black veil painted over Faliero’s picture” in the Doge’s Palace ; he admired some Giorgiones, which the later criticism of Morelli considers of doubtful ascription to the Venetian master. At Florence he stayed but a day, and calls Santa Croce, with its tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, “the Westminster Abbey of Italy.” He writes from Rome that he has been “to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, etc. etc., with an etc. etc. etc., about the city and in

the city: for all which—*vide* guide-book.” As a whole, he adds, “it beats Greece, Constantinople, everything—at least that I have ever seen.” For the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter’s, and so forth he again says “*vide* guide-book.” He gives a rapid sketch of a public execution; “the *masqued* priests; the half-naked executioners; the bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner; the scaffold; the soldiery; the slow procession; and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood and the ghastliness of the exposed heads.” At Rome he completed *Manfred*, and in June 1817 he went to La Mira, near Venice, and there he brought to a close the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. In the winter he writes *Beppo*, and in 1818 he is taking the rides on the Lido.

In the letters of this period Byron draws a Venetian girl (apparently Margarita Cogni) as follows: “‘Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!’—‘May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make*!’—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina’s, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be made anything.” Margarita finally made herself so obtrusive that the *liaison* came to an end: she is credited with this retort after some argument on her impertinence to a lady—“If she is a lady, I am a Venetian.” The year 1819 saw the first cantos of *Don Juan*, and also the beginning of the relation with La Guiccioli. Soon after Byron goes to Bologna and Ferrara, and thence to Ravenna, where he stays over a couple of years. There he used to ride in the Pineta (now in great part burnt down), composing his tragedies

“in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna’s wood.”

Thenceforward Lord Byron becomes Italianised in habit, if not in ideas. He joined in political intrigues, and was admitted to a secret society by Count Pietro Gamba, the Guiccioli’s brother. In 1821 the news of John Keats’ death in Rome comes; soon after Byron’s friends at Ravenna are exiled, and the Guiccioli went to Florence. Shelley stayed a while at Ravenna in August 1821, and Lord Byron presently

took his departure, travelling to Bologna, when he met his friend Samuel Rogers, who has left a versified record of the meeting. Byron then revisited Florence and went on to Pisa, where he lived in "a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below and cells in the walls, and so full of *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has begged leave to change his room, and then refused to occupy his *new* room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other." In 1822 he removed to Genoa after Shelley's death. Among Byron's latest friends in Italy were Lord and Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay. On the 12th of July 1823 he set sail for Greece, and was obliged to put back into the harbour owing to the horses on the ship breaking loose. He landed for a few hours, and going to the house he had quitted said: "Where shall we be in a year?" It has been observed that "on the same day, of the same month, in the next year, he was carried to the tomb of his ancestors." Byron's letters do not contain many references to Italy, and we have not always noted where his various poems were composed, because the most important of them are a rendering of the principal features of Italy taken in a mass.

The various stages of SHELLEY's residence in Italy are indicated by his letters published by Mrs. Shelley,¹ and afterwards more completely edited by Mr. Buxton Forman. The subject-matter of the letters is so closely akin to that of the poems, that it is easy to take them together. The first letter is dated from Milan in April 1818, and then Shelley writes from Leghorn, Lucca, and Florence. He is next at Venice where he meets Lord Byron: "He took me in his gondola across the laguna to a long sandy island, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands of the sea talking." From this and other rides sprang the poem of *Julian and Maddalo—A Conversation*, and the brief statement of the letter becomes the delicate word-picture:

"I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
 Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
 Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
 Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
 Matted with hillocks and amphibious weeds,
 Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,

¹ Mrs. Shelley published an account of a journey undertaken long after the poet's death, but it lacks in interest.

Is this, an uninhabited sea-side
 Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
 Abandons ; and no other object breaks
 The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
 Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes
 A narrow space of level sand thereon,
 Where 'twas our wont to ride when day went down."

There follows the description of the earth and sky of the "paradise of exiles, Italy," touched with the intimate magical melancholy and fascination of Venice, the city of silence and decay. To this same year, 1818, belongs the poem, *Written among the Euganean Hills*, with its short regular lines following each other as softly as the small waves lap against the sides of a gondola. Shelley passes by Este to Ferrara and Rome in the same year, and some of his magnificent descriptions of the latter enrich our pages. These towns did not inspire any lyrical poems, and it is only in Naples that Shelley produces *Lines written in Dejection* with their imagery expressive of the waters of the bay :

"I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown."

Shelley's description of Pompeii in the long letter to Thomas Love Peacock gives a vivid idea of Pompeii, as far as the excavations had then gone, and the same correspondent receives an equally interesting letter about Rome. In 1819 came the *Prometheus Unbound*, of which Shelley says in his preface : "This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous¹ ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades, and thickets of odiferous blossoming trees, which are extending in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama." The *Cenci* also marks this prolific year, and Florence elicits the *Ode to the West Wind*, written in the Cascine. At Florence, too, Shelley set down his remarks on some statues in the gallery, among which are the Niobe, the Venus called Anadyomene, and Michael Angelo's Bacchus. His careful endeavour to express their sculptured attitudes

¹ The epithet "mountainous" is difficult to understand. The baths—now excavated—may have reached a considerable height when covered with earth.

and emotions may remind us that short of actually drawing or copying a picture or statue, there is no better way of enjoying it to the full than writing down the actual impression it makes when standing before it. The result as literature may be poor, but much is always to be learnt of the problems the creator has met, and an indelible impression remains in the mind. In 1820 we find Shelley at Pisa, and the poems for that year open triumphantly with the *Sensitive Plant*, the song of the gardens of Italy, with their gorgeous hues and the rich but somewhat deathly perfume which semi-tropical vegetation has. The *Skylark*, the *Witch of Atlas*, and the *Ode to Naples* follow in quick succession with the easy harvest ripened by a burning sun, each poem in its way expressing the beauty or the dignity of Italian landscape with vistas of mountain, olive grove, and vastly changing skies. At Pisa the novelty of the cities has ended and the correspondence deals mostly with domestic matters. In 1821 come *Epipsychidion* and *Adonais*, and Shelley writes a long letter to Mrs. Shelley from Ravenna, whither he had gone to visit Lord Byron. Some of his best lyrics belong to this period and the following year. In 1822 the poet is again at Pisa or at Casa Magni, with the fellowship of Trelawny, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and Byron. The closing days bequeath us the *Triumph of Life*, ending with the question unanswered:

“ ‘ Then what is Life ? ’ I cried.”

The letters of Shelley take us down to the 4th July 1822, but the story of his last days has been fully narrated by Trelawny. Signor Guido Biagi has brought together the documents concerning the upsetting of Shelley's boat the *Ariel*: it is now admitted that there was no foul play, though possibly the boat was run into during the squall. Captain Medwin in the *Conversations of Lord Byron* gives an account of Shelley's cremation on 18th August 1822: “ On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree, and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord

Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing: on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with under-wood curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow. As a foreground to this picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawny were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt,¹ whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away."

Byron's letter, of the 27th August 1822, gives us the following: "We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background, and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine." These descriptions may be too highly coloured in some respects, but they are substantially correct. Signor Biagi has gathered the reminiscences of several of the surviving witnesses of the incineration.

The strange eerie life led by the Byron and Shelley group is an illustration of the sense of unreality which comes over foreigners who have resided long in Italy. The Italians themselves have no intention of burdening their thoughts with the

¹ Leigh Hunt has called in question some statements of this account. Hunt, however, is not an entirely trustworthy witness. It may be noted that his *Stories from the Italian Poets* (1846) attracted notice, and is a capable book.

infinite sorrow or beauty of the past. For the acclimatised stranger the sense of history and the marvel of the beauty surrounding him is ever growing. It is a healthy thing to care for life, but have we not all felt an increasing indifference to it in Italy or Greece? Had Byron and Shelley preserved the will to live, the death-insuring expeditions in a badly balanced boat and the almost grotesque excursion to Greece would never have taken place. We cannot undo the past, and the warning here set down is rather for those bright spirits of the future which may be tempted to love Italy, not wisely but too well. If it were argued that Italy is a country which gives inspiration to poet and painter, it is fair to reply that Byron and Shelley have already taken up much of the ground. New material, new ways of seeing or singing, will no doubt arise, but we would personally look upon Italy as being an education rather than a goal. The traveller goes to Italy in search of the evidences of a dead civilisation, and in so far as that enables him to understand his own living civilisation better, so far will it be an aid to creative art. But to break away from the national bond is to expose ourselves to the danger of finding no firm standing-ground in the country of adoption; and some of the last recorded words of Byron were, "Why did I not go back to England?"

The poetry of Byron and Shelley has done much to interest English-speaking people in Italy. Our selection being limited to the appreciations of travellers, extracts from creative works must be excluded. If we have sometimes regretted the purple patches we might have chosen, they would have lost much by being detached from their context. The grand historic panorama of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* is perhaps the best poetical commentary on the historical pageant of Italy, and it contains many beautiful touches of detail, as in the description of Florence—"girt by her theatre of hills." Byron's descriptions are always solidly planted on the earth, while Shelley excels in noting the subtle changes of atmosphere, and catches the ethereal aspect of nature in Italy. Critics like Matthew Arnold, accustomed to the sober harmonies of English landscape, have called Shelley unreal. Any one who knows Italy at all will at once reply that it is an unreal place, and it often occurs that a true pictorial rendering of its transparent colours and delicate tones will look thin when taken to England. We must beware of critics who wish to apply one standard to all nature.

It must be observed that Byron and Shelley were the first poets who made Italy the actual subject of their work. Chaucer had adapted or imitated Italian tales, the Elizabethans had dramatised Italian novels, Milton had imitated the Italian manner in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The banker-poet Rogers put Italian stories into verse, but Byron and Shelley were almost like Italians writing in English. Well versed in the great literature of the country (and the new cult of Dante had arisen with the idea of unity that Napoleon had implanted), they also knew the gayer writers. Since Byron and Shelley our lyrical poetry has taken an altogether different music and more subtle intention. Compare Campbell's lyrics with Shelley's, contrast Wordsworth's didactic style with the declamatory force of Byron, and we mark the new spirit. If Shelley has often an Elizabethan ring, it is because Italian art influenced Shakespeare too. The measured cadences which the school of Dryden and Pope learnt partly from French models were outsung by the stirring music of the newer poetry, and ever since *Childe Harold* or *Prometheus Unbound* were known, all poetry has followed the same quest of music, passion, and beauty.

A point that is to be insisted on is the necessity of studying the two poets by reference to Italy. Seeking for some criticism dealing with them in this way, we have been disappointed to find that it has not even been attempted. The present book in its general aim may be an aid to considering such problems ; certainly, until we look at Byron and Shelley by the light of Italian influence we can arrive at no conclusive criticism. But Byron's Muse was to pay back the gift bestowed. In influencing the work of Leopardi—the first intellectual poet of Italy since Dante—Byron was unconsciously sowing the seed of northern ideas. Ariosto and Tasso had been pre-eminently decorative poets, and the poetry of philosophical reflection begins in modern Italy with Leopardi. It was a triumph for English letters that, many years after we had learnt the arts of inspired song from Italy, in its turn the instructress was to learn from us a new manner and a new subject in poesy.

To come back to our travellers, Lady MORGAN, whose Italian letters are full of shrewd observation, not without a point of malice, was born in Ireland, and after a childhood spent among poor actors in Dublin, wrote a novel called *The Wild Irish Girl*, which made her famous. She was later on

invited to become an inmate of the house of the Marquis of Abercorn, where she married her patron's doctor, who was afterwards knighted. Lady Morgan used her time to great advantage, and often gives us a fresh insight into the events of the Napoleonic invasion. One item of interest in her travels concerns the *Ballo del Papa*, or ballet into which the Pope was introduced at Milan in 1797. This skit was publicly performed with much applause, but Napoleon allowed the Milanese priesthood to prosecute its unfortunate author when his "views gradually centred in his own elevation to a throne." Lady Morgan's book on Italy was published in 1821, and called by Byron "fearless and excellent." She afterwards wrote a life of Salvator Rosa. Lady BLESSINGTON'S *Idler in Italy* commemorates travels of the year 1822-1823, and is an extremely entertaining diary with many details about the foreign society which was seeking diversion after many years of European warfare. The beautiful countess was much appreciated by her contemporaries—among them, Lord Byron, W. S. Landor, Hallam, and Casimir Delavigne—and was evidently a talented and sensible woman. Hers is practically the last book in which we shall find society much spoken of. Unhappily, modern travellers take the train and rush from sight to sight, never really making friends. We may know more about the periods of art than our forefathers, but the travellers from Evelyn to Lady Blessington knew the country and its inhabitants infinitely better than we do. Perhaps the most interesting encounter of Lady Blessington was that narrated as follows: "Walking in the gardens of the Vigna Palatina yesterday . . . we were surprised by the arrival of the Prince and Princess de Montfort and their children, with Madame Letitia Bonaparte, or *Madame Mère* as she is generally called, attended by her chaplain, *dame de compagnie*, and others of their joint suite. Having heard that *Madame Mère* disliked meeting strangers, we retired to a distant part of the garden; but the ex-King of Westphalia having recognised my carriage in the courtyard, sent to request us to join them, and presented us to his mother and wife. Madame Letitia Bonaparte is tall and slight, her figure gently bowed by age, but, nevertheless, dignified and graceful. Her face is, even still, remarkably handsome, bearing proof of the accuracy of Canova's admirable statue of her; and a finer personification of a Roman matron could not be found than is presented by this Hecuba of the Imperial Dynasty. She is pale, and the expression of

her countenance is pensive, unless when occasionally lighted up by some observation, when her dark eye glances for a moment with animation, but quickly resumes its melancholy character. . . . There was something highly dramatic in the whole scene of our interview. Here was the mother of a modern Cæsar, walking amidst the ruins of the palace of the ancient ones, lamenting a son whose fame had filled the four quarters of the globe."

It is not easy to sum up any general purpose in the Italian study of the years 1790-1825. Goethe, as has been indicated, goes with the intention of seeking some general law of beauty. This was in accordance with the scientific side of his mind, one which almost overbalanced his passionate lyrical impulse. Byron and Shelley allow themselves to be completely influenced by their love of Italy; subjective as Byron has been said to be, he gives us many directly imitative representations of nature. Such subjectivity as these writers have is in general agreement with the growing cult of Romanticism. This keyword can hardly be precisely defined, but it implicates a love of early architecture and of mystery. It took men away from the study of the figure, from the pointed conversation of the *salons*, from the severely ordered composition, to the solitude of the soul amid the grandeurs of nature, to the love of landscape painting, and frequently to a negative or a positive Pantheism. Mme. de Stael in *Corinne* still holds to the *salon*, to the individual figure, but the figures are lost in a certain mystery, the conversations are more ideal, and the landscape has its sympathy with human moods. We might say perhaps that Romanticism endowed Nature with a soul.

Travel in the early nineteenth century takes a consolatory spirit, and SAMUEL ROGERS (the friend of Tennyson as well as of Byron) gives the *rationale* of journeys abroad very clearly in his *Italy*: "Ours is a nation of travellers. . . . None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies. But whatever they may say, whatever they may believe, they go for the most part on the same errand; nor will those who reflect think that errand an idle one. Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honour; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till,

weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

"Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. . . . The old cares are left clustering round the old objects, and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. . . . The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in Italy we do so continually, is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast! . . . Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love and esteem and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own."

§ 4. THE SEARCH FOR THE PICTURESQUE

The number of travellers now begins to increase, and as this section lacks in importance, we shall take the books in as quick succession as possible. Most of the travels are merely undertaken in search of the picturesque, a quest which produced the albums of engravings on which Turner uselessly lavished so much of his talent. Among books which cannot be read with any patience is HEINE'S *Italienische Reisebilder* (1828). Heine tells us that "there is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth as to read a book of travels on Italy—unless it be to write one, and the only way in which its author can make it in any way tolerable is to say as little as possible of Italy." We must confess that Heine's attitude reminds us of the description in the French farce of "*Un très gros M. Perrichon et un très petit Mont Blanc*"; but we do not care to argue the point further with the witty and erratic poet. Heine is more useful when he sums up the best German writers on Italy as William Müller, Moritz, Archenholtz, Bartels, Seume, Arndt, Meyer, Benkowitz, and Refus.¹

The peerless sonnet of WORDSWORTH "On the extinction of

¹ Keysler's four large volumes (1756) contain a considerable number of inscriptions from the churches.

the Venetian Republic" was composed in 1802, before the poet had been in Italy. But we are apt to forget that the most distinctively English of our poets, in subject at least, made several journeys to the Continent. He knew France well, and it was only by an accident that he did not throw in his lot with, and share the fate of, the Girondists in the Revolution. He wrote some of the best of his earlier lyrics in Germany, and his versified *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820) took him as far as the Italian Lakes and Milan. His *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* commemorate in verse a journey made in 1837 (March to August) with the companionship of Henry Crabb Robinson. Wordsworth was then sixty-seven, and being too old for very striking impressions, what he writes at first is interspersed with references to his friend Coleridge, to his beloved Yarrow. He goes from Acquapendente to Pisa, and Pisa to Rome, where he confesses frankly to his disappointment at finding the Capitoline Hill and Tarpeian rock less grand than he had imagined them. On the return journey he delights in hearing the cuckoo of his native woods at Laverna. Wordsworth shows a keen sympathy for St. Francis, which gives us a high idea of his historical insight, while he rebukes the modern monks of Camaldoli. His next visit is to Vallombrosa, and the fact that he seeks the three great monasteries in succession makes it probable that he travelled with Forsyth's book. At Florence he seeks out the traditionary seat of Dante, and "for a moment, filled that empty throne." Then, after a sonnet interpreting a picture of Raphael's, he translates two original sonnets of Michael Angelo.

Altogether Wordsworth's Italian tour, undistinguished as it is, is a pleasing record, and proves his ready sympathy with a national spirit and a conception of art differing very widely from his own. Henry Crabb Robinson says in a letter: "Wordsworth repeatedly said of the journey, 'It is too late: I have matter for volumes,' he said once, 'had I but youth to work it up.' It is remarkable how in that admirable poem 'Musings near Acquapendente' (perhaps the most beautiful of the memorials of the Italian tour) meditation predominates over observation. It often happened that objects of universal attraction served chiefly to bring back to his mind absent objects dear to him." Again (Crabb Robinson's Diary, April 27, 1830): "Wordsworth is no hunter after sentimental relics. He professes to be regardless of places that have only an out-

ward connection with a great man, but no influence on his works. Hence he cares nothing for the burying-place of Tasso, but has a deep interest in Vacluse." It is characteristic that Wordsworth found a joy in the Italian lakes that reminded him of the lakes of his home.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR first went to Italy in 1817, but he did not apparently meet Shelley there, though he stayed some time at Pisa. In 1821¹ he moved to Florence with his family, and worked for some eight years at his *Imaginary Conversations*, in which historical characters of every period discuss life and literature. This book made him famous among literary people, and any travellers visiting Florence made sure of seeing him, among them William Hazlitt (who himself wrote on Italy).² It was when he had returned to England that Landor published the *Pentameron* (1837), of which Mr. Sidney Colvin has said that the author "loved and understood Boccaccio through and through; and if he overestimated that prolific and amiable genius in comparison with other and greater men, it was an error which for the present purpose was almost an advantage. Nothing can be pleasanter than the intercourse of the two friendly poets as Landor had imagined it." Nevertheless all Landor's efforts result in books drawn from books, which means life at two removes. Landor, to our thinking, remained peculiarly English, and his rendering of Italy is always reminiscent of Shakespeare. It may be noted that he spent the last six years of his life in Italy.

HANS ANDERSEN crossed the Simplon in September 1833 on his way to Rome, and his journey included Naples, Capri and Pompeii, Florence, Siena, Bologna, and Ferrara. In one of the few letters preserved he shows his northern mind by saying: "Vesuvius is a flaming ygdrasil." His epitome of Italy is: "This is the home of phantasy, the north that of reason." The romance called the *Improvisatore*, which he afterwards published, abounds in charming touches of character and in richly-coloured descriptions. The book fails, owing to the poor delineation of the central figure: we are more interested in the details than in the hero. The suggestive

¹ Among books of this period may be cited Mrs. Eaton's *Letters on Rome* (1820), and Gell's *Roman Topography* (1824).

² Emerson, who was in Italy in 1833, describes Landor as "living in a cloud of pictures in his Villa Gherardesca. . . . He prefers John of Bologna to Michel Angelo; in painting, Raffaele; and shares the growing taste for Perugino and the early masters." Another American in Italy was Fenimore Cooper (*Travels*, 1833).

picturesqueness of his descriptions makes it regrettable that he was not content to leave them without any framework of romance. Take this passage describing the festa of Genzano—a child is the presumed narrator, but it is a poet speaking :

“How shall I describe the first glance into the street—that bright picture as I then saw it? The entire, long, gently ascending street was covered over with flowers; the ground-colour was blue: it looked as if they had robbed all the gardens, all the fields, to collect flowers enough of the same colour to cover the street; over these lay in long stripes, green, composed of leaves, alternately with rose-colour; at some distance to this was a similar stripe, and between this a layer of dark-red flowers, so as to form, as it were, a broad border to the whole carpet. The middle of this represented stars and suns, which were formed by a close mass of yellow, round and star-like flowers; more labour still had been spent upon the formation of names—here flower was laid upon flower, leaf upon leaf. The whole was a living flower-carpet, a mosaic floor, richer in pomp of colouring than anything which Pompeii can show. Not a breath of air stirred—the flowers lay immovable, as if they were heavy, firmly-set precious stones. From all windows were hung upon the walls large carpets, worked in leaves and flowers, representing holy pictures. . . . The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rang, and the procession moved along the beautiful flower-carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach. Choristers swung the censer before the Host, the most beautiful girls of the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels, whilst awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain around their necks, and handsome, bright-coloured scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow; those from Velletri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart neckerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From Abruzzi, from the Marches, and from every other neighbouring district, came all in their

peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect.”¹

Here again is a little prose-poem of Venice, in an entirely different key: “I stepped down into the black gondola, and sailed up into the dead street, where everything was water, not a foot-breadth upon which to walk. Large buildings stood with open doors, and with steps down to the water; the water ran into the great doorways, like a canal; and the palace-court itself seemed only a four-cornered well, into which people could row, but scarcely turn the gondola. The water had left its greenish slime upon the walls: the great marble palaces seemed as if sinking together: in the broad windows, rough boards were nailed up to the gilded, half-decayed beams. The proud giant-body seemed to be falling away piecemeal; the whole had an air of depression about it. The ringing of the bells ceased, not a sound, except the splash of the oars in the water, was to be heard, and I saw not a human being. The magnificent Venice lay like a dead swan upon the waves.”²

The romances of GEORGES SAND are almost out of our survey. Her *Lettres d'un Voyageur* are chiefly devoted to her own personality; and the colossal egoism of the school of the literature she belongs to is seen in the fact that her paltry amours and reconciliations with Alfred de Musset blinded her to the beauty of Venice. Her novels give us hardly one life-like idea of Italy. The way in which most of Georges Sand's work was done at Venice—a hurried scramble over innumerable sheets of paper to pay for the gambling debts or the support of her Alfred—may be responsible for this. The best of her work is probably to be found in studies of French life such as *François le Champi*, written when she returned to a saner frame of mind. On ALFRED DE MUSSET Italy had a more lasting influence, and in his drama entitled *Lorenzaccio*, drawing the character of Lorenzo, the murderer of his cousin Alexander di Medici, the French poet achieved a striking picture of the turbid passion and vicious ambition of the Renaissance. De Musset also wrote one of the most musical lyrics in the French language; it is dated Venice, 1834, and often as it has been quoted, it may yet be quoted again:

¹ Translated by Mary Howitt.

² Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, in his letters beginning in 1830, describes Venice and other towns in the picturesque way. Wagner's letters from Venice are entirely personal.

CHANSON.

À Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,¹
 Vous étiez, vous étiez bien aise,
 À Saint-Blaise.
 À Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca
 Nous étions bien là.

Mais de vous en souvenir
 Prendrez-vous la peine ?
 Mais de vous en souvenir
 Et d'y revenir ?

À Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
 Dans les prés fleuris cueiller la verveine,
 À Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
 Vivre et mourir là !

LORD MACAULAY was in Italy in 1838-39, and records his impressions in the diary published in Trevelyan's *Life*. His remarks are too much in the nature of jottings to assist us, but at Rome he makes an admirable comparison (in a letter to a friend): "Imagine what England would be if all the members of Parliament, the Ministers, the Judges, the Ambassadors, the Governors of Colonies, the very Commander-in-Chief and Lords of the Admiralty were, without one exception, bishops or priests; and if the highest post open to the noblest, wealthiest, and most ambitious layman were a Lordship of the Bedchamber!" The unique character of the Government of the former papal states could not be better put. Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* were written after this journey.

DISRAELI's novel, *Contarini Fleming*, published in 1845, gives us occasional glimpses of Italy. The descriptive passages are not of much value, but even discounting its obvious exaggeration, we cannot help being grateful for such a thought as this: "In Florence the monuments are not only of great men, but of the greatest. You do not gaze upon the tomb of an author who is merely a great master of composition, but of one who formed the language. The illustrious astronomer is not the discoverer of a planet, but the revealer of the whole celestial machinery. The artist and the politician are not merely the first sculptors and statesmen of their time, but the inventors of the very art and the very craft in which they

¹ The Giudecca.

excelled." Disraeli also shows an attentive study of the different schools of art in the following: "The contemplation of the Venetian school had developed in me a latent love of gorgeous eloquence, dazzling incident, brilliant expression, and voluptuous sentiment. These brought their attendant imperfections—exaggeration, effeminacy, the obtrusion of art, the painful want of nature. The severe simplicity of the Tuscan masters chastened my mind. I mused over a great effect produced almost by a single mean. The picture that fixed my attention by a single group, illustrating a single passion, was a fine and profitable study. I felt the power of Nature delineated by a great master, and how far from necessary to enforce her influence were the splendid accessories with which my meditated compositions would rather have encumbered than adorned her." The general distinction is well indicated, and we need not follow Disraeli when he proceeds to find the perfect union of Venice and Florence in the art of Rome.

LAMARTINE'S travels in Italy were preceded by a love-story in France, punctuated by another at Naples, and followed by a third in Savoy. His writings on Dante had much influence in France, and in various works, as in the incomplete *Mémoires*, he speaks of the country. It is in *Graziella* (written in 1847, many years after the journey) that we have his most living contribution to literature dealing with Italy. In this pretty story he narrates, with almost autobiographical accuracy, his innocent devotion to the pretty Neapolitan cigarette-maker (in the romance a coral worker), who finally dies of a broken heart when he rides away. The study of the fisherfolk of Sta. Lucia, the description of scenery, and especially of the storm on the bay of Naples, make the book a complete success. Lamartine enters into the Italian spirit far better than most of his countrymen, who generally have a scarcely veiled contempt for the race. The Italians have their own ideas about French manners, and Lamartine was not always happy in his loves in Italy. He honestly tells us that when he expressed his passion for a lady called Bianca Boni while she was painting his portrait, she effaced the likeness and, returning him his money, shut her doors on him. It is refreshing to read that Lamartine made a proper apology; but this poet and republican, with his national failing where pretty women are concerned, always remained true to his love of Italy,

and wrote years after, "Depuis ce temps, l'Italie fut ma patrie ou du moins demeura pour moi la patrie de l'amour."

CHARLES DICKENS' *Pictures from Italy* (first published in the *Daily News*, from January to March 1846, under the title "Travelling Letters Written on the Road), need but the briefest comment. The author of *David Copperfield*, with his quick observation of external features and his ready sense of character, is among the travellers from whom we shall borrow several descriptions. Contrary to expectation, he is perfectly in harmony with his surroundings, and everything he says is worthy of our most typically English humorist since the time of Shakespeare. THACKERAY'S references to Italy are unfortunately few and far between. In the *Newcomes* he tells us that in the foreign society of Rome, "thrown together every day and night after night; flocking to the same picture-galleries, statue-galleries, Pincian drives, and church functions, the English colonists at Rome perforce become intimate, and in many cases friendly. They have an English library where the various meets for the week are placarded. On such a day the Vatican galleries are open; the next is the feast of Saint So-and-so; on Wednesday there will be music and vespers at the Sistine Chapel; on Thursday the Pope will bless the animals—sheep, horses, and what not: and flocks of English accordingly rush to witness the benediction of droves of donkeys. In a word, the ancient city of the Cæsars, the august fanes of the Popes, with their splendour and ceremony, are all mapped out and arranged for English diversion."

EDWARD LEAR, the author of the famous rhymes for children, contributes several handsomely illustrated books of auto-lithographs: *Views in Rome and Its Environs*, 1841; *Excursions in Italy*, 1846 (partly in the Abruzzi¹); *Journals of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria*, 1852. The text of the last two books is a delightfully personal account of the hospitality shown to the painter, and his journal often gives us hints as to out-of-the-way places. The drawings (within the limitations of the lithographic rendering) are often of great beauty. We may here refer to other books on the South of Italy. SWINBURNE wrote the pioneer book in his *Travels in*

¹ The Abruzzi was thought to contain nothing but bears and robbers, but the inhabitants smilingly denied the impeachment. The people of the district still, we believe, preserve their old costumes, and a traveller would be repaid by re-exploring this country.

the Two Sicilies (1777-1780); and the handsomely illustrated tomes of SAINT NON (1781) have a careful letterpress. Sir R. C. HOARE did for several of the southern cities what Eustace had done for the north and centre in a continuation of the "classical tour." KEPPEL CRAVEN published views, and C. TAIT RAMAGE (1828) a personal diary. Those, however, who are desirous of studying the south will find every assistance in the scholarly books of FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, French Egyptologist. His *À Travers l'Apulie et la Lucanie* (1883) and *La Grande Grèce* (1881-84) weave together the scattered fragments of the Greek historians, and show us the importance (long before the great days of Athens) of the cities of Sybaris, Crotona, and Tarentum. Lenormant also is well informed on the Byzantine and Norman influences in the south. The southern portion of Italy, together with Sicily, opens up an entirely different series of historical studies. Goethe said that Sicily was the key to all Italy, but in his day no excavations had been made in Greece. Magna Græcia is to be studied in conjunction with Greece, and an account based on that of Lenormant would fill an important gap for English readers if a writer with the special qualifications came forward.

§ 5. THE CULT OF MEDIÆVALISM AND THE PRIMITIVES

It is curious to observe how the earliest manifestations of Italian art are those which have taken longest to discover. Our travellers have been like an excavator who works down from the actual soil through successive architectural deposits till the earliest remains of human habitation are laid bare. Every new discovery has been exalted at the expense of the prior ones, and the schools which swore by Gothic architecture could rarely agree with any Italian art later than Botticelli, who also had his special votaries. It is difficult to trace to its source what has been called the Gothic revival. Romanticism had two sides, one of the nature-cult, the other of a religious reaction. Chateaubriand is probably the first exponent of this reaction, but he placed his faith in primitive Christianity; Sir Walter Scott did not concern himself with Italy. The first important manifestation of a love of Christian art is perhaps to be traced in the work of Friedrich von Schlegel. He made his acquaintance with the primitive pictures taken to the Louvre, where he saw them in the years

1802-1804, and while Lanzi in 1796 had merely followed tradition in calling Giotto the father of Italian art, Schlegel pointed out his special qualities. Schlegel likewise studied Gothic architecture in Belgium, France, and on the Rhine, 1804-5; in his search he was re-discovering the idealism which in Italy was probably of Teutonic origin. Like his brother Augustus (the writer on dramatic art) he possessed a profound historical knowledge, and while he had studied the Teutonic Saga-period, he was also able to differentiate the Christian and classic periods in Italy with more clearness than had hitherto been done. When Schlegel went to Rome he was fully prepared to support the Overbeck School, and he wrote enthusiastically of "the German paintings exhibited in Rome" (1819). Overbeck, who was converted to Romanism in 1813, had made his effort against the pseudo-classic influence of David in Germany, but his school was one which used the technique of Raphael and the religious spirit of the earlier painters. The Overbeck movement must not be compared with that of our Pre-Raphaelites, which was in general the search for a primitive technique. We do not of course claim Schlegel as the only originator of a love of Christian art; hints of the new spirit are probably to be found in other books. But the brothers Schlegel had a considerable following in Paris, Vienna, and Rome as well as in Germany. Hope's *Historical Essay on Architecture*¹ comes rather later, and Kugler's *History of Painting* was not published till the 'thirties. Rio's *Christian Art*, often quoted by Ruskin, was begun in 1836.

One of the most important exponents of mediævalism was LORD LINDSAY, who, curiously enough, was able to bring his learning to the support of his father's successful claim to the ancient Earldom of Crawford. Lord Lindsay's *History of Christian Art* was published in 1847. This delicately written and admirably documented work linked on the primitive schools to what the author called Christian mythology, or, in our more modern phrase, Catholic folklore. The old tales, such as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and the traditions which had grown round the lives of the Saints, were brought to the illustration of the art of Giotto and the schools succeeding him. Lord Lindsay defined the influence of Byzantine architecture more clearly than had been done, and his classification

¹ Vasari, of course, had long before spoken of Lombard and Gothic architecture (Introduction to the *Lives*).

of painting like that of the Sienese school was a step forward. His book was frequently mentioned by Ruskin, whom we may now discuss.

JOHN RUSKIN's first journey in Italy was in 1835 (in his sixteenth year), when he went to Venice and Verona. In 1840 he went to Rome and Naples, and some traces of his visit are shown in *Modern Painters* (not concluded till some years later), but that book was based on his admiration of Turner and chiefly related to the question of beauty in landscape. It was at Paris in 1844 that Ruskin really began to study Italian art in Titian, Bellini, and Perugino. "He found," as Mr. Collingwood, his biographer, says, "that his foes, Gaspar Poussin and Canaletto, and the Dutch landscapists, were not the real old masters; that there had been a great age of art before the era of Vandyck and Rubens—even before Michelangelo and Raphael." This opinion, showing most plainly the taste of his contemporaries, motived a journey to Lucca, to Pisa, and Florence in 1845, and also to Venice; thus Ruskin began to have an insight into twelfth-century architecture, the painting of Giotto and Carpaccio, and also a new fervour for the then misunderstood Tintoretto. One result of this journey was that on his return to England Ruskin wrote to the *Times* suggesting that no more Guido or Rubens pictures should be bought for the National Gallery, while it lacked even single specimens of Fra Angelico or Ghirlandajo and had no important Bellini or Perugino. His ideal of a representative collection was realised years after. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture* was written and illustrated in 1846 and 1848, and *The Stones of Venice* from 1849 to 1853. His later books contained many references to Italy, and such studies as *Mornings in Florence* and *St. Mark's Rest* are entirely devoted to Italian subjects. Ruskin hardly comes into our category of travellers who can be selected from: to take any detached passages from a book like *Stones of Venice* would be to give a very unfair idea of it. Furthermore, while the general influence of Ruskin has been in some ways admirable, there are too many debatable points in his teaching. His technical books have not produced one student of merit, and his instructions in design are painfully amateurish. He unfortunately upheld the view that the spiritual force of art is more admirable than the craftsmanship of it. This implies a divorce between the two, whereas in reality it is impossible to say where craftsmanship ends and

inspiration begins. The greatest artists in conception have invariably been the greatest painters or sculptors in execution. The Primitives painted as well as they knew how; their technique was that best suited to religious decoration. Giotto by abandoning the "Greek" manner shows that he would have taken every advantage of the new style had he been born later. Not one of the Primitives admitted a deliberate archaism. We know that such an archaism was sometimes sought in decadent Greece, and there is no surer sign of decadence than the archaistic tendency. We may have a natural tendency towards the Gothic or Renaissance spirit, but for a modern man to endeavour to live the life of Arnold of Brescia, Dante, Fra Angelico, or Leonardo is to commit mental suicide.

The prime Ruskinian offence is the prejudicial selection of special eras or pictures out of the past. We cannot make any truce with this preciosity of finding special meanings or beauties in isolated examples. In the *Mornings in Florence* extraordinary praise is given to the so-called Giotto's in Santa Croce, which are paraded as being the final word of primitive art. Analyse the beautiful prose of the eloquent passage about the Tower of Giotto, and it will be seen how laughable is the claim that the Campanile "is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus"; how wildly vague the statement that there is no Christian work so perfect. As another instance of Ruskin's rash generalisation, take his statement that "in the five cusped arches of Niccolò's pulpit you see the first Gothic Christian architecture, . . . the change, in a word, for all Europe, from the Parthenon to Amiens Cathedral." Leader Scott observes, "this is very poetic, but it will not bear analysis." To take another among many of Ruskin's hyperboles, he writes of the Doge's Palace: "It would be impossible, I believe, to invent a more magnificent arrangement of all that is in building most beautiful and most fair." Yet another is the statement that the Bardi chapel in Santa Croce is "the most interesting and perfect little Gothic chapel in all Italy." Ruskin too often has this way of picking out a specimen and praising it extravagantly. Unfortunately we cannot understand the superlative till we have valued the comparative. The experience of all sane love of art is that we begin by admiring the minor poets, the minor painters, and only reach the supreme manifestations after years of search. When we have attained to a sense of

the truly great, we are still compelled to go back to the lesser lights from time to time. Let any man try to begin the study of literature with a few selected classics and he will learn the impossibility of eclecticism as a working philosophy. The fault of Ruskin and all his school is that they look upon art as something abiding, whereas it has only a relative value as being in or out of harmony with a humanity that is always changing.¹ This or that work in Italy is not and cannot be the last word; it is only in the complete art and inspiration that we find a permanent legacy and achievement.

It were unfair and ungracious to deny the great beauty of Ruskin's style, the sincerity of his fervour for things Italian, the value of some of his individual appreciations. His general results are not easy to define. He was probably unconsciously influenced by the Italian spirit, which we would define as a Catholicism transcending religious ceremonial. Personally he held to Puritanism without its Protestant dogma, but much of his social work depended on his view of redeeming human nature by beauty. The excess of English utilitarianism, the northern spirit of competition, had driven other sensitive thinkers to Italian ideas. Newman, steeping his mind in Catholic theology, could not fail to respond finally to the atmosphere thus created. Ruskin just as naturally came to see social salvation in the Catholic Italian spirit, without its religious doctrine. But the faith of England is above all an ethical one. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his recent life of Ruskin, has pointed out how little morality has had to do with the supreme manifestations of art. Nor is it to be believed that the Italy of the Communes did not possess the germs of the luxury of the Renaissance. Greek learning is not to be saddled with the vices of Aretino. The age that produced St. Thomas Aquinas also produced the monster Ezzelino da Romano. We need hardly quarrel with Ruskin's theories, supported as they are by so few adherents. If his insistence on the Gothic ages is untenable, we may still hope that his ideal of a more beautiful England may prove true. There is no reason why we should not take the better part of Catholicism, as we have already taken from it its zeal for the erection of hospitals: a mediæval reform of monastic inception. Our feelings with regard to the Papacy need not blind us to the fact that Catholicism is a symbolic view of the Christianity of which Puritanism is the

¹ Ruskin's conception of art was evidently derived from the Platonist theory of an ideal of beauty.

more practical reading. Even if we hold that these fundamental differences are part of the economy of nature, we can be grateful to Ruskin for endeavouring to sow the seed of foreign gardens in our somewhat impoverished soil. But in considering the influence of Ruskin, we have to remember that far greater influence of Catholicism inspiring the Italian ideal, which is not necessarily suited to the evolution of our own race.

To pass to French contemporaries of Ruskin, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S *Italia*¹ was the result of a journey in 1850, which took the writer as far as Naples but only actually describes the northern towns. It is devoted chiefly to a description of Venice, from which we have drawn largely, as Gautier's impression is the first which has our modern idea about Venice. Certainly he was not the first traveller who accepted the beauty of St. Mark's; his account at any rate preceded the completion of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. Gautier's previous travels in Spain enabled him to enter into the spirit of the Byzantine architecture and mosaic, so much akin to the Moorish survivals in Spain. We may safely leave to the reader the valuing of Gautier's style, which amid its journalistic facility often has the brilliancy of a water-colour rendering. That he is always precisely accurate is not to be affirmed, but his impressionism serves the purpose of giving some idea of an almost indescribable building like St. Mark's. Gautier, we are told, coming to Venice in later years straight from the Parthenon, said: "On my return from Athens, Venice seemed to me trivial and grossly decadent." Greek Art, of course, is nearer the fountain-head of natural beauty. Gautier, notwithstanding, must be credited with being among the earliest writers to mark the decorative fascination of Byzantine architecture and decoration. He was a pioneer in his admiration of Carpaccio, and if time and opportunity had been his, he might almost have achieved the general appreciation of Italy which was reserved for Taine.

J. J. AMPÈRE, the son of the famous mathematician, was a professor at the Athenæum of Marseilles, and was among the earliest writers who illustrated historical documents by the results of practical archæology. His *History of Rome*² (only reaching to the time of Augustus) was studied in Rome itself,

¹ Gautier has never before been translated.

² Another classical historian of the time was George Dennis, who wrote the *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* (1848).

and Ampère brings the evidence of busts or medals to the support of his statements. His volume, called *La Grèce, Rome et Dante* (1850), contains a scholarly account of early travels in Italy, but it is by the *Voyage Dantesque* contained in it that Ampère most wins our gratitude. These are sketches of travel in Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Gubbio, Verona, Rimini, Ravenna, and the other towns mentioned in the *Divina Commedia*. Ampère's knowledge of Dante could not be that of later commentators, but his enthusiasm has led many students to deeper research. His description, for instance, of the plain of Siena, and of the battle of Mont-Aperti, where Dante was present, is of interest if we remember that the Sienese flag carried that day is still in the Cathedral. It is with reluctance that we have left such passages aside as being beyond the scope of the present volume.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS *père* was not able to resist the current of mediævalism. His *Une Année à Florence* is mainly a rendering of early stories from the chronicles of Florence. In the *Corricolo*—a book we have been unable to trace—he writes, we believe, about modern Naples. *Monte Cristo* has a clever story about life in the Campagna.

The study of ecclesiology could not fail to go with that of early art. Mrs. JAMESON, after a briefer voyage in youth, went to Italy in 1847, and wrote within the next five years her indispensable books called *Sacred and Legendary Art*, *Legends of the Saints*, *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, and *Legends of the Madonna*. If these books err in an excessive tenderness of sentiment, they give us the greatest aid in the study of the spiritual side of Italian Art. HENRY HART MILMAN¹ (1791–1868), Dean of St. Paul's, was a man of varied attainments, who wrote capable plays and translated poetry from the Sanscrit when knowledge of Oriental languages was still unadvanced. He annotated Gibbon, and his *History of Latin Christianity down to the Death of Pope Nicholas V.* (1855) was praised by Macaulay, and remains a standard work.

Among the enthusiasts of Gothic architecture was G. E. STREET, author of *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages* (1855). The overdoing of Gothic admiration in this period cannot be better illustrated than in the following notes written by the

¹ A historian to whom Milman acknowledged his indebtedness was Gregorovius, author of *Rome in the Middle Ages*, and *Wanderjahre in Italien* (1864), as also of a charming monograph on Capri.

American writer, CHARLES ELIOT NORTON in 1856: "Rome possesses comparatively few works of those centuries when modern Art exhibited its purest power, and reached a spiritual elevation from which it soon fell, and which it has never since reattained. The decline that became obvious in the sixteenth century stamped its marks upon the face of the city." Norton's *Church-building in the Middle Ages*, however, is a most scholarly and valuable book, and there was a good reason for a Gothic reaction against such idolatry as this of JOHN BELL for Domenichino's St. Agnes: "The serene and beautiful countenance of the Saint is irradiated by an expression of rapt holiness and heavenly resignation infinitely touching." Norton complained of the want of an artistic guide-book for Italy. This had been in part attempted by another American writer, G. S. HILLARD, in 1853, who links together some notes of the past of Rome, Venice, and Florence. This writer also gave a short sketch of some of the travellers and their travels in Italy, which we have preferred not to consult, so as to preserve our own impressions intact. A less keen mediævalist, but still within the school, was the gentle poet LONGFELLOW. He had been in Italy in 1828, and had described it in prose, but his chief service is in his version of Dante,¹ rendered with much felicity; and his notes showed considerable scholarship for his day. He sees clearly the close alliance of Dante's conceptions with the symbolism of the Cathedrals; he has admirably distinguished the plastic form of the *Inferno* from the painter-like sense of the *Purgatorio*; and the five sonnets referring to the *Divina Commedia* have a dignity and insight of their own.

ROBERT BROWNING, as far as we can ascertain, went to Italy in 1838, and describing this first trip writes: "I went to Trieste, then Venice—then through Treviso and Bassano to the mountains, delicious Asolo, all my places and castles, you will see. Then to Vicenza, Padua, and Venice again." From that period for some forty-five years onward nearly every volume of the poet's contained something referring to Italy, and his most pre-eminent works are exclusively Italian. In

¹ The simple diction of Longfellow's Dante translation is far more appropriate than the Miltonic blank verse of Cary, which, excellent as it is, gives the work a Renaissance flavour. Modern study of Dante comprises the works of Scartazzini, Dr. E. Moore, the Hon. Warren Vernon, P. H. Wicksteed, and Paget Toynbee. Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle* has taken its place as a classic.

1840 he published *Sordello*, wherein he illustrated some of the deepest problems of mediævalism in the character of the Mantuan troubadour who was mentioned by Dante, and appears to have been a kind of Italian Faust. *Sordello* is difficult to read, not because of its obscurity, but because of its wealth of allusion to early history and ideas. The endeavour to write a poem dealing with the spirit of Mediævalism was a remarkable one if we contrast other work of the 'forties. *Pippa Passes* is dated 1841, and describes scenes at Asolo in which various characters have their intentions strengthened or varied by the artless bird-songs of the child Pippa. *King Victor and King Charles* (1842) gives us the attempt of the King of Sardinia to get back the crown after he had abdicated in favour of his son. In *Dramatic Lyrics* (written between 1840-50 or later), *Love among the Ruins* would appear to be an impression of the Campagna. *Old Pictures in Florence* opens the series of poems such as *Andrea del Sarto*, in which Browning invades the Byronic realms of poetic criticism of art. Not to epitomise the entire works, *The Statue and the Bust* is instinct with Florentine beauty, and among other minor poems are the amusing utterances of the Jews at the Pope's annual sermon (now abolished) and *Pacchiarotto*. Of the *Ring and the Book*, with its many aspects of one crime and the mingled tragedy and satire of the soliloquies, it may be said that this poem has not had its day yet. The story is entirely typical of Rome at the end of the seventeenth century, and the extraordinary antiquarian learning of the author has not killed the dramatic power of the long contest for life of Guido. Work of this nature can never become entirely popular; it does not base itself on national motives. In some ways it is a return to the Italy of the novelists and the Elizabethans, but it is one with the added psychology of the nineteenth century. Judging him as an exotic poet, the greater our knowledge of Italy the more admirable Robert Browning's Italian poems will appear; those which are more important, for their rendering of the national character of Italy, the minor lyrics for delicate suggestions of atmosphere, of landscape, or the texture of flower, tree, and ruin.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's principal Italian poem may be said to be *Casa Guidi Windows* (1851), a passionate plea for the liberation of Italy. In *Aurora Leigh* there are some slight pen-pictures, of no great interest; the *Poems before Congress* and *Last Poems* (1862) contain further verses about

Italian unity, but the style is not equal to the sentiment, and it is not possible to rate the author of the beautiful *Sonnets from the Portuguese* among those who have made Italy more real to us. It may be remarked that neither in Mrs. Browning's letters to F. G. Kenyon or R. H. Horne, nor in the letters to and from her husband, are there any peculiarly felicitous descriptions of Italian places.

As Mrs. Browning's work is in great part a plea for Italian unity we may here insert a few words about the history of the *risorgimento*. From the Congress of Vienna till the Revolution of 1848 the conspiracies for freedom in Italy were mainly the work of the local *carbonari* societies, for the main body of the people did not think a united kingdom possible. In 1849 short-lived republics were set up in Rome and Florence, but the results of the battle of Novara, and the interference of the French in Roman affairs, put back the movement for unity. Nevertheless the reigning house of Savoy was coming forward as the ostensible head of the movement, and with the assistance of Napoleon III. (paid for by important cessions of territory), Victor Emanuel defeated the Austrians at Magenta. The counsels of Mazzini, Cavour, and Ricasoli, and the popularity of Garibaldi had all done their share, and when the Bourbons evacuated Sicily and the *re galantuomo* was crowned at Turin, Florence was the capital first chosen; but when German pressure in 1870 made the French troops leave Rome, unity was finally complete in the settling of the dynasty in the ancient capital. It will be seen from this bare outline that Italian freedom was gained by the intervention and conflict of some of those very powers which had made it lose its liberty two hundred and fifty years before. The most recent works on this great struggle are those of the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, and Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S *Vittoria* is a brilliant social picture of the movement.

TENNYSON'S one contribution to Italian travel consists of the charming poem called "The Daisy," and with a delicate felicity of terse expression gives us glimpses of the northern towns. No better description of Lombard architecture could be set down in the given number of words than this:

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) looked the Lombard piles;
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles,

Here again is the very hue and colour of the Tuscan plain in which Florence lies :

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Or palace, how the city glitter'd
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

Tennyson also wrote some lines on Sirmio, and treated an Italian subject in his *The Falcon*, a play taken from Boccaccio.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE¹ was already a middle-aged man when he went to Italy in 1858, and his *Italian Note-book* shows that it was difficult for him at first to fall in with Italian ideas. Like most of the Americans of his period he only sees the absurd side of the art, until a greater familiarity with the history of so different an evolution to that he knows aids him to see its beauty. A curious passage in *Transformation*, afterwards called *The Marble Faun*, states the case for Philistinism with some force. But the painting of "Venuses, Ledas, Graces" does not surely disqualify a man from rendering religious subjects, and Hawthorne admits that after the objections he makes, "a throng of spiritual faces look reproachfully upon us." To come to the romance itself, *The Marble Faun*, though begun abroad, was only completed in England. Mr. Henry James well describes the central figure when he says: "Every one will remember the figure of the simple, joyous, sensuous young Italian, who is not so much a man as a child, and not so much a child as a charming, innocent animal, and how he is brought to self-knowledge and to a miserable conscious manhood, by the commission of a crime. . . . Hawthorne has done few things more beautiful than the picture of the unequal complicity of guilt between his immature and dimly puzzled hero, with his clinging, unquestioning, unexacting devotion, and the dark, powerful, more widely-seeing feminine nature of Miriam." The figure of Hilda, "the pure and somewhat rigid New England girl," gives us a type in contrast, and Hawthorne makes a strong point in letting her confess to a priest the secret she had surprised and then come away, as Mr. James says, "with her conscience lightened, not a whit the less a Puritan than before." Hawthorne, it seems to us, has admirably met the difficulty of constructing a novel which shall give some con-

¹ A friend of Hawthorne's was the lovable little woman Frederika Bremer, a Scandinavian, who wrote much on Italy.

ception of the American impression of Rome. Democratic America and the town of the Papacy are poles apart, and yet may meet in their common humanity. *The Marble Faun* certainly suggests the old crimes of the ancient city, and the unreality of our existence under such conditions, for it is not the past, but the present which seems untrue in Rome. Hawthorne's heroines are not those of our day, and in costume (to use the word in a wide sense) the romance may not please actual taste, but considering the difficulty of the problem the result is worthy of high praise.

GEORGE ELIOT'S most important journey in Italy was in 1860, and it is described in some ninety pages of the epistolary biography of her life. The gifted novelist—herself so much like one of Michael Angelo's Sibyls—could not fail to say some interesting things, as, for example, this concerning St. Peter's: "The piazza, with Bernini's colonnades, and the gradual slope upward to the mighty temple, gave me always a sense of having entered some millennial new Jerusalem, where all small and shabby things were unknown." As a general rule, Roman art is forced and unpleasant to her, but she loved the people and exclaims: "Oh the beautiful men and women and children here! Such wonderful babies with wise eyes!—such grand-featured mothers nursing them! As one drives along the streets sometimes, one sees a madonna and child at every third or fourth upper window; and on Monday a little crippled girl seated at the door of a church looked up at us with a face full of such pathetic sweetness and beauty, that I think it can hardly leave me again." At Naples she liked the too-little known Giotto frescoes in the church of L'Incoronata, but her highest admiration was reserved for the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, "the finest thing, I verily believe, we have seen in Italy. It has all the requisites to make a building impressive. First, *form*. What perfect satisfaction and repose for the eye in the calm repetition of these columns—in the proportions of height and length, of front and sides: the right thing is *found*—it is not sought after in uneasy labour or detail or exaggeration. Next, *colour*. It is built of travertine, like the other two temples; but while they have remained, for the most part, a cold grey, this Temple of Neptune has a rich, warm, pinkish brown that seems to glow and deepen under one's eyes."—(Archæology, we may note, had not in 1860 reached the knowledge of the invariable polychromatic decoration of the ancient temples.)

"—Lastly, *position*. It stands on the rich plain, covered with long grass and flowers, in sight of the sea on one hand, and the sublime blue mountains on the other. Many plants caress the ruins: the acanthus is there, and I saw it in green life for the first time; but the majority of the plants on the floor or bossing the architrave, are familiar to me as home flowers—purple mallows, snapdragons, pink hawkweeds."

George Eliot was enthusiastic with Florence, but made the usual mistake of condemning the intentional simplicity of the interior of the Duomo. The frescoes she liked best were those of Fra Angelico in San Marco, and generally from her praise of Giotto, Orcagna, Masaccio, and Ghirlandajo we may say that her view of Florence is that which prevails to-day. It is at Florence that George Eliot first refers to *Romola* as "rather an ambitious project," but it was in the following year (and in London) that she began the studies for it by reading the lengthy list of books she has left us, which includes Sacchetti, "The Monks of the West," Sismondi, Villari's "Savonarola," Politian's "Epistles," and Varchi. The list certainly suggests cramming for an examination, and the *Romola* romance has now lost much of its former vogue. We are not inclined to regret this change of taste. George Eliot's rendering of Italian character errs in precisely the same way as the late Mrs. Oliphant's historical studies: she cannot keep out the persistent note of modern English thought. *Romola* herself is a very proper young woman of the nineteenth century, Savonarola has too much of our Liberalism. In the same way Mrs. OLIPHANT'S St. Francis has become an Evangelical whom one could put into an East End parish without the least misgiving. In the atmosphere of *Romola*, instead of the balmy air which, according to Vasari, made Florence prolific in great men, we have cold English airs and a dry severity of outline that lacks Italian *morbidezza* and Tuscan grace.

A far more successful effort than George Eliot's is that of the late Mr. J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE in *John Inglesant* (1880). The manner is perhaps fastidious, but the quality of fascination belongs to many of the episodes. The hero carries an atmosphere of northern melancholy with him, and is too much like Henry Esmond placed in an earlier period. This does not detract from the grace of the Italian scenes amid which he moves; and the careful documentation not infrequently is quickened into lifelike presentment. The fault

of the book as a romance is that it tends towards a definite religious conclusion. Practically we may agree with that conclusion, but the least idea of "tendency" takes away the finer flavour of romance; and when we finish the book we can but turn back to such a scene as that in which the Cavaliere Inglesant, having met his defenceless enemy in a mountain pass at sunrise, forgives him before the altar of the solitary chapel, and, leaving his sword with the priest, goes forth to become in the future a legend of the apparition of St. George in that desolate place. Such a conception has no little of the spiritual beauty of the early romances of chivalry.

§ 6. SCIENTIFIC STUDY

Science does not appear to have been applied to Italian matters before the evolutionary theory began to come forward. Among the first scientific books might be classed the careful study of Rome by Sir GEORGE HEAD. Born in 1782, he was educated at the Charterhouse, and served through the Peninsular War; he also acted as deputy-marshal at the Coronation of William IV. He wrote on the development of commerce in England, and was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. His travels in Rome usefully supplement a gap that we could otherwise have with difficulty filled, for he gives us facts and nothing but facts concerning the minor churches in that town. Sir G. Head's three bulky volumes form a monument of the industry of less than two years' work, and show how a sober observer can be of service. Many of Head's theories about the antiquities have been replaced by the researches popularised for English readers by Lanciani. In the same class we would place a later book, the *Roba di Roma*¹ of WILLIAM W. STORY; it takes its title from the Italian word *roba*, which may mean "goods and chattels," "odds and ends." In this extraordinary repertory, published in 1862, Mr. Story brought together an enormous amount of knowledge concerning Roman folklore, history, customs, festivals, character, and anecdote. The book is not scientifically arranged, and was probably not written for that purpose; it is nevertheless a sociological book. One point only can we refer to it amid this mass of information: the Italian conception of the Christ. Northern travellers, with their idea of a benign

¹ A chatty book dealing mostly with the different classes in Rome is E. About's *Rome Contemporaine* (1860).

Mediator, are surprised and sometimes shocked at the central figure in Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*. The book makes it clear that the Catholic idea of Mediation is centred in the Madonna, while the stern punishment of sin is in the hands of the Saviour. Some of the painters, however, the Mystics and Raphael, for instance, give a different aspect to the figure of the Saviour.

H. TAINE'S *Voyage en Italie*¹ was published in 1865, a year after the *Philosophie de l'Art*. Taine had in the latter work epitomised the lectures he had delivered to the students of the Beaux-Arts, or French national art school. The *Voyage en Italie* brings us practically to the climax of northern knowledge concerning Italian art. Taine, from his profound knowledge of English literature and French history, his positivist ideas and his insight into painting, was well fitted to sum up the results of three centuries of research. We have hitherto seen our travellers preferring the art of one period, and even the new cult of Mediævalism did not exist without a corresponding neglect of the Renaissance. Taine in his philosophical letters brings forward the history, but preserves an admirably picturesque style and a keen sense of beauty, with appropriate colour of phrase for every sensation. Other writers after him may glean a new impression here and there, but it will hardly be possible to take a more comprehensive view of the entire problem of Italian art. He has little of the superciliousness generally affected by Frenchmen when speaking of Italy; and none of the *blague* which amuses but often offends us in De Brosses.

Taine, if we may place him by his own methods of classification, is the French equivalent of Ruskin. The two men are very different indeed in many of the results they arrive at, but each represents the best culture of the respective educations of their countries. Where Ruskin is diffuse and scholastic in the manner of an Oxford commentator, Taine is methodical and clear; Ruskin loves to quote inscriptions, Taine prefers to arrive at general principles. Ruskin's fault is that out of many facts he arrives at few principles; Taine's fault is that he is inclined to find a principle for every fact. We need not follow the gifted Frenchman in all his deductions. It is not to be believed that the results of Italian civilisation can be included in any series of generalisations, however far-reaching.

¹ This book has been done into English, but we have translated our extracts anew.

We have sought to express one persistent national factor in the word Catholicism, but we can no more find a formula for Italian art than we could define the result of Shakespeare's plays. The consideration of anything that is natural leads us to an infinity of cause and effect, and in the positivists' work we see a vain attempt to isolate a certain class of phenomena, and mark nothing more than the interaction of the various influences or things belonging to that class. Comprehensive as the view of Taine is, we should not be satisfied with his book alone, for scientific study of the art of a nation will never give us all we need. Art does not exist in the abstract, it only begins to be something tangible when a human temperament is affected by it. We can usefully learn from others what it means to them; science can only trace the evolution, and is invariably cold with regard to the human influence.¹

For the painter working in Italy some suggestions made in the letters of HENRI REGNAULT (the painter who died too soon, but at the call of national duty) may be mentioned. "I think it is almost harmful," he wrote in 1867, "to come to Rome before knowing thoroughly the history of the art which is to be so clearly read in Florence, and whose gaps may be filled in at Padua, Parma, Siena, Pisa, Venice, and other towns. What are we to do when suddenly put face to face with the formidable giant of the Sistine chapel? How can we preserve any hope in his presence, when at each visit we are crushed with wonder and admiration, so strangely mingled that they may very well be fear?" After pointing out that every pre-eminent master breaks the mould, Regnault goes on: "I have made up my mind to begin by a thorough study of the masters who enabled Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo to be what they were. Not that I think they will make me a Raphael, a Titian, a Leonardo, or a Veronese all in one; I have no such great ambition. But the earlier painters (I only speak of those I saw at Florence) are to be studied in their quaint yet profound sentiment, and show their qualities of colour more readily than the achieved masters, who wilfully conceal their secrets." Regnault, as a matter of fact, finally formed himself on the Spanish schools,

¹ Among later French books are Francis Wey's *Rome*, and C. Yriarte's books on Venice, Florence, and on Mantegna. *The Pèlerinages Ombriens* of J. C. Broussole may also be noted, and Paul Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie* (1891). M. A. Bournet has written pleasantly on French travellers and painters in Rome and in Venice.

which, with the best Dutch schools, have now an increasingly great influence.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS went to Italy shortly after leaving Oxford in 1863, and made several visits there in succeeding years. The first volume of his *Renaissance in Italy*¹ was published under the title of *The Age of the Despots* in 1875, and succeeding volumes were *The Revival of Learning*, the *Fine Arts*, and the *Catholic Reaction*. These works are a sequence of essays rather than documented histories, but they are indispensable to the student of Italian history. The judgments are always moderate, the style is brilliant and varied; and admiration of art does not blind the writer to scientific principles; he always preserves his native Protestantism, though he has an unprejudiced insight into the Catholic spirit and a ready comprehension of Italian character. One of the greatest aids to the understanding of Italian history or art is a knowledge of the modern Italians, which is only to be acquired by some years of close personal intercourse. Symonds was also able to estimate the comparative value of modern Italian historians, for it must be remembered that their accounts of earlier periods have occasionally been biassed by an immediate political motive, so potent still is the influence of the Papacy, which in some eyes can do nothing good. As a traveller Symonds is specially commendable for the notes on the smaller towns which he contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, now collected in three volumes. This writer of prolific industry also translated Benvenuto Cellini's *Life*, the *Memoirs* of Carlo Gozzi, and produced an efficient if not remarkable biography of Michael Angelo. A gleaner who must not be neglected is FRANCIS ELLIOT, the author of *An Idle Woman in Italy*. The descriptions of the towns to the north and south of Rome have a charm of colour which makes them very attractive; the author's learning, too, is not inconsiderable. In not a few cases Mrs. Elliot's descriptions of classical Rome take up ground which other writers have left untrod because of its familiarity. To sum up the recollections of the Roman Forum is a hazardous experiment, but the most learned scholar may often be usefully reminded of facts learned in his schooldays and not always clearly remembered. Mrs. Elliot succeeds where an earlier writer, Mrs. Eaton, failed. Though Mrs. Eaton's *Rome* gave a valuable epitome, it was marred by too many feminine "asides."

¹ Burckhardt's *Renaissance* is also a standard work.

Among our recent searchers in the field is to be mentioned the late Mr. GRANT ALLEN, who in taking towns like Venice or Florence followed strictly evolutionary lines. His method of dealing with churches may be quoted from his volume on Venice: "A church, as a rule, is built over the body or relics of a particular saint, in whose special honour it was originally erected. That saint was usually one of great local importance at the moment of its erection, or was peculiarly implored against plague, foreign enemies, or some other pressing and dread misfortune. In dealing with such a church, then, I endeavour to show what were the circumstances which led to its erection, and what memorials of these circumstances it still retains. In other cases it may derive its origin from some special monastic body—Benedictine, Dominican, Franciscan—and may therefore be full of the peculiar symbolism and historical allusion of the order who founded it. Wherever I have to deal with such a church, I try as far as possible to exhibit the effect which its origin had upon its architecture and decoration; to trace the image of the patron saint in sculpture or stained glass throughout the fabric; and to set forth the connection of the whole design with time and place, in order and purpose. In short, instead of looking upon monuments of the sort mainly as the products of this or that architect, I look upon them rather as material embodiments of the spirit of the age."

Perhaps the most fruitful of recent discoveries is that resulting from the researches of scholars into the records of the Comacine Guilds. The labours of Merzario and Castellani have been popularised for English readers, and also fortified by a great deal of study by the lady who called herself LEADER SCOTT in her *Cathedral Builders*. The theory put forward and supported by much evidence is that the original guild traced its origin from the later Imperial architects, who fled to the islands of the lake of Como during the barbaric invasions. From thence issued the organisations of masters and apprentices which may be traced in Florence, Siena, and other towns, besides many links connecting them with the architecture of the north. For the examination of Italian architecture from 800 to 1400, this work appears to us indispensable. Among writers who are not easy to place in any systematic order are Vernon Lee, with studies on the Renaissance and eighteenth century; Dean Stanley, from whose *Letters* (edited by Mr. R. E. Prothero) we have chosen an

admirable historical and descriptive account of Ravenna, an account which might serve as a model to future travellers; Walker, writings in the *Original*; S. Laing, who wrote suggestively on the future of the Papacy; John Richard Green, the historian, who was in Italy in 1870, and contributed articles to the *Saturday Review* on Como, Capri, and ancient art; Dean Alford (*Letters*); E. A. Freeman, whose essays concerning Venice and other towns have recently been collected. The writings of James Dennistoun and of T. A. Trollope were mostly historical, though the latter published also an account of a journey in Umbria. Recent writers have been Mr. W. D. Howells (*Venice and the Venetians*, and likewise *Tuscan Cities*), the Misses Horner (*Walks in Florence*), Mr. Horatio F. Brown (the history and likewise sketches of Venice), Mr. Marion Crawford (*Ave Roma Immortalis*), and Mr. Montgomery Carmichael. The works of all of these writers are in current circulation. Scientific criticism of art began for English readers in the practical knowledge of Sir Charles Eastlake, some time President of the Royal Academy. He was in Italy in 1816, and after the usual tour went to Rome, which he made his home for fourteen years. Besides being a painter of distinction, his *Materials for the History of Oil-Painting* and *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts* are devoted in great part to Italian subjects. Many important Italian pictures in the National Gallery were chosen by him for purchase. Eastlake has been followed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, C. Blanc, Muntz, Bode, Lafenestre, B. Behrenson, and others; but the younger writers mostly base their method on that of Morelli in the fascinating game of "attributions."

In setting down the briefest statement of a somewhat prolonged study of the travel-books of three centuries and in considering the extracts that follow, the present writer has experienced a certain change in his attitude towards Italy. Some indication of these results may be a fitting commentary on the whole subject. In the first place, a student of histories or descriptions dealing with Italy (quite apart from original research into the documents) is necessarily impressed by the magnitude of the subject. We go to Italy in light-hearted youth, fortunately unwitting of the fact that we are going to review the remains of the civilisations of 2000 years. With the results of the labours of many searchers before us, with the facility to go from town to town, is it surprising that we

bring home confused impressions and partial estimates? The humanist, the connoisseur, or the romanticist went to Italy with a certain well-defined standard to aid him, and the task would be easier to-day if we had some clue, some main principle to guide us. The first trip to Italy will preferably be a scamper through, a journey of enjoyment, and it is after that first panoramic visit that a foundation may be laid for building on, and this should surely begin with scientific study. The sentimental rhetoric so many writers indulge in is of no lasting service. A calm appreciation of the historical causes leading to the Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance eras would be an infinitely greater aid. Without any exhaustive course of study the reader can link on the establishment of the Papacy in Rome and the Eastern element in Venice to the Lombard influences and the consolidation of the early Republics. Then the monastic orders come forward, followed by the despotic governments, as much in ecclesiastical Rome as elsewhere. The invasions of France and Spain were succeeded by the Catholic reaction, and finally Italy joins in the grand movement of unity. When a general historic view has been achieved, it will be far easier to devote attention to a special period according to the preference of temperament.

Whether Italy will still fill the place in culture which it has occupied hitherto is a question which we hesitate to answer. Italian influences in architecture are at present to be seen in every big town, and in homes not a few there hangs some reproduction of the Italian rendering of the Scriptural narratives. The mere ignorant denial of the influence of Italy—which with Hebraic and Greek traditions forms the basis of all intellectual culture—is that of a young heir who thinks that he is free to do as he pleases now he has come into the estate. In a way our ancestors are never dead, they live in us more than we know, and Italy means the history of the world for centuries, whether in its direct influence or in the reactions it has caused. The Hebrew tradition is a severe discipline; Greek culture is only suited to a select class of minds; the art of Italy in some sense combines them. With the blessings of settled government and personal freedom which we enjoy, we are somewhat hampered in our quest of the manifestation of beauty. It may be argued that the spiritual truth of Puritanism is worth more than all the magnificence of other faiths; and this does not deny the value of the symbol, for to

deny that would be to do away with all art.¹ We may say again we owe very much that has dignity and grace in our towns to Italian influence ; but where we have imitated slavishly we have ceased to be English without becoming Italian. The reason of this is not far to seek : subject as much as imagination is essentially the product of the conditions of the time. The sign-manual of monasticism is on most of the early Italian monuments ; Renaissance work is marked by the necessity of satisfying the taste of despotic masters. The Reformation made a gulf which is only being filled as we come to see the real points of agreement between northern and southern civilisations. In modern countries where art has been an exotic it is a question whether we shall ever throw off the parent teaching. Personally, we would incline to the opinion that the present epoch of a practically complete recognition of the art of the past is the turning point. We cannot continue to remain in the thralldom of Italy, however important, however inspiring the themes of the past may be. The world has moved too far for them to have any influence other than the educative one, notwithstanding the hopes once entertained of bringing a mediæval simplicity into modern life.

A certain distrust of the material afforded by our own country has been the result of the excessive admiration of Italy during the last century. This distrust is connected with insufficient knowledge of our Cathedrals and the extensive post-Reformation remains we possess in England ; and surely our admitted lack of early mediæval relics is amply compensated by the superb literature from Spenser up to Chaucer, from *Piers Ploughman* to the Anglo-Saxon poems, and from the Celtic romances of chivalry and the Arthurian legend back to the Teutonic Sagas and the Edda. If we have mostly failed hitherto in the pictorial arts, it is because we have sought inspiration rather than technique in Italy. But the poetic imagination is precisely the quality in which the northern nations are not lacking. What we need is rather a sense of pictorial conception, an instinctive knowledge of what falls within the domain of sensuous vision. This faculty cannot be bestowed, but it can be trained, and Italian study will only teach us to seek, to delineate and harmonise the indwelling

¹ "I, for one, look forward to no distant date when we shall again rejoice to see our churches clothing their walls with the painters' art, which has been too long banished from them."—The Archbishop of Canterbury (Speech at Royal Academy Banquet, 1903).¹

beauty of the life around us, when we look at the art of the south in relation to the life of the south, and not as an unvarying standard. With the beauty of our historic past, the nobility of our own heroes and martyrs, the activities of our modern life, why should we go elsewhere for the subject-matter of our arts? Why seek the decoration that blossomed in a southern clime, when we have our own flowers of the field, our own beasts, birds, and butterflies? Why should not our churches, our town halls, our private dwellings more generally bear the insignia or tell the story of our forebears, or mark by their proportions or their architectural form the stern and manly genius of the race? The business of the poet or artist is to evoke beauty and order from the life about him, and that he may do so he must perforce compare the art with the civilisation of the past, for national work attempted without that experience is apt to be crude or parochial. Greece existing mainly in museums, the craftsman must study in Italy; but always remembering the essential differences of time, of place, of conditions, which can only be overridden by an epoch-making genius like that of Shakespeare, who, universal as he was, was yet in the best sense typically British too. If there is one lesson which Italy teaches us, it is that all its art is its own; with some exceptions of the individuality of genius, we see cathedral, statue, fresco, or portrait as the immediate impression of the religious belief, the classic research, the life, the civic ardour of Italy itself. If then Italy teaches us to neglect our own country, its traditions and its aspirations, it has taught us nothing at all. Marking with admiration and gratitude the results the Italians have achieved in the past, we, with a different task to perform, may yet endeavour to commemorate the collective effort of our nation, perhaps not in the same way, but still with the certainty that Art, whether plastic, pictorial, or poetic, rarely avails unless, together with a high standard of craftsmanship, it expresses the sacred hopes and the human sympathies of the race from which it springs.

VENICE AND TOWNS OF THE ADRIATIC

THE APPROACH TO VENICE

WE proceeded over fertile mountains to Bolsano. It was here first that I noticed the rocks cut into terraces, thick set with melons and Indian corn ; fig-trees and pomegranates, hanging over garden walls, clustered with fruit. In the evening we perceived several further indications of approaching Italy ; and after sunset the Adige, rolling its full tide between precipices, which looked terrifying in the dusk. Myriads of fireflies sparkled amongst the shrubs on the bank. I traced the course of these exotic insects by their blue light, now rising to the summits of the trees, now sinking to the ground, and associating with vulgar glow-worms. We had opportunities enough to remark their progress, since we travelled all night ; such being my impatience to reach the promised land !

Morning dawned just as we saw Trent dimly before us. I slept a few hours, then set out again . . . after the heats were in some measure abated ; and leaving Bergine, where the peasants were feasting before their doors, in their holiday dresses, with red pinks stuck in their ears instead of rings, and their necks surrounded with coral of the same colour, we came through a woody valley to the banks of a lake, filled with the purest and most transparent water, which loses itself in shady creeks, amongst hills entirely covered with shrubs and verdure.

The shores present one continual thicket, interspersed with knots of larches and slender almonds, starting from the underwood. A cornice of rocks runs round the whole, except where the trees descend to the very brink, and dip their boughs in the water.

It was six o'clock when I caught the sight of this unsuspected lake, and the evening shadows stretched nearly

across it. Gaining a very rapid ascent, we looked upon its placid bosom, and saw several airy peaks rising above tufted foliage. I quitted the contemplation of them with regret, and, in a few hours, arrived at Borgo di Volsugano, the scene of the lake still present before the eye of my fancy.

. . . My heart beat quick when I saw some hills, not very distant, which I was told lay in the Venetian State, and I thought an age, at least, had elapsed before we were passing their base. The road was never formed to delight an impatient traveller, loose pebbles and rolling stones render it, in the highest degree, tedious and jolting. I should not have spared my execrations, had it not traversed a picturesque valley, overgrown with juniper, and strewn with fragments of rock, precipitated, long since, from the surrounding eminences, blooming with cyclamens.

I clambered up several of these crags,

Fra gli odoriferi ginepri,

to gather the flowers I have just mentioned, and found them deliciously scented. *Fratillarias*, and the most gorgeous flies, many of which I have noticed for the first time, were fluttering about and expanding their wings to the sun. There is no describing the numbers I beheld, nor their gaily varied colouring. I could not find in my heart to destroy their felicity; to scatter their bright plumage, and snatch them for ever from the realms of light and flowers. Had I been less compassionate, I should have gained credit with that respectable corps, the torturers of butterflies; and might, perhaps, have enriched their cabinets with some unknown captives. However, I left them imbibing the dews of heaven, in free possession of their native rights; and having changed horses at Tremolano, entered, at length, my long-desired Italy.

The pass is rocky and tremendous. . . . For two or three leagues there was little variation in the scenery; cliffs, nearly perpendicular on both sides, and the Brenta foaming and thundering below. Beyond, the vines began to be mantled with vines and gardens. Here and there a cottage, with shades of mulberries, made its appearance; and we often discovered, on the banks of the river, ranges of white buildings, with courts and awnings, beneath which numbers of women and children were employed in manufacturing silk. As we advanced the stream gradually widened, and the rocks receded; woods were more frequent and cottages thicker strown.

About five in the evening we left the country of crags and precipices, of mists and cataracts, and were entering the fertile territory of the Bassanese. It was now I beheld groves of olives, and vines clustering the summits of the tallest elms; pomegranates in every garden, and vases of citron and orange before almost every door. The softness and transparency of the air soon told me I was arrived in happier climates, and I felt sensations of joy and novelty run through my veins, upon beholding this smiling land of groves and verdure stretched out before me. A few hazy vapours, I can hardly call them clouds, rested upon the extremities of the landscape; and, through their medium, the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray. Peasants were returning home, singing as they went, and calling to each other over the hills; whilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cottage, and preparing their country fare.

. . . Our route to Venice lay winding along the variegated plains I had surveyed from Mosolente; and after dining at Treviso we came in two hours and a half to Mestre, between grand villas and gardens peopled with statues. Embarking our baggage at the last mentioned place, we stepped into a gondola, whose even motion was very agreeable after the jolts of a chaise. We were soon out of the canal of Mestre, terminating by an isle which contains a cell dedicated to the Holy Virgin, peeping out of a thicket, whence spire up two tall cypresses. Its bells tinkled as we passed along and dropped some paolis into a net tied at the end of a pole stretched out to us for that purpose.

As soon as we had doubled the cape of this diminutive island, an expanse of sea opened to our view, the domes and towers of Venice rising from its bosom. Now we began to distinguish Murano, St. Michele, St. Giorgio in Alga, and several other islands, detached from the grand cluster, which I hailed as old acquaintances; innumerable prints and drawings having long since made their shapes familiar. Still gliding forward, we every moment distinguished some new church or palace in the city, suffused with the rays of the setting sun, and reflected with all their glow of colouring from the surface of the waters.

The air was calm; the sky cloudless; a faint wind just breathing upon the deep, lightly bore its surface against the steps of a chapel in the island of San Secondo, and waved the veil before its portal, as we rowed by and coasted the walls of

its garden overhung with fig-trees and surmounted by spreading pines. The convent discovers itself through their branches, built in a style somewhat morisco, and level with the sea, except where the garden intervenes.

We were now drawing very near the city, and a confused hum began to interrupt the evening stillness; gondolas were continually passing and repassing, and the entrance of the Canal Reggio, with all its stir and bustle, lay before us. Our gondoliers turned with much address through a crowd of boats and barges that blocked up the way, and rowed smoothly by the side of a broad pavement, covered with people in all dresses and of all nations.—*Beckford*.

PERSONAL ACCOUNTS

VENICE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY¹

'Tis said that when the Huns overran Italy some meane fishermen and others left the maineland and fled for shelter to these despicable and muddy islands, which in processe of time, by industry, are growne to the greatnesse of one of the most considerable States, considered as a Republic, and having now subsisted longer than any of the foure ancient Monarchies, flourishing in greate state, wealth, and glory, by the conquest of greate territories in Italy, Dacia, Greece, Candy, Rhodes, and Sclavonia, and at present challenging the empire of all the Adriatic Sea, which they yearly espouse by casting a gold ring into it with greate pomp and ceremony on Ascension Day: the desire of seeing this was one of the reasons that hastened us from Rome.

The Doge, having heard masse in his robes of state (which are very particular, after the Eastern fashion,) together with the Senat in their gownes, imbarck'd in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentora, environ'd and follow'd by innumerable gallys, gondolas, and boates, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, musiq, and canons; having rowed about a league into the Gulph, the Duke at the prow casts a gold ring and cup into the Sea, at

¹ It is to be regretted that Montaigne says very little about Venice, because, in his words, "the curiosities of the place are so well known that I need not describe them." Thus we are deprived of an authoritative sixteenth-century account.

which a loud acclamation is echoed from the greates guns of the Arsenal and at the Liddo. We then return'd.

Two days after, taking a gondola, which is their water-coach (for land-ones there are many old men in this Citty who never saw one, or rarely a horse), we rowed up and downe the Channells, which answer to our streetes. These vessells are built very long and narrow, having necks and tailes of steele, somewhat spreading at the beake like a fishe's taile, and kept so exceedingly polish'd as to give a greate lustre; some are adorn'd with carving, others lined with velvet (commonly black), with curtains and tassells, and the seates like couches, to lie stretch'd on, while he who rows stands upright on the very edge of the boate, and with one oare bending forward as if he would fall into the Sea, rows and turnes with incredible dexterity; thus passing from channell to channell, landing his fare or patron at what house he pleases. The beakes of these vessells are like the ancient Roman rostrums.

THE RIALTO AND MERCERIA

The first publiq building I went to see was the Rialto, a bridge of one arch over the grand Canall, so large as to admit a gally to row under it, built of good marble, and having on it, besides many pretty shops, three ample and stately passages for people without any inconvenience, the two outmost nobly balustred with the same stone; a piece of Architecture much to be admir'd. It was evening, and the Canall where the Noblesse go to take the air, as in our Hide-park, was full of ladys and gentlemen. There are many times dangerous stops by reason of the multitude of gondolas ready to sink one another; and indeede they affect to leane them on one side, that one who is not accostom'd to it would be afraid of over-setting. Here they were singing, playing on harpsicords and other musick, and serenading their mistresses; in another place racing and other pastimes upon the water, it being now exceeding hot.

Next day I went to their Exchange, a place like ours frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent: from thence my guide led me to the Fondigo di Tedeschi, which is their magazine, and here many of the merchants, especialy Germans, have their lodging and diet as in a college. The outside of this stately fabric is painted by Giorgione da Castelfranco, and Titian himselfe.

Hence I pass'd thro' the Merceria, which is one of the most delicious streetes in the world for the sweetnesse of it, and is all the way on both sides tapistred as it were with cloth of gold, rich damasks and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floore, and with that variety that for neere halfe the yeare spent cheifly in this Citty I hardly remember to have seene the same piece twice expos'd; to this add the perfumes, apothecaries shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keepe, that entertaine you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes you would imagine yourselfe in the country, when indeede you are in the middle of the Sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses. This streete, pav'd with brick and exceedingly cleane, brought us thro' an arch into the famous Piazza of St. Marc. . . .

THE PIAZZA AND ST. MARK'S

The buildings in this Piazza are all arch'd, on pillars, pav'd within with black and white polish'd marble even to the shops, the rest of the fabric as stately as any in Europ, being not only marble but the architecture is of the famous Sansovini, who lies buried in St. Jacomo at the end of the Piazza. The battlements of this noble range of building are rail'd with stone, and thick set with excellent statues, which add a great ornament. One of the sides is yet much more Roman-like than the other which regards the Sea, and where the Church is plac'd. The other range is plainly Gotiq: and so we entred into St. Marc's Church, before which stand two brasse pedestals exquisitely cast and figur'd, which beare as many tall masts painted red, on which upon greate festivals they hang flags and streamers. The Church is also Gothic; yet for the preciousnesse of the materials being of severall rich marbles, abundance of porphyrie, serpentine, etc., far exceeding any in Rome, St. Peter's hardly excepted. I much admired the splendid historie of our B. Saviour compos'd all of Mosaic over the faciata, below which and over the cheife gate are four horses cast in coper as big as the life, the same that formerly were transported from Rome by Constantine to Byzantium, and thence by the Venetians hither. They are supported by 8 porphyrie columns of very great size and value. Being come into the Church, you see nothing, and tread on nothing,

but what is precious. The floore is all inlayed with achats, lazuli's, calcedons, jaspers, porphyries and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work ; the walls sumptuously incrusted and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The rooffe is of most excellent Mosaic ; but what most persons admire is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the Church. In the midst of this rich volto rise five cupolas, the middle very large and sustayn'd by 36 marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles : under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquarie of severall sorts of jewells, engraven with figures after the Greeke maner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is cover'd with a canopy of ophit, on which is sculptur'd the storie of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these are four other columns of transparent and true Oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the mines of Solomon's Temple as they report. There are many chapells and notable monuments of illustrious persons, Dukes, Cardinals, etc., as Zeno, Jo. Soranzi, and others : there is likewise a vast baptisterie of coper. Among other venerable reliques is a stone on which they say our Blessed Lord stood preaching to those of Tyre and Sidon, and neere the doore is an image of Christ, much ador'd, esteeming it very sacred, for that a rude fellow striking it, they say, there gush'd out a torrent of blood. . . .

THE TREASURY

The next day, by favour of the French Ambassador, I had admittance with him to see the Reliquary call'd here *Tresoro di San Marco*, which very few even of travellers are admitted to see. It is a large chamber full of presses. There are twelve breast-plates, or pieces of pure golden armour studded with precious stones, and as many crownes dedicated to St. Mark by so many noble Venetians who had recovered their wives taken at sea by the Saracens ; many curious vases of achats ; the cap or cornet of the Dukes of Venice, one of which had a rubie set on it esteemed worth 200,000 crownes ; two unicorns hornes ; numerous vases and dishes of achat set thick with precious stones and vast pearles ; divers heads of Saints inchas'd in gold ; a small ampulla or glasse with our Saviour's blood ; a greate morcell of the real crosse ; one of

the nailes ; a thorn ; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound when scourged ; the standard or ensigne of Constantine ; a piece of St. Luke's arme ; a rib of St. Stephen ; a finger of Mary Magdalene ; numerous other things which I could not remember ; but a priest, first vesting himselfe in his sacerdotals with the stole about his neck, shew'd us the Gospel of St. Mark (their tutelar patron) written by his own hand, and whose body they shew buried in the Church, brought hither from Alexandria many years ago. . . .

THE VENETIAN NOBILITY

It was now Ascension Weeke, and the greate Mart or Faire of the whole yeare was now kept, every body at liberty and jollie. The noblemen stalking with their ladys on *choppines* ; these are high-heel'd shoes, particularly affected by these proude dames, or, as some say, invented to keepe them at home, it being very difficult to walke with them ; whence one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, that they were *mezzo carne, mezzo ligno*, half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming allwayes in masquerade ; their other habits are totally different from all nations. They weare very long crisped haire, of severall strakes and colours, which they make so by a wash, dischevellling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no head, but an hole to put out their heads by ; they drie them in the sunn, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their petticoates coming from their very arme-pits, so that they are neere three quarters and an half apron ; their sleeves are made exceeding wide, under which their shift sleeves as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, shewing their naked armes, thro' false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of points richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow vaile of lawn very transparent. Thus attir'd they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants or old women, to support them, who are mumbling their beades. 'Tis ridiculous to see how these ladys crawl in and out of their *gondolas* by reason of their *choppines*, and what dwarfs they appeare when taken downe from their wooden scaffolds ; of these I saw near thirty together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world,

for courtezans or the citizens may not weare *choppines*, but cover their bodies and faces with a vaile of a certaine glittering taffeta or lustreè, out of which they now and then dart a glaunce of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it ; nor may the com'on misses take this habit, but go abroad barefac'd. To the corners of these virgin-vailes hang broad but flat tossells of curious Point de Venize ; the married women go in black vailes. The nobility weare the same colour, but of fine cloth lin'd with taffeta in Summer, with fur of the bellies of squirrells in the Winter, which all put on at a certaine day girt with a girdle emboss'd with silver ; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts weare in Oxford, and a hood of cloth made like a sack, cast over their left shoulder, and a round cloth black cap fring'd with wool which is not so comely ; they also weare their collar open to shew the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seene pearle for colour and bignesse comparable to what the ladys wear, most of the noble families being very rich in jewells, especialy pearles, which are always left to the son or brother who is destined to marry, which the eldest seldome do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, etc., of damasc, very stately. Nor was I lesse surpris'd with the strange variety of the severall nations which were seen every day in the streetes and piazzas ; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moores, Greekes, Slavonians, some with their targets and boucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous Emporium, which is allways crowded with strangers. . . .

THE ARSENAL

The Arsenal is thought to be one of the best furnish'd in the world. We entred by a strong port always guarded, and ascending a spacious gallery saw armes of back, breast, and head, for many thousands ; in another were saddles, over them ensignes taken from the Turks. Another Hall is for the meeting of the Senat ; passing a graff are the smiths forges, where they are continually at work on ankers and iron work. Neere it is a well of fresh water, which they impute to two rhinoceros's horns which they say lie in it and will preserve it from ever being empoison'd. Then we came to where the carpenters were building their magazines of oares, masts, etc., for an hundred gallys and ships, which have all their aparell

and furniture neere them. Then the founderie, where they cast ordinance ; the forge is 450 paces long, and one of them has thirteen furnaces. There is one cannon weighing 16,573 lbs. cast whilst Henry the Third dined, and put into a gally built, rigg'd, and fitted for launching within that time. They have also armes for 12 galeasses, which are vessells to rowe, of almost 150 foote long and 30 wide, not counting prow or poop, and contain 28 banks of oares, each 7 men, and to carry 1300 men, with 3 masts. In another a magazin for 50 gallys, and place for some hundreds more. Here stands the Bucentaur, with a most ample deck, and so contriv'd that the slaves are not seene, having on the poop a throne for the Doge to sit, when he gos in triumph to espouse the Adriatic. Here is also a gallery of 200 yards long for cables, and over that a magazine of hemp.—*Evelyn.*

VENICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The rooms of our hotel are spacious and cheerful ; a lofty hall, or rather gallery, painted with grotesque in a very good style, perfectly clean, floored with a marbled stucco, divides the house and admits a refreshing current of air. Several windows near the ceiling look into this vast apartment, which serves in lieu of a court, and is rendered perfectly luminous by a glazed arcade, thrown open to catch the breezes. Through it I passed to a balcony which impends over the canal, and is twined round with plants forming a green festoon springing from two large vases of orange trees placed at each end. Here I established myself to enjoy the cool, and observe, as well as the dusk would permit, the variety of figures shooting by in their gondolas. As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas moving rapidly along were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticos ; till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose

voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound, and long after I was asleep, the melody seemed to vibrate in my brain.

THE GRAND CANAL

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers hurrying from boat to boat, formed one of the liveliest pictures imaginable. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and upon inquiry I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit, before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. I gazed, delighted with its superb frontispiece and dome, relieved by a clear blue sky. To criticise columns or pediments of the different façades, would be time lost; since one glance upon the worst view that has been taken of them, conveys a far better idea than the most elaborate description. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing except an old priest who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, by far the most perfect and beautiful edifice my eyes ever beheld.

When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole

in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and reclining under its shade, my feet dangling over the waters, viewed the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side and extending out of sight. The Doge's residence and the tall columns at the entrance of the place of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with the spoils of different nations, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederic Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander the Third, and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the Doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates in long black robes were already arriving to fill their respective charges.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions; and, whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz and rumour of the town. Fortunately a length of waves rolled between me and its tumults; so that I ate my grapes, and read Metastasio, undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave, and applauded the genius of Palladio. . . .

AN EXCURSION

It was midday, and I begged to be rowed to some woody island, where I might dine in shade and tranquillity. My gondoliers shot off in an instant; but, though they went at a very rapid rate, I wished to fly faster, and getting into a bark with six oars, swept along the waters, soon left the Zecca and San Marco behind; and, launching into the plains of shining sea, saw turret after turret, and isle after isle, fleeting

before me. A pale greenish light ran along the shores of the distant continent, whose mountains seemed to catch the motion of my boat, and to fly with equal celerity.

I had not much time to contemplate the beautiful effects on the waters—the emerald and purple hues which gleamed along their surface. Our prow struck, foaming, against the walls of the Carthusian garden, before I recollected where I was, or could look attentively around me. Permission being obtained, I entered this cool retirement, and putting aside with my hands the boughs of fig-trees and pomegranates, got under an ancient bay, near which several tall pines lift themselves up to the breezes. I listened to the conversation they held, with a wind just flown from Greece, and charged, as well as I could understand this airy language, with many affectionate remembrances from their relations on Mount Ida.

I reposed amidst bay leaves, fanned by a constant air, till it pleased the fathers to send me some provisions, with a basket of fruit and wine. Two of them would wait upon me, and ask ten thousand questions. . . . I, who was deeply engaged with the winds, and fancied myself hearing these rapid travellers relate their adventures, wished my interrogators in purgatory, and pleaded ignorance of the Italian language. This circumstance extricated me from my difficulties, and procured me a long interval of repose.

The rustling of the pines had the same effect as the murmurs of other old story-tellers, and I slept undisturbed till the people without, in the boat (who wondered not a little, I dare say, what the deuce was become of me within), began a sort of chorus in parts, full of such plaintive modulation, that I still thought myself under the influence of a dream, and, half in this world and half in the other, believed, like the heroes of Fingal, that I had caught the music of the spirits of the hill.

When I was thoroughly convinced of the reality of these sounds, I moved towards the shore from whence they proceeded: a glassy sea lay full before me; no gale ruffled the expanse; every breath was subsided, and I beheld the sun go down in all its sacred calm. You have experienced the sensations this moment inspires; imagine what they must have been in such a scene, and accompanied with a melody so simple and pathetic. I stepped into my boat, and instead of encouraging the speed of the gondoliers, begged them to abate their ardour, and row me lazily home. They complied, and we were near an hour reaching the platform before the ducal palace. . . .

THE PIAZZA

I looked a moment at the four stately coursers of bronze and gold that adorn the chief portal, and then took in at one glance the whole extent of the piazza, with its towers and standards. A more noble assemblage was never exhibited by architecture. I envied the good fortune of Petrarch, who describes, in one of his letters, a tournament held in this princely opening. Many are the festivals which have been here celebrated. When Henry the Third left Poland to mount the throne of France, he passed through Venice, and found the Senate waiting to receive him in their famous square, which by means of an awning stretched from the balustrades of opposite palaces, was metamorphosed into a vast saloon, sparkling with artificial stars, and spread with the richest carpets of the East. . . . Having enjoyed the general perspective of the piazza, I began to enter into particulars, and examine the bronze pedestals of the three standards before the great church, designed by Sansovino in the true spirit of the antique, and covered with relievos, at once bold and elegant. It is also to this celebrated architect we are indebted for the stately façade of the *Procuratie nuove*, which forms one side of the square, and presents an uninterrupted series of arcades and marble columns exquisitely wrought. Opposite this magnificent range appears another line of palaces, whose architecture, though far removed from the Grecian elegance of Sansovino, impresses veneration, and completes the pomp of the view.

There is something strange and singular in the Tower or Campanile, which rises distinct from the smooth pavement of the square, a little to the left as you stand before the chief entrance of St. Mark's.¹ The design is barbarous and terminates in uncouth and heavy pyramids; yet in spite of these defects it struck me with awe. A beautiful building called the Logetta, and which serves as a guard-house during the convocation of the Grand Council, decorates its base. Nothing can be more enriched, more finished than this structure; which, though far from diminutive, is in a manner lost at the foot of

¹ Beckford means "with your back to the chief entrance." The passage that follows is, when we consider the recent fall of the Campanile, a strangely mistaken prophecy; but Beckford was no judge of towers, for the vast one he erected at Fonthill fell down too.

the Campanile. This enormous fabric seems to promise a long duration, and will probably exhibit St. Mark and his Lion to the latest posterity. Both appear in great state towards its summit, and have nothing superior, but an archangel perched on the highest pinnacle, and pointing to the skies. The dusk prevented my remarking the various sculptures with which the Logetta is crowded.

Crossing the ample space between this graceful edifice and the ducal palace, I passed through a labyrinth of pillars and entered the principal court, of which nothing but the great outline was visible at so late an hour. Two reservoirs of bronze, richly sculptured, diversify the area. In front a magnificent flight of steps presents itself, by which the senators ascend through vast and solemn corridors, which lead to the interior of the edifice. . . . The various portals, the strange projections ; in short, the stately irregularities of these stately piles delighted me beyond idea. . . . This fit of enthusiasm was hardly subsided, when I passed the gates of the palace into the great square, which received a faint gleam from its casinos and palaces, just beginning to be lighted up, and to become the resort of pleasure and dissipation. Numbers were walking in parties upon the pavement ; some sought the convenient gloom of the porticos with their favourites ; others were earnestly engaged in conversation, and filled the gay illuminated apartments, where they resorted to drink coffee and sorbet with laughter and merriment. A thoughtless, giddy transport prevailed ; for, at this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question ; and however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig and robe and gravity to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN

. . . This is the tribunal which holds the wealthy nobility in continual awe ; before which they appear with trembling and terror, and whose summons they dare not disobey. Sometimes, by way of clemency, it condemns its victims to perpetual imprisonment, in close, stifling cells, between the leads and beams of the palace ; or, unwilling to spill the blood of a fellow-citizen, generally sinks them into dungeons, deep under

the canals which wash its foundations; so that, above and below, its majesty is contaminated by the abodes of punishment. What other sovereign could endure the idea of having his immediate residence polluted with tears? or revel in his halls, conscious that many of his species were consuming their hours in lamentations above his head, and that but a few beams separated him from the scene of their tortures? However gaily disposed, could one dance with pleasure on a pavement, beneath which lie damp and gloomy caverns, whose inhabitants waste away by painful degrees, and feel themselves whole years a-dying? . . . Abandoning . . . the sad tenants of the piombi to their fate, I left the courts, and stepping into my bark was rowed down a canal overshadowed by the lofty walls of the palace. Beneath these fatal waters the dungeons I have also been speaking of are situated. There the wretches lie marking the sound of the oars, and counting the free passage of every gondola. Above, a marble bridge, of bold majestic architecture, joins the highest part of the prisons to the secret galleries of the palace; from whence criminals are conducted over the arch to a cruel and mysterious death. I shuddered whilst passing below; and believe it is not without cause, this structure is named *Ponte dei Sospiri*. Horrors and dismal prospects haunted my fancy upon my return. I could not dine in peace, so strongly was my imagination affected; but, snatching my pencil, I drew chasms and subterraneous hollows, the domain of fear and torture, with chains, racks, wheels, and dreadful engines in the style of Piranesi.¹ . . .

THE ISLANDS

I am just returned from visiting the isles of Murano,² Torcello, and Mazorbo, distant about five miles from Venice. To these amphibious spots the Romans, inhabitants of eastern

¹ This passage is characteristic as showing the sensations sought in Venice after Horace Walpole had started romance with the "Castle of Otranto." Ruskin has rightly warned us that "Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday," and that "no great merchant ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest." Ruskin, however, omits to add that there was an earlier Rialto.

² Evelyn likewise went to Murano, which he calls even then "famous for the best glasses of the world. . . . 'Tis the white flints which they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small and mix with ashes made of a sea-weed brought out of Styria, and a white sand, that causes this manufacture to excell."

Lombardy, fled from the rapine of Attila; and, if we may believe Cassiodorus, there was a time when they presented a beautiful appearance. Beyond them, on the coast of the Lagunes, rose the once populous city of Altina, with its six stately gates, which Dandolo mentions. Its neighbourhood was scattered with innumerable villas and temples, composing altogether a prospect which Martial compares to Baiæ:

“Æmula Baiunis Altini littora villis.”

But this agreeable scene, like so many others, is passed entirely away, and has left nothing, except heaps of stones and mis-shapen fragments, to vouch for its former magnificence. Two of the islands, Costanziano and Amiano, that are imagined to have contained the bowers and gardens of the Altinians, have sunk beneath the waters; those which remain are scarcely worthy to rise above their surface.

Though I was persuaded little was left to be seen above ground, I could not deny myself the imaginary pleasure of treading a corner of the earth once so adorned and cultivated; and of walking over the roofs, perhaps, of concealed halls and undiscovered palaces. Hiring therefore a *peiotte*, we took some provisions and music (to us equally necessities of life), and launched into the canal, between St. Michael and Murano.

The waves coursed each other with violence, and dark clouds hung over the grand sweep of northern mountains, whilst the west smiled with azure and bright sunshine. Thunder rolled awfully at a distance, and those white and greyish birds, the harbingers of storms, flitted frequently before our bark. For some moments we were in doubt whether to proceed; but as we advanced by a little dome in the Isle of St. Michael, shaped like an ancient temple, the sky cleared, and the ocean subsiding by degrees, soon presented a tranquil expanse, across which we were smoothly wafted. Our instruments played several delightful airs, that called forth the inhabitants of every island, and held them silent, as if spell-bound, on the edge of their quays and terraces, till we were out of hearing.

Leaving Murano far behind, Venice and its world of turrets began to sink on the horizon, and the low desert isles beyond Mazorbo to lie stretched out before us. Now we behold vast wastes of purple flowers, and could distinguish the low hum of the insects which hover above them; such

was the silence of the place. Coasting these solitary fields, we wound amongst several serpentine canals, bordered by gardens of figs and pomegranates, with neat Indian-looking inclosures of cane and reed : an aromatic plant clothes the margin of the waters, which the people justly dignify with the title of marine incense. It proved very serviceable in subduing a musky odour, which attacked us the moment we landed, and which proceeds from serpents that lurk in the hedges. These animals, say the gondoliers, defend immense treasures which lie buried under the ruins. Woe to those who attempt invading them, or prying too cautiously about !

Not choosing to be devoured, we left many a mount of fragments unnoticed, and made the best of our way to a little green, free from weeds or adders, bounded on one side by a miserable shed, decorated with the name of the Podesta's residence, and on the other by a circular church. Some remains of tolerable antique sculpture are enchased in the walls ; and the dome, supported by pillars of a smooth Grecian marble, though uncouth and ill-proportioned, impresses a sort of veneration, and transports the fancy to the twilight glimmering period when it was raised.

Having surveyed what little was visible, and given as much career to our imaginations as the scene inspired, we walked over a soil composed of crumbling bricks and cement to the cathedral ; whose arches, turned on the ancient Roman principle, convinced us that it dates as high as the sixth or seventh century.

Nothing can be well more fantastic than the ornaments of this structure, formed from the ruins of the Pagan temples of Altina, and incrusting with a gilt mosaic, like that which covers our Edward the Confessor's tomb. The pavement, composed of various precious marbles, is richer and more beautiful than one could have expected, in a place where every other object savours of the grossest barbarism. At the farther end, beyond the altar, appears a semicircular niche, with seats like the gradines of a diminutive amphitheatre ; above rise the quaint forms of the apostles, in red, blue, green, and black mosaic, and in the midst of the goodly group a sort of marble chair, cool and penitential enough, where St. Lorenzo Giustiniani sat to hold a provincial council, the Lord knows how long ago ! The fount for holy water stands by the principal entrance, fronting this curious recess, and seems to have belonged to some place of Gentile worship. The

figures of horned imps cling round its sides, more devilish, more Egyptian, than any I ever beheld.¹ The dragons on old china are not more whimsical: I longed to have it filled with bats' blood, and to have sent it by way of present to the Sabbath; I can assure you it would have done honour to their witcheries. The sculpture is not the most delicate, but I cannot say a great deal about it, as but little light reaches the spot where it is fixed. Indeed, the whole church is far from luminous, its windows being narrow and near the roof, with shutters composed of blocks of marble, which nothing but the last whirlwind, one should think, could move from their hinges.

By the time we had examined every nook and corner of this singular edifice, and caught perhaps some small portion of sanctity by sitting in San Lorenzo's chair, dinner was prepared in a neighbouring convent, and the nuns, allured by the sound of our flutes and oboes, peeped out of their cells and showed themselves by dozens at the grate. Some few agreeable faces and interesting eyes enlivened the dark sisterhood; all seemed to catch a gleam of pleasure from the music; two or three of them, probably the last immured, let fall a tear, and suffered the recollection of the world and its profane joys to interrupt for a moment their sacred tranquillity.

We stayed till the sun was low, and the breezes blew cool from the ocean, on purpose that they might listen as long as possible to a harmony which seemed to issue, as the old abbess expressed herself, from the gates of paradise ajar. A thousand benedictions consecrated our departure; twilight came on just as we entered the bark and rowed out upon the waves, agitated by a fresh gale, but fearing nothing under the protection of St. Margherita, whose good wishes our music had secured.—*Beckford*.

THOUGHTS FROM GOETHE

It was for no idle fancy that this race fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security

¹ The question of the origin of this Byzantine decoration at Torcello is a difficult one. The period—which Beckford states correctly as being the seventh century—is too early for Longobardic influences, and the spirit (apart from the execution) of the work is not Byzantine. For theories thereon see Leader Scott (*Cathedral Builders*, p. 73, 2nd ed.).

in a highly disadvantageous situation, that afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were a necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced like trees inclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied them in breadth. Being niggards of every inch of ground, as having been from the very first compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was just necessary to separate a row of houses from the one opposite, and to afford the citizens a narrow passage. Moreover, water supplied the place of street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and thus Venice can only be compared with itself. The large canal, winding like a serpent, yields to no street in the world, and nothing can be put by the side of the space in front of St. Mark's Square—I mean that great mirror of water, which is encompassed by Venice Proper, in the form of a crescent. . . .

I seated myself in a gondola, and went along the northern part of the grand canal, into the lagunes, and then entered the Canal della Giudecca, going as far as the square of St. Mark. Now was I also one of the birds of the Adriatic sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be, whilst reclining in his gondola. I then thought with due honour of my good father, who knew of nothing better than to talk about the things I now witnessed. And will it not be so with me likewise? All that surrounds me is dignified—a grand venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapours are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining and their power has sunk, still the great place and the essential character will not for a moment be less venerable to the observer. Venice succumbs to time, like everything that has a phenomenal existence. . . .

I ascended the tower of St. Mark's: as I had lately seen from its top the lagunes in their glory at flood time, I wished also to see them at low water; for in order to have a correct idea of the place, it is necessary to take in both views. It

looks rather strange to see land all around one, where a little before the eye fell upon a mirror of waters. The islands are no longer islands—merely higher and house-crowned spots in one large morass of a gray-greenish colour, and intersected by beautiful canals. The marshy parts are overgrown with aquatic plants. . . .

My old gift of seeing the world with the eyes of that artist, whose pictures have most recently made an impression on me, has occasioned me some peculiar reflections. It is evident that the eye forms itself by the objects, which, from youth upward, it is accustomed to look upon, and so the Venetian artist must see all things in a clearer and brighter light than other men. We, whose eye when out of doors falls on a dingy soil, which, when not muddy, is dusty, and which, always colourless, gives a sombre hue to the reflected rays, or at home spend our lives in close, narrow rooms, can never attain to such a cheerful view of nature. As I floated down the lagoons in the full sunshine,¹ and observed how the figures of the gondoliers stood out from the bright green surface and against the blue sky, as they rowed lightly swaying above the sides of the gondola, I caught the best and freshest type possible of the Venetian school. . . .

A delicious day from morning to night! I have been towards Chiozza,² as far as Pelestrina, where are the great structures, called *Murazzi*, which the Republic has caused to

¹ With Goethe's picture of Venice in sunshine may be contrasted Shelley's description as follows: "We passed the laguna in the middle of the night in a most violent storm of wind, rain, and lightning. It was very curious to observe the elements above in a state of such tremendous convulsion, and the surface of the water almost calm; for these lagunas, though five miles broad, a space enough in a storm to sink a gondola, are so shallow that the boatmen drive the boat along with a pole. The sea-water, furiously agitated by the wind, shone with sparkles like stars. Venice, now hidden and now disclosed by the driving rain, shone dimly with its lights."

² "There is not much to see in poor little Chioggia," writes Mr. W. D. Howells, "except its people, who, after a few minutes' contemplation, can hardly interest any one but the artist." The French painter, Léopold Robert, who rendered the peasant life of the Italians with much charm, remarks of the Chioggia fishermen "*ils sont superbes*." Their type is certainly different from that of the Venetians, and it has been attributed to Greek blood.

be raised against the sea. They are of hewn stone, and properly are intended to protect from the fury of the wild element the tongue of land called the Lido, which separates the lagoons from the sea.

The lagunes are the work of old nature. First of all, the land and tide, the ebb and flow, working against one another, and then the gradual sinking of the primal waters, were, together, the causes why, at the upper end of the Adriatic, we find a pretty extensive range of marshes, which, covered by the flood-tide, are partly left bare by the ebb. Art took possession of the highest spots, and thus arose Venice, formed out of a group of a hundred isles, and surrounded by hundreds more. Moreover, at an incredible expense of money and labour, deep canals have been dug through the marshes, in order that at the time of high water, ships of war might pass to the chief points. What human industry and wit contrived and executed of old, skill and industry must now keep up. The Lido, a long narrow strip of land, separates the lagunes from the sea, which can enter only at two points—at the castle and at the opposite end near Chiozza. The tide flows in usually twice a day, and with the ebb again carries out the waters twice, and always by the same channel and in the same direction. The flood covers the lower parts of the morass, but leaves the higher, if not dry, yet visible.

The case would be quite altered were the sea to make new ways for itself, to attack the tongue of land and flow in and out wherever it chose. Not to mention that the little villages on the Lido, Pelestrina, viz., S. Peter's and others, would be overwhelmed, the canals of communication would be choked up, and while the water involved all in ruin, the Lido would be changed into an island, and the islands which now lie behind it be converted into necks and tongues of land. To guard against this it was necessary to protect the Lido as far as possible, lest the furious element should capriciously attack and overthrow what man had already taken possession of, and with a certain end and purpose given shape and use together.—*Goethe*.

VENETIAN LIFE

THE OLD FEAST OF THE ASCENSION¹

I happened to be at Venice thrice, at the great sea triumph, or feast of the Ascension, which was performed thus. About our eight in the morning, the senators in their scarlet robes meet at the Doge's palace, and there taking him up, they walk with him processionally unto the shore, where the Bucentoro lyes waiting them; the Pope's Nuncio being upon his right hand, and the Patriarch of Venice on his left hand. Then ascending into the Bucentoro, by a handsome bridge thrown out to the shore, the Doge takes his place, and the senators sit round about the galley as they can, to the number of two or three hundred. The Senate being placed, the anchor is weighed, and the slaves being warned by the capitain's whistle and the sound of trumpets, begin to strike all at once with their oars and to make the Bucentoro march as gravely upon the water, as if she also went upon cioppini.

Thus they steer for two miles upon the Laguna, while the musick plays, and sings Epithalmiums all the way long, and makes Neptune jealous to hear Hymen called upon in his dominions. Round about the Bucentoro flock a world of *pioltas* and gondolas, richly covered overhead with sumptuous canopies of silks and rich stuffs, and rowed by watermen in rich liveries, as well as the trumpeters. Thus foreign ambassadors, divers noblemen of the country and strangers of condition wait upon the Doge's galley all the way long, both coming and going. At last the Doge being arrived at the appointed place, throws a ring into the sea, without any other ceremony,² than by saying, *Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum perpetui domini*: and so returns to the church of S. Nicolas in Lio (an island hard by) where he assists at high mass with the Senate. This done, he returns home again in the same state; and invites those that accompanied him in his galley to dinner in his palace: the preparations of which dinner we saw before

¹ The Wedding of the Adriatic—instituted in 997—was kept up to the declining days of the Republic, and Archenholtz wrote that “in the year 1775 the number of those who arrived on the eve of Ascension day amounted to 42,480 exclusive of the preceding days.” He adds that the ceremonial was only performed in fair weather.

² Saint-Didier says that flowers and odoriferous herbs are thrown on the sea “to crown the bride.”

the Doge was got home. This ceremony of marrying the sea, as they call it, is ancient : and performed yearly in memory of the grant of Pope Alexander the Third, who being restored by the Venetians unto his seat again, granted them power over the Adriatick sea, as a man hath power over his wife ; and the Venetians to keep this possession, make every year this watery *cavalcata*. I confess, the sight is stately, and a poet would presently conceive that Neptune himself were going to be married to some Nereide.—*Lassels*.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME

Methought, when I came here from France to Venice I came from boyes to men, for here I saw the handsomest, the most sightly, the most proper and grave men that ever I saw anywhere else. They weare always in the towne (I speake of the noblemen) a long black gowne, a black cap knit with an edgeing of black wooll about it, like a fringe ; an ancient and manly weare, which makes them look like Senators. Their hair is generally the best I ever saw anywhere ; these little caps not pressing it down as our hats do, and periwigs are here forbid. Under their long gownes (which fly open before) they have handsome black suites of rich stuffs with stockins and garters and Spanish leather shoes neatly made. In a word, I never saw so many proper men together, nor so wise, as I saw dayly there walking upon the *Piazza of S. Mark*. I may boldly say, that I saw there five hundred gentlemen walking together every day, everyone of which was able to play the Ambassador in any Prince's court of Europe. But the misery is that we strangers cannot walk there with them and talk with them but must keep out of their way and stand aloof off. The reason is this : this State (as all Republicks are) being hugely gealous of her liberty and preservation, forbids her Noblemen and Senators to converse with Forrain Embassadors, or any man that either is an actual servant or follower of an Ambassador, or hath any the least relation to any Prince's Agent without expresse leave ; and this upon payne of being suspected as a Traitor and condignly punished. . . .

As for the women here, they would gladly get the same reputation that their husbands have of being tall and handsome ; but they overdo it with their horrible *cioppini* or high shoes, which I have often seen to be a full half yard high.

I confesse I wondered at first to see women go upon stilts and appear taller by the head than any man and not to be able to go any whither without resting their hands upon the shoulders of two grave matrons that usher them ; but at least I perceived that it was good policy, and a pretty ingenious way either to clog women at home by such heavy shoes (as the Egyptians kept their wives at home by allowing them no shoes at all) or at least to make them not able to go either farre or alone, or invisibly. As for the young ladyes of this towne that are not marryed, they are never seen abroad, but masked liked Moscarades in a strange disguise, at the Fair time and other publick solemnities or shows.—*Lassels*.

A PLAY-HOUSE IN 1608

I was at one of their play-houses where I saw a comedy acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately play-houses in England: neither can their actors compare with us for apparel, shows and music. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before. For I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor. Also their noble and famous courtesans came to this comedy, but so disguised, that a man cannot perceive them. For they wore double masks upon their faces, to the end they might not be seen: one reaching from the top of their forehead to their chin and under their neck; another with twiskes of downy or woolly stuff covering their noses. And as for their necks round about, they were so covered and wrapped with cobweb lawn and other things, that no part of their skin could be discerned. Upon their heads they wore little black felt caps very like to those of the clarissimoes. They were so graced that they sat on high alone by themselves in the best room of all the play-house. If any man should be so resolute to unmask one of them but in merriment only to see their faces, it is said that were he never so noble or worthy a personage, he should be cut in pieces before he should come forth of the roome, especially if he were a stranger.—*Coryatt*.

THE VENETIAN BLONDES

All the women of Venice every Saturday in the afternoon do use to anoint their hair with oil, or some other drugs, to the end to make it look fair, that is, whitish. For that colour is most affected of the Venetian dames and lasses. And in this manner they do it: first they put on a reeden hat, without any crown at all, but brims of exceeding breadth and largeness: then they sit in some sun-shining place in a chamber or some other secret room, where having a looking glass before them they sophisticate and dye their hair with the foresaid drugs, and after cast it back round upon the brims of the hat, till it be thoroughly dried with the heat of the sun: and last of all they curl it up in curious locks with a frising or crisping pin of iron, which we call in Latin *calamistrum*, the top whereof on both sides above the forehead is acuminate in two peaks. That this is true I know by my own experience. For it was my chance one day when I was in Venice, to stand by an Englishman's wife, who was a Venetian woman born: a favour not accorded to every stranger.—*Coryatt*.

A GAMBLING HELL IN 1680

When night comes and the amusements of the Piazza are ended, those of the gambling houses begin. The places where the Venetian nobility take the bank against all comers are called *ridotti*: there are several of them where the noblemen chiefly play during the whole year, but that which is specially used during the Carnival is a house near the Piazza where the world goes after the hour of the promenade. It is difficult to obtain an entrance for those who are not masked, the mask¹ being the privilege of the Venetian nobility; but a false nose or beard, or anything which makes a disguise is enough—if the wearer does not wish to play he can take it off when he is inside the rooms. These are a hall and several smaller rooms with a number of hanging chandeliers, and many tables arranged all round, at each of

¹ "The use of the mask," writes Montesquieu later, "is not a disguise but an incognito. People change their dress but seldom and everybody is recognised. Even when the Papal Nuncio wore a mask, a man knelt to him and asked for his benediction."

which a nobleman sits with his back to the wall, and offering play. Each has before him several packs of cards, a heap of gold pieces, another of silver ducats, and two torches which are ready to be held up to anyone who wishes to play, whether masked nobleman or a private gentleman. The crowd is so great that it is not easy to pass from room to room, and yet there is a greater silence than in any church. . . . The calmness and phlegm with which vast sums are won and lost, is so extraordinary, that one might call the place a school, established to teach deportment of moderation in good as well as evil fortune, instead of a place of amusement. . . . Ladies go frequently to play in the *ridotti*.—*St. Didier*.

THE CARNIVAL

We arrived here about three weeks ago. The Carnavall took up ten days of it, where we saw what in Scotland would be thought downright madness; everybody is in mask, a thing of tafeta, called a bahul, is put on the head, which covers one's face to the nose. The upper part is covered by people of quality with a white mask like what the ladys used to tye on with a chin-cloak long ago. The bahul hangs down about the shoulders a hand-breadth below the top of the shoulders. A Venetian nobleman's gown, an Armenian long garment furred, a vest called a Hongrois, which reaches to the knee, furred, or a plain scarlet, is what grave people wear; others are cloathed as they please, some like doctors of law, others with peacocks' trains and hatts as broad as six hatts, others as harlequins, ladys as country girls, and some as oddly as one's wildest dreams could represent them; *en fin*, no extravagant conceipt can outdo what one sees on St. Mark's Place. Sometimes a company of noblemen and ladys dress themselves up like country people and dance torlanos in the open place, which is the frolick I saw that I like the best, for they dance scurvily when they pretend to French or English dances (for here they dance country dances at all their balls). A torlano is somewhat like the way our Highlanders dance, but the women do it much more prettily than the men. Sometimes you shall see a young pair of eyes with a hugh nose and a vast beard playing on a guitar and acting like a mountebank. On one hand you shall hear a dispute in physick, turning all into ridiculous; on the other one, on a subject of law; some dialogues of

mere witt, and things said that are surprising enough. But on the whole matter St. Mark's Place is like a throng of fools. On Shrove Thursday a bull is beheaded by a butcher chosen by his fellows for that feat, and if he does it well in presence of the Doge and all the Senate is treated *in senerissimo*, feasted, and has the best musick at supper that can be. He I saw do it did it cleverly at one blow, and did not seem to strain neither. The Doge's guards conducted him to and from the place, and a firework is sett on fire in fair daylight. A fellow is drawn up on a flying rope, such as mountebanks use, in a ship about the bigness of a gondola (which is a very long small boat), and all the way he fires gunns and throws grenads amongst the people, but they are only paper ones. Then he flyes down from the top of St. Mark's steple, where he had left his gondola.—*James, Earl of Perth.*

THE SONG OF THE GONDOLIERS ¹

This evening I bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chaunt Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This must actually be ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one *singer* before and the other behind me. They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately. The melody, which we know through Rousseau, is of a middle kind, between choral and recitative, maintaining throughout the same cadence, without any fixed time. The modulation is also uniform, only varying with a sort of declamation both tone and measure, according to the subject of the verse. But the spirit—the life of it, is as follows:—

Without inquiring into the construction of the melody, suffice it to say that it is admirably suited to that easy class of people, who, always humming something or other to themselves, adapt such tunes to any little poem they know by heart.

Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice—the multitude admire force above everything—anxious only to be heard as far as possible. Over the

¹ “The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso's ‘Jerusalem,’ has died with the independence of Venice.”—*Hobhouse.*

silent mirror it travels far. Another in the distance, who is acquainted with the melody and knows the words, takes it up and answers with the next verse, and then the first replies, so that the one is as it were the echo of the other. The song continues through whole nights and is kept up without fatigue. The further the singers are from each other, the more touching sounds the strain. The best place for the listener is halfway between the two.

In order to let me hear it, they landed on the bank of the Giudecca, and took up different positions by the canal. I walked backwards and forwards between them, so as to leave the one whose turn it was to sing, and to join the one who had just left off. Then it was that the effect of the strain first opened upon me. As a voice from the distance it sounds in the highest degree strange—as a lament without sadness: it has an incredible effect, and is moving even to tears. I ascribed this to my own state of mind, but my old boatsman said: “è singolare, como quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando è più ben cantato.” He wished that I could hear the women of the Lido, especially those of Malamocco and Pelestrina. These also, he told me, chaunted Tasso and Ariosto to the same or similar melodies. He went on: “in the evening, while their husbands are on the sea fishing, they are accustomed to sit on the beach, and with shrill, penetrating voice to make these strains resound, until they catch from the distance the voices of their partners, and in this way they keep up a communication with them.” Is not that beautiful? and yet, it is very possible that one who heard them close by, would take little pleasure in such tones which have to vie with the waves of the sea. Human, however, and true becomes the song in this way: thus is life given to the melody, on whose dead elements we should otherwise have been sadly puzzled. It is the song of one solitary, singing at a distance, in the hope that another of kindred feelings and sentiments may hear and answer.—*Goethe.*

GONDOLAS

Gondolas themselves are things of a most romantic and picturesque appearance; I can only compare them to moths of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis. They are hung with black, and painted black, and carpeted with grey; they curl at the prow and stern, and at the former there is a

nondescript beak of shining steel, which glitters at the end of its long black mass.—*Shelley*.

THE MODERN GONDOLIER

I have had plenty of opportunities of seeing my friends the gondoliers, both in their own homes and in my apartment. Several have entertained me at their mid-day meal of fried fish and amber-coloured polenta. These repasts were always cooked with scrupulous cleanliness, and served upon a table covered with coarse linen. The polenta is turned out upon a wooden platter, and cut with a string called *lassa*. You take a large slice of it on the palm of the left hand, and break it with the fingers of the right. Wholesome red wine of the Paduan district and good white bread were never wanting. The rooms in which we met to eat looked out on narrow lanes or over pergolas of yellowing vines. Their white-washed walls were hung with photographs of friends and foreigners, many of them souvenirs from English or American employers. The men in broad black hats and lilac shirts sat round the table, girt with the red waist-wrapper, or *fascia*, which marks the ancient faction of the Castellani. The other faction, called Nicolotti, are distinguished by a black *assisa*. The quarters of the town are divided unequally and irregularly into these two parties. What was once a formidable rivalry between two sections of the Venetian populace still survives in challenges to strength and skill upon the water. . . . On all these occasions I have found these gondoliers the same sympathetic, industrious, deeply affectionate folk. They live in many respects a hard and precarious life. The winter in particular is a time of anxiety, and sometimes of privation, even to the well-to-do among them. . . . On the other hand, their life has never been so lazy as to reduce them to the scarcity of the traditional Neapolitan lazzaroni.—*J. A. Symonds*.

A VENETIAN FUNERAL

A church opens its doors; and there issues forth a red procession escorting a red bier which is placed on a red gondola. In Venice mourning wears purple. This is a funeral passing to the cemetery in the island on the way to Murano. The priests, the bearers, the candles, and the ceremonial ornaments are in the first gondola. Go and sleep,

O dead, beneath the sand impregnated with sea-salt, under the shadow of an iron cross brushed by the wing of the sea-gull ; for the bones of a Venetian, earth would be too heavy a shroud.—*Théophile Gautier*.

ARCHITECTURE AND ART

SAN MARCO (THE EXTERIOR)

Like the mosque of Cordova, which it resembles in more respects than one, the basilica of Saint Mark has more extent than height, differing from most Gothic churches, which spring skyward with their multitude of pointed arches and spires. The grand cupola in the centre is only 110 feet in height, and San Marco has preserved the character of primitive Christianity, which began, as soon as it had come out of the catacombs, to build its churches without any formulas of art on the ruins of paganism. Begun in 979, under the doge Pietro Orseolo, the basilica was slowly completed, borrowing fresh riches and new beauty from each age, and, strange as it may seem to our conception of harmony, this collection of columns, capitals, bas-reliefs, enamels and mosaics, this mingling of styles so varying as the Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arabic and Gothic, produces a perfect whole. . . .

I

The Façade towards the Piazza has five porches opening into the church, and two leading to lateral galleries outside it : in all, seven openings, three on each side of the great central porch. The principal porch is marked by two groups of four columns of porphyry and verde antique on the first stages and of six on the second, supporting the lower line of the semi-circle ; the other porches have only two columns also at each stage. Here we only refer to the façade itself, for the breadth of the porches is ornamented with cipoline, jasper and pentelic marbles, and other precious substances. We may now examine in detail the mosaics and other ornaments of this marvellous façade. Beginning with the first arcade towards the sea, we observe, above a square doorway enclosed by a grille, a Byzantine plate in black and gold in the form of a reliquary, with two angels caught up into the bands of

the ogive. Higher up, in the tympanum of the semi-circle, we see a large mosaic on a golden ground, representing the removal of the body of St. Mark from the crypts of Alexandria and its being smuggled through the Turkish customs-house between two rows of pigs, the unclean beasts which the Mussulmans will not touch except at the cost of ablutions without number. The heathens turn away with gestures of disgust, foolishly allowing the body of the apostle to be carried away. This mosaic was executed from the cartoons of Pietro Vecchia about 1650. In the curve of the moulding of the arch on the right, is let in an ancient bas-relief, Hercules bearing on his shoulders the boar of Erymanthus and spurning the Lernean hydra; in that to the spectator's left, by one the contrasts often met with in St. Mark's, we see the angel Gabriel standing winged, haloed and shod, leaning on his lance: a curious companion to the son of Jupiter and Alcmena! The second arcade has a door that is not in symmetry with the other; it is topped by a window with three ogives, in which are designed two quatrefoils, and which are surrounded by a cordon of enamels. The mosaic of the tympanum, also on a ground of gold like all the mosaics of St. Mark's, portrays the arrival of the apostle's body at Venice, where it is lowered from the ship and received by the clergy and notables of the town; the ship is shewn and the baskets of osier too in which the relics were placed. The mosaic is again by Pietro Vecchia. A seated St. Demetrius, drawing his sword half out of the scabbard, with a wild appearance of belonging to the latest days of the Empire, continues the line of varying bas-reliefs which are let into the façade of the basilica as though it were a museum.

We come now to the central door, the grand porch whose contour touches the balustrade of marble which runs above the other arcades; it is, as it should be, the richest and most ornate, not only for the mass of pillars of ancient marble which support and give it grandeur, but also for three mouldings which, two within and one without, firmly design the arch by their projection. These three flanges of sculptured ornament, carved and undercut with marvellous patience, are made up of a bushy spiral of leaves, foliage, flowers, fruit, birds, angels, saints, figures and monsters of all kinds; in the last flange the arabesques spring from the hands of two statues seated at each end of the cordon. The door, adorned with panels of bronze decorated with muzzles of fantastic animals, has for

its main ornament a niche with gilded shutters, trellised and opened in the manner of a triptych or cabinet. A *Last Judgment* of considerable size is at the top of the arcade. The composition of it was by Antonio Zanchi, and it was translated into mosaic by Pietro Spagna. The work was of about the year 1680; it was restored in 1838 from the original design. The Christ, who is not unlike that of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, is separating the good from the evil; near him he has his divine mother and his well-beloved disciple, St. John. They appear to intercede with him for the sinners, while he leans on a cross upheld by an angel with reverent care. Other angels blow on trumpets with bulged cheeks, to awake those who sleep too long in their tombs. It is above this porch, on the gallery which runs round the church that are placed, with ancient pillars for their socles, the celebrated horses which temporarily adorned Napoleon's triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. Opinions are divided as to their place of origin: some think the horses Roman work of the time of Nero, taken to Constantinople in the fourth century; others, that they came from Chios, being brought by order of Theodosius to the hippodrome of Constantinople in the fifth century. It is certain that they are antique, and that in 1205, Marino Zeno, then podestà at Constantinople, had them removed from the hippodrome and gave them to Venice. The horses are life-size, somewhat on their haunches, the manes straight and cut like those of the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon. They are among the finest relics of antiquity; with the rare quality of being true to nature and yet classical. The movement shews that they were harnessed to a triumphal car. The material is not less precious than the form, for they are said to be made of Corinthian brass, and the green patina is to be seen where the coat of gilt is worn away by time.

II

The fourth porch has the same interior arrangement as the second. The tympanum of the arcade is filled by a mosaic showing the doge, the senate, and the patricians of Venice coming to worship the body of St. Mark laid on a bier and covered by a brilliant blue drapery; in a corner lurks a group of Turks who shew their discomfiture at having allowed such a treasure to be taken from them. This mosaic is one of the

most striking in colour : it was executed by Leopoldo del Pozzo, after a design by Sebastiano Rizzi in 1728. It is very beautiful, the senator in the purple robe being as fine as anything by Titian. In the curve of the archivolt near to the big doorway is a St. George in the Greek-Byzantine style, and near, an angel or saint unknown. The fifth porch is one of the most curious. The lower portion is filled by five little windows with gilt trellises, cut in various ways. Above, the four symbolic forms in gilt-bronze—here as fantastic in form as Japanese fancies—the ox, lion, eagle, and angel look at each other obliquely, while a strange horseman, on a steed which may be meant either for Pegasus or the white horse of the Apocalypse, prances between two golden rosaces. Above this is a mosaic, the work of an unknown artist of the twelfth century, shewing a picture of great interest : the appearance of the basilica erected to receive the relics of St. Mark, as it was eight hundred years ago. The domes, of which only three are seen owing to the perspective, and the porches of the façade have much the same form as they have to-day : the horses, just then come from Constantinople, are already in place ; the central arcade has a huge Byzantine Christ with a Greek monogram, and the others are filled with rosaces, foliation, and arabesques. The body of the saint, borne on the shoulders of prelates and bishops, shews the face in profile as it is carried into the church consecrated to it. A crowd of citizens and of women is collected for the ceremony ; the latter dressed in the long bejewelled gowns which remind us of the dress of the Greek Empresses. The line of varied bas-reliefs, whose subjects we have described, is ended on this side by a Hercules carrying the boar of Calydon, and seeming to threaten a small grotesque figure half lost in a tub. Beneath this bas-relief there are two lions rampant, and lower still an antique figure in full relief holds a deflected amphora on its shoulder. The idea, which chance may have suggested, is happily repeated in the remainder of the building. The row of porches forming the first storey of the façade is bordered by a balustrade of white marble ; the second row contains five arches ; the centre one is larger than the others, its arch is seen behind the horses of Lysippus, and has no mosaic, but is glazed with round glass and ornamented with four antique pillars. Six bell-turrets, composed of four detached columns which make a niche for the statue of the evangelist and of a pinnacle surrounded by a golden crown and topped by a vane,

separate the arches, whose tympanum is in a semi-circle, and whose ribs diminish into the ogival point. The four subjects of the mosaics represent the Ascension, the Resurrection, Jesus bringing Adam and Eve and the Patriarchs out of Limbo, and the Descent from the Cross of Luigi Gaëtano, after Maffeo Verona's cartoons of 1617. In the curve of the arcades are placed nude figures of slaves, life-size, bearing on their shoulders urns and amphoras, bent down as if they wished to pour water taken from a spring into a basin; these amphoras are hollowed for the spouts, and the slaves themselves are the gargoyles. They are placed in many attitudes, and are superb in form.

III

In the ogival point of the big central window, on a dark-blue background gemmed with stars, is the lion of St. Mark, gilded, with a halo and outstretched wing, and with a claw on the gospel opened at the passage : *Pax tibi, Marce, evangelista meus*. The lion has a formidable, an apocalyptic expression, and looks over the sea like a watchful dragon; above this symbolism representing the evangelist is a St. Mark, here in human form, erect on the gable-end, and seeming to receive the homage of the neighbouring statues. These five arcades are festooned in the ogival ribs with big volutes, leafage and rich foliation cut acanthus-wise, and having for blossom an angel or saintly personage in adoration. On each gable stands a statue, St. John, St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Michael, with a halo in the form of a hat on their heads. At each end of the balustrade there are two masts painted red, on which flags are hoisted for Sundays and holidays; in a corner of the edifice, towards the Campanile, is placed a head of purple porphyry. The lateral façade, towards the Piazzetta and bordering on the Ducal Palace, deserves attention. If, notwithstanding every care and the most minute accuracy, this description seems confused, we are not to be blamed, for it is difficult precisely to describe a hybrid, composite, and varying edifice like San Marco. From the Bartolomeo door which leads to the Giant's Staircase in the court of the Palace of the Doges, the basilica shows a wall covered with marble tablets, and antique, Byzantine, or mediæval bas-reliefs, with birds, griffins, hybrids; animals of all kinds, such as lions and wild beasts pursuing hares; children half-devoured by dragons

like the Milanese eagle, and holding in their hands scrolls with half-worn inscriptions. Among the curiosities of this side are porphyry figures in two pairs, each pair identical in every particular; they are warriors with almost the dress of the Crusaders who took Jerusalem, and are sculptured in the most primitive and barbarous manner, like the most artless bas-reliefs. These men of porphyry, each with a hand on the hilt of his sword, seem to be agreeing on some desperate determination; and the vulgar opinion is that they are Harmodius and Aristogeiton making ready to kill the tyrant Hipparchus. The learned Cavaliere Mustoxidi takes them to be the four brothers Anemuria, who conspired against Alexis Comnenus, the Emperor of the East. They might very well be the four sons of Aymon: we certainly incline to this opinion. Some take the porphyry figures to be two pairs of Saracen robbers, who, having plotted to steal the treasure of St. Mark's, poisoned each other so as to have the whole booty. On this side are set up the two big pillars taken from the church of Saint-Saba at St. John of Acre: they are covered with fantastic ornaments and inscriptions in Cufic characters, which are somewhat strange and undecipherable. A little further on, at the angle of the basilica, there is a very large block of porphyry in the shape of a column's stump, with a socle and capital of white marble; it used to be used by way of a pillory for bankrupts. This custom has fallen into desuetude; nevertheless, it is not used as a seat, and the Venetians, prompt to rest on the first socle or staircase, seem to fight shy of it. A door of bronze leading to the chapel of the Baptistery, occupies the lower part of the first arcade; it has for impost a window with small columns, with the ogival point and four-leaved trefoils; two shields of light-hued enamel, one with a cross on it, and a rosace worked like fishes' scales, complete the decoration of the tympanum. A mosaic of St. Vitus in a niche, and an evangelist holding a book and a pen are designed on the lower points of the arcade. A small pediment in Renaissance style, and panels of white, broken by a green cross, fill the empty space of the second porch. A bench in red brocatella of Verona, at the foot of this species of façade in the rough, offers a comfortable seat to the idler or dreamer, who, his feet in the sun, and his head in the shade—after Zafari's recipe for comfort—thinks of nothing or of everything, while he gazes at the loggia of Sansovino by the base of the Campanile, or the blue sea, or the isle of St. George at the end of the Piazzetta.

On the capital of verde antique which supports this arcade, crouch two apocalyptic monsters, the extravagant forms of which St. John caught a glimpse in the hallucinations of the island of Patmos: one, with a bent beak like that of an eagle, holds a little heifer with limbs drawn in under it; the other, part lion, part griffin, has its claws in the body of a child turned sideways; one of the claws seems to tear the eye of the victim. The angle is formed by a thick-set column which is detached by and carries a bundle of five small columns on its broad capital. On the ceiling of the open arch (covered with slabs of various marble) there is an eagle in mosaic holding a book in its clutch. The second storey has on the gables of the arcades two finely conceived statues representing the cardinal virtues: Force caressing a pet lion leaping up like a good-humoured dog, and Fortitude holding a sword with the mien of a Bradamante. The sacristan prefers to call one of them Venice, and the other the Queen of Sheba. Amid the riches presented to the passer-by in this angle of the basilica, are encrusted malachite, varied enamels; two little angels in mosaic unfolding a cloth with the impression of the Saviour; a tall barbaric Madonna showing her child to the adoration of the faithful, and with two lamps on each side, which are lit every night; a bas-relief of peacocks spreading their fans, this perhaps a relic of some ancient temple of Juno; a St. Christopher with his burden; and capitals of the most charming fancy joined in a bouquet. Such are the riches shown by this side of the basilica to those passing in the Piazzetta.

IV

The other lateral side is towards a small square, which is a continuation of the Piazza. At the entrance to this square are crouching two lions of red marble, cousins-german to those of the Alhambra by reason of the artless fancy of the forms and the grotesque fierceness of their snouts and manes. They have been worn to perfect smoothness, for since time immemorial the small ne'er-do-weels of the town spend their time in climbing on them and playing horses. At the end of the square rises the palace of the patriarch of Venice; it is of recent date, and would be an unpleasant sight, were it not lost in the shadow of St. Mark's. On the other side of the square is the façade of the church of St. Basso. This side of the Basilica has less ornament than the other, but it is crowded

with discs, mosaics and enamels, frames, arabesques of all times and schools, birds, peacocks, weird eagles like the alerions and martlets of heraldry. The lion of St. Mark's also plays his part in this symbolic menagerie; the empty space of the porches is filled either with small windows surrounded by palms and arabesques, or by incrustations of antique or Byzantine fragments; in these medallions are sculptured men and animals fighting. If we searched carefully, we might find the bull being killed by the priest as a sacrifice to Mithras, for no religion is lacking in this innocently Pantheistic temple. At any rate, here is Ceres looking for her lost child, a lighted pine-torch in each hand; she is in a chariot drawn by two rearing dragons. We might call it a Hindu idol, so archaic is the style and so like the sculptures of Persepolis: it makes a curious pendant to Abraham's Sacrifice in bas-relief, a work as early as the earliest primitive Christian art. Another bas-relief shows two flocks of sheep, six on each side, looking at a throne and separated by two palm-branches; this gave us matter for thought, but with every desire to fathom its meaning, we could not decipher the supposedly explanatory inscription in Gothic or Greek letters. The sheep may possibly be kine, and then the subject of the bas-relief would be the dream of Pharaoh. An antique fragment, let into the wall a little further on, shows one initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis placing a crown on the mystic palm; but this does not prevent a St. George filling the archivolt on a throne of Greek design, and the four evangelists, Mark, John, Luke, and Matthew also continue their way on the tympanum, the gables, and ceilings, either alone or accompanied by symbolic animals. The porch which opens in the arm of the cross formed by the basilica is surrounded by a broad band, hollowed, undercut, and chiselled, a charming garland of foliage, leafage, and angels; a sweet Virgin forms the key of the arch; above the door an ogive curves in the shape of a heart, sloping at the base like those of the mosque of Cordova: this is an Arabian fancy which needs and receives the counteraction of a charming Nativity composed with the most Christian unction. Beyond, we can only mention a St. Christopher; apostles and angels in a framework of white and red marble in chequers; and a beautiful statue of Our Lady seen full-face, placed between two adoring angels and opening her hands as if to bless.—*Théophile Gautier.*

SAN MARCO (THE INTERIOR)

The basilica of St. Mark's, as if it were an ancient temple, has an atrium which in itself would be a church elsewhere, and which deserves particular attention. After passing the portal, we may first look at a slab of red marble which breaks the complicated design of the pavement; it marks the spot where the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa knelt before Alexander III., saying, *Non tibi, sed Petro*; and the proud Pope haughtily replied, *Et Petro et mihi*. . . . The three doors, incrustated and inlaid with silver and covered with figurines and ornaments, lead into the nave, and come, it is said, from St. Sophia in Constantinople. One of them is signed by Leon de Molino. At the end of the vestibule, on the right, is seen through a grating the chapel of Zeno, with its retable and tomb of bronze. The statue of the Virgin, placed between St. John the Baptist and St. Peter, is called the *Madonna della Scarpa*, the Madonna of the shoe, because of the golden buskin placed on the foot so often kissed by the faithful. All this metal ornamentation has a severe and strange aspect.

I

The vault of the atrium, rounded into cupolas, presents the history of the Old Testament in mosaic. Here are shown—for all religious history begins by a cosmogony—the seven days of the creation according to the account in Genesis, distributed in concentric compartments. The barbarous archaism of the style has a mystery and primitive weirdness that well suits these sacred representations. The drawing in its severity has the absoluteness of a dogma, and seems rather a hieroglyph expressing a mystery than a reproduction of nature. This gives these rude Gothic pictures an authority and a power which more perfect works do not possess. The blue starred globes, the discs of gold and silver figuring the firmament, the sun and the moon, the confused stripes which symbolise the separation of earth and water, the strange personage whose hand brings forth animals and trees of chimerical forms, and who leans like a mesmerist over the first man in his sleep and draws the woman from his side, the mixture of angular design and daring colour, seize our sight and our thoughts as would an arabesque of a profound

symbolism. Verses of the Bible traced in antique characters, complicated by abbreviations and breaks add to the hieroglyphic and creational appearance: truly we see a world forming itself out of chaos. The Tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the Temptation, the Fall, the dismissal from earthly Paradise complete this cosmogonic and primitive cycle, the semi-divine epoch of humanity.

Further on, Cain slays Abel after his sacrifice is rejected by the Lord. Adam and Eve are ploughing the earth in the sweat of their brow. The legend *Increase and multiply* is quaintly rendered by a couple embraced on a bed whose curtain is raised, and which seems to us of an advanced style of furniture for the period. The four columns set against the wall above these mosaics—for ornament, since they support nothing—are of the very rare white and black marble from the East; they came from Jerusalem, where, according to tradition, they were in Solomon's Temple. The architect, Hiram, certainly would not find them out of place in the cathedral of St. Mark's. In the next vault, Noah, by God's order, and to avoid the Deluge, is building an ark to which all the animals of the world are going in couples: an admirable subject for a naive worker in mosaic of the thirteenth century. Nothing is more curious than the display on the golden ground of this fantastic zoology, which is not far removed from heraldry, from arabesque, and from the signs of travelling menageries. The Deluge is most terrible and lugubrious, and very different from the highly praised conception of Poussin; the crests of the waves mingle wildly with the threads of rain, which are not unlike the teeth of a comb; the raven, the dove, the going forth and the giving of thanks—nothing is lacking. Here ends the antediluvian cycle; verses of the Bible wind everywhere like the inscriptions of the Alhambra, and form part of the decorative scheme, explaining each phase of this vanished world. The idea is always near the image, the Word everywhere encroaches on its plastic representation.

The story—momentarily interrupted by the entrance, which has several mosaics of the Virgin with archangels and prophets—continues beneath the next vault. Here Noah plants the vine and lies drunken, and the separation of races follows. Japhet, Shem, and Ham, shadowed by a father's curse, each fathers a human family. The tower of Babel lifts to heaven the queer anachronism of its Byzantine architecture, which draws the attention of the Deity alarmed

to find Himself so nearly approached. The confusion of tongues forces the workers to cease from the attempt; the human race, till then one and speaking one tongue, must begin its long wanderings in the unknown world to find its lost title-deeds and refashion itself. The next cupolas, the first placed in the vestibule and the others in the gallery facing the place of Lions, contain the history of the patriarch Abraham in all its details, with that of Joseph and of Moses, the whole accompanied by prophets, priests, evangelists, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Elijah, Samuel, Habukkuk, St. Alipius, St. Simeon, and a host of others who are grouped or isolated in the arches, or the pendentives, in the keys of the vault—anywhere where a figure can be placed without regard to its ease or its anatomy. . . .

II

At the end of this gallery, in the tympanum of a door, we greatly admired a Madonna seated on a throne between St. John and St. Peter, and offering the child Jesus to the faithful. . . . Let us go into the chapel of the Baptistery, which is only connected with the cathedral by a communicating door. . . . The cupola represents Jesus Christ in His glory, surrounded by a vast wheel of heads and wings disposed in circles. All this glitters, palpitates, quivers, flames, and changes marvellously: angels, archangels, thrones, dominations, virtues, powers, principalities, cherubim, seraphim, are piled up as oval heads, crossing their diapered wings so as to form a kind of immense rosace with the colour of a Turkey carpet. At the feet of Power the enchained devil writhes, and Death vanquished falls before Christ the conqueror. The next cupola, of a most singular aspect, shows the twelve apostles each baptizing the gentiles of a different country. The catechumens, according to the old usage, are plunged in a basin or tub up to the armpits, and their lack of perspective gives them constrained attitudes and piteous countenances, which make the baptism seem a punishment. The apostles, with wide-opened eyes, and hard and rough features, appear like executioners or torturers. Four doctors of the Church, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustin, and St. Ambrose, fill the pendentives. The black crosses with which their dalmatics are covered have a sinister and funereal look.

This character belongs to the entire chapel. The mosaics

are of great antiquity, the oldest in the church, and have a fierce barbarity which indicates a relentless and savage Christianity. In the arch of the vault, there is a big medallion showing Christ under a terrible aspect; it is not the fair and beautiful Christ, the blue-eyed young Nazarene whom we know, but a severe and formidable Christ, with a beard which falls in grey masses like that of God the Father, whose age the Christ takes, for Father and Son are co-eternal. Wrinkles as of eternal age seam His forehead, and the lips are contracted as if ready to cast out an anathema. . . .

III

Let us now go into the basilica. The door has over it a St. Mark in pontifical dress, by the brothers Zuccati, about whom Georges Sand wrote her charming story of the *Master Mosaic Workers*. This mosaic has a brilliancy which makes it easily understood how jealous rivals accused the clever artists of using pigments instead of keeping to ordinary methods. The impost within is a Christ between His mother and St. John the Baptist, of the best style of the later empire. We hasten to say that it is in a fine style in order not to keep the eyes any longer from the admirable spectacle now to be seen. Nothing can compare with St. Mark at Venice; neither Cologne, nor Strasburg, nor Seville, nor even Cordova with its mosque. The effect is surprising and magical, the first impression being of a golden cavern encrusted with precious stones, splendidly sombre and yet brilliant with all its mystery. Do we stand in a building or in a vast jewel-casket? is what we ask, for every conception of architecture comes short of the reality. The cupolas, the vaults, the architraves, the wall spaces, are covered with little cubes of gilded crystals made at Murano, whose brilliancy is lasting, and on which the light glitters as on the scales of a fish, while they give the background to the inexhaustible fancy of the mosaic artists. Where the ground of gold stops at the top of the columns there starts a covering of the most precious and varied marbles. From the vault hangs a great lamp in the form of a cross with four arms on whose points are *fleurs de lis*; it is suspended from a golden ball cut filigree fashion; when it is lit it has a wonderful effect like that which the kaleidoscope has made popular. Six columns of ribboned alabaster with capitals of gilded bronze and of a fantastic corinthian order,

support the graceful arcades on which runs the tribune which goes almost round the entire church. The cupola forms, with the Dove for its central point, its rays for spokes, and the twelve apostles for the circumference, an immense wheel in mosaic.

In the pendentives, tall and serious angels have their black wings in relief against a ground of yellow sheen. The central dome, which opens over the intersection of the arms of the Greek cross which is designed by the plan of the cathedral, shows in its vast cup Jesus Christ sitting on a spherulic arc, amid a starry circle supported by two pairs of seraphim. Above Him the divine mother, standing between two angels, adores her Son in His glory, and the apostles, separated by a quaint tree which symbolises the Garden of Olives, make a celestial court about their Master. The theological and cardinal virtues have their niches in the spaces between the pillars of the smaller dome which lights the vault; the four evangelists, seated in closets of the form of castles, write their precious books underneath the pendentives, whose extreme points are occupied by emblematic figures pouring forth from urns inclined on their shoulders the four rivers of Paradise: Gehon, Pison, Tigris, and Euphrates. Further on, in the next cupola whose centre has a medallion of the mother of God, the four animals attendant on the evangelists, for this occasion freed from the care of their masters, are guarding the sacred manuscripts in chimerical and threatening attitudes with an excess of teeth, claws, and big eyes which would show fight against the dragons of the Hesperides. At the end of the demi-cupola, which gleams vaguely behind the grand altar, the Saviour is delineated in a gigantic and disproportionate figure which shows, according to Byzantine tradition, the distance between the person of deity and the feeble creature. Even like the Olympian Jove, this Christ if He arose would carry away the vault of His temple.

The atrium of the Basilica, as we have shown, is filled with illustrations of the Old Testament, the interior contains the entire New Testament, with the Apocalypse for epilogue. The cathedral of St. Mark is a big illuminated Bible, historiated, illuminated, and decorated, a mediæval missal on a grand scale. Since eight centuries the citizens have pored over the pages of this monument as if it were a picture-book, without any sense of fatigue breaking its pious admiration. Everywhere near the picture is the text; the inscriptions rise and

fall or run round about in the form of legends in Greek, Latin, leonine verses, versicles, sentences, names, monograms, specimens of the calligraphy of all countries and all times; everywhere the old black letter traces its script on the page of gold in between the jambs of the mosaic. The whole edifice is rather a temple of the Word than the church of St. Mark, an intellectual temple which, without caring for any particular order of architecture, builds itself up on the verses of the old and new faith, and finds its ornamentation in the exposition of doctrine.

IV

We do not seek to give any detailed description of the building, for that would be a treatise in itself, but we would at least endeavour to render the impression of astonishment and confusion produced by the world of angels, apostles, evangelists, prophets, saints, doctors, and figures of every kind which people the cupolas, ceilings, tympana, projecting arches, pillars, pendentives, and the least plane of wall-space. Here the genealogical tree of the Virgin spreads in tufted branches whose fruits are kings and holy personages, filling a vast panel with its strange growth: there shines a Paradise of glory with legions of angels and blessed ones. This chapel contains the history of the Virgin; this vault unfolds all the drama of the Passion, from the kiss of Judas to the Apparition before the holy women, with the intervening episodes of the agonies in the Garden of Olives and of Calvary. All those who have borne witness for Jesus, either by prophecy, by preaching, or by martyrdom are admitted into this most Christian Pantheon. There is St. Peter crucified head downward, St. Thomas before the Indian king Gondoforo, St. Andrew suffering martyrdom. None of the servants of Christ are forgotten, not even St. Bacchus. The Greek saints of whom we know so little—we of the Latin Church—come to increase this sacred gathering. St. Phocas, St. Dimitri, St. Procopius, St. Hermagoras, St. Euphemia, St. Erasmus, St. Dorothea, St. Thekla, all the fair exotic flowers of the Greek calendar—which we could believe to be painted after the receipts of the manual of the monk of Aghia-Laura—blossom on trees of precious stones.

At certain hours, when the shadows thicken and the sun only casts one ray of light obliquely under the vaults of the

cupolas, strange effects rise for the eye of the poet and visionary. Brazen lightnings flash suddenly from the golden backgrounds. Little cubes of crystal gleam here and there like the sunlit sea: the outlines of the figures tremble in their golden field; the silhouettes which were just before so clearly marked become troubled and mingled to the eye. The harsh folds on the dalmatics seem to soften and take movement; mysterious life glides into these motionless Byzantine figures; fixed eyes turn, arms with Egyptian hierarchic gestures move, sealed feet begin to walk; the eight wings of cherubim revolve like wheels; the angels unfold the long wings of azure and purple which an implacable mosaic holds to the wall; the genealogical tree shakes its leaves of green marble; the lion of St. Mark stretches himself, yawns, and licks his paw and claws; the eagle sharpens his beak and sleeks his plumage; the ox turns on his litter, and ruminates as he chews his cud. The martyrs rise from the gridirons where their cross is marked. The prophets chat with the evangelists. The doctors instruct the youthful saints, who smile with their porphyry lips; men of mosaic become processions of phantoms which climb up and down the side of the walls, which perambulate the tribunes, and pass before us shaking the gilded hair of their glory.

We feel an astonishment producing the dizziness of hallucination. The real spirit of the cathedral, the profound, mysterious, and solemn meaning of it then becomes manifest. The cathedral seems as if it belonged to a pre-Christian Christianity, to a Church founded before religion existed. The ages fade into the perspective of the Infinite.—*Théophile Gautier.*

THE DUCAL PALACE

The Ducal Palace outshines all else as though it were a single diamond set in a tiara. I do not wish to attempt a description, only a eulogy. I have never seen such architecture; everything is new and unconventional, and I begin to see that outside of the classic and Gothic forms which we repeat and which are forced on us, there is a whole world. Human invention knows no limits, and like nature can violate all rules and produce perfect work in defiance of the models it is told to imitate. Every habit of the eye is contraried here, and it is a delightful surprise to see oriental fancy placing what is heavy on what is light, instead of what is light on what is heavy. A columnade of robust shafts bears a second

and lighter one, decorated with ogives and trefoils, and on this frail support expands a massive wall of red and white marble, whose courses are interlaced symmetrically, and reflect the light. Above, a cornice of triangular openings, of pinnacles, spiracles, and festoons, cuts the sky with its edges, and this foliation of marble—interwoven and blossoming above the rose or pearl tones of the façade—makes us think of the rich cactus which, in its native Africa or America, commingles the daggers of its leaves with the purple of its flowers.

We enter, and at once the vision is filled with forms. About two cisterns, covered with sculptured bronze, four façades show forth their statues and architectural details with all the youth of the early Renaissance. There is nothing that is bare and cold, everything is covered with statues and reliefs; the pedantry of learning or of criticism not having intervened, on the pretext of severity or correctness, to restrain the fire of the imagination or the desire of giving pleasure to the eye. Venice knew no austerity; it did not live by literary rules, nor force itself to come and yawningly admire a façade sanctioned by Vitruvius; it wished architecture to possess and delight every faculty, and decked it with ornament, column, and statue, made it a thing of riches and joy. Pagan colossi of Mars and Neptune were used as well as the scriptural figures of Adam and Eve; fifteenth-century sculptors create life in lank and realistic bodies, and those of the sixteenth century throw out agitated and powerful figures. Rizzo and Sansovino set up here the precious marbles of their stairways, the delicate stucco-work and graceful caprices of their arabesques abounding in armour and branches, griffins and fawns, fanciful flowers, and capering goats, a profusion of poetical flowers and joyfully leaping beasts. We go up these princely stairs with a kind of timid respect, ashamed of our sad black coat, which reminds us of the contrast of embroidered silk gowns, of the pompously flowing dalmatics, the Byzantine tiaras and buskins—the seignorial magnificence for which these marble steps were intended. At the top of the flight we are greeted by a St. Mark of Tintoretto, hurtling through the air like ancient Saturn, with two superb women, Force and Justice, and a doge who receives from them the sword of leadership and of warfare. Beyond this, the stairway opens on the halls of government and of state, both lined with paintings: the masterpieces of Tintoretto, Veronese, Pordenone, Palma the

younger, Titian, Bonifacio, and twenty others cover the walls and ceilings, whose design and decoration is due to Palladio, Aspetti, Scamozzi, and Sansovino. All the genius of the city at its grandest period met here to glorify the mother-state in setting up the memorial of its victories and the apotheosis of its splendour. There is no such trophy in the world as these sea-fights, with ships with curved prows like swans' necks, galleys with crowded banks of oars, battlements hurling forth showers of arrows, standards floating among masts, tumultuous strife of combatants who rush against each other or fall into the sea, crowds of Illyrians, Saracens, and Greeks, with their bodies bronzed by the sun and torn by struggle, stuffs worked with thread of gold, damascened armour, silks starred with pearls—all the strange medley of the heroic and luxurious pomp which goes in history from Zara to Damietta, and from Padua to the Dardanelles. Here and there are the grandly allegorical figures of goddesses; in the corners the Virtues of Pordenone, colossal viragoes, they might be called, with Herculean bodies that are sanguine and choleric; everywhere there riots virile strength, active energy, and sensual joy, and to prepare us for this astounding procession is the most vast of modern pictures, the *Paradise* of Tintoretto, eighty feet broad by twenty-four high, where six hundred figures whirl in a ruddy light like the ardent fire of a conflagration.

The intellect is, as it were, blinded and subdued; the senses fail. We pause and close our eyes; in a few minutes we can choose, and I only really saw one picture to-day, the *Triumph of Venice* by Veronese. This work is more than a feast for the eye, it is a banquet. In the midst of wonderful architecture of balconies and columns, fair-haired Venice sits on a throne, radiant with beauty and the fresh roseate complexion which belongs to young women in damp climates. Her silk skirt spreads out from a silken mantle, and around her is a circle of girls, leaning with voluptuous and yet haughty smiles, with the strange Venetian fascination, that of a goddess who has the blood of a courtesan in her veins, but who walks on the clouds and draws men to her instead of falling to their level. Out of their draperies of pale violet, their mantles of blue and gold, their living flesh, their backs and shoulders catch the light or melt into the half-tone, and the rounded softness of their nudity harmonises with the peaceful happiness of their attitudes and expressions. Amid them all, Venice, ostentatious and yet benign, seems a queen whose

royalty gives her the certain right of happiness, and whose sole glance gives that right to others, while two angels bending down in the air place a crown upon her serene head.—*Taine.*

THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S

Several incidental references to the Bell-tower will be found in our extracts, but at the very period when we were still seeking a detailed description of it, the unhappy news of its fall was made public in the following laconic dispatch from Reuter:—

“VENICE, 14 *July* (10.40 A.M.).¹

“The Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral, 98 metres high (about 318 feet), has just fallen down on to the Piazza.

“It collapsed where it stood, and is now a heap of ruins.

“The cathedral and the Doge's Palace are quite safe. Only a corner of the royal palace is damaged.

“It is believed, but it is not certain, that there has been no loss of life.

“A cordon of troops is keeping the Piazza clear.”

The news was all the sadder and more surprising because the end of so considerable a monument cannot fail to remind us that the same fate may come to other celebrated buildings. The tower, it is true, was known to be affected, for a crack caused by a thunderbolt in 1745 had been ineffectually repaired with new bricks, and the reappearing fissure had been clamped up by an iron band. This perhaps would not be sufficient to bring about the final collapse, which has been attributed to the consolidation of the basis on which the entire city is built, with a sinking of the level computed at $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches every hundred years. If this theory be correct, the fate of other buildings in the Piazza will only be averted by timely precautions.

To give some account of the actual catastrophe we venture to borrow the account received by the *Times* from an American architect, whose little daughter was an eye-witness:—

“Workmen had been repointing the Campanile, and had discovered a bad crack starting from the crown of the second arched window on the corner towards St. Mark's, and extend-

¹ 1902.

ing through the sixth window. This crack had shown signs of opening further, and they feared small fragments falling on the crowded Piazza; so the music was quietly stopped in the hope that the crowd would naturally disperse. The effect was exactly the opposite to that desired. Every one rushed to the Piazza. At eleven I was under the tower which rose in the dim moonlight. The crack was distinctly visible even in this half light, but apparently menaced only a corner of the tower. On Monday, early, the Campanile was resplendent in the sunshine. At nine my little girl Katharine went off with her horns of corn to feed the pigeons. Mrs. ——— was at St. Laccana, and I was near the Rialto sketching. The golden Angel on the tower was shining far away. Suddenly I saw it slowly sink directly downward behind a line of roofs, and a dense grey dust rose in clouds. At once a crowd of people began running across the Rialto towards the Piazza, and I ordered my gondolier to the Piazzetta. On arrival the sight was pitiful. Of that splendid shaft all that remained was a mound of white dust, spreading to the walls of St. Mark's.

"You have heard before now how the Angel was found directly within the semi-circle of the central doorway, and how the little porphyry column of the iron band received the brunt of the blow of the great marble blocks from above the hills of sand at the corner of the Basilica. All this and the fact that there were no victims, not an injury to any one, justifies the feeling here that it was a miracle. Little Katharine was in the Square, and her account, like any child's, was extremely circumstantial. She says everything was quiet; two men were putting up ladders in the tower, when suddenly people began to cry out from under the arches (it was warm sunlight and the Piazza was empty), little puffs of white flew out at the height of the first windows, great cracks started at the base and opened 'like the roots of a tree,' a fountain of bricks began to fall all around the walls, and she says as she looked she saw the golden Angel, upright and shining, slowly descending a full third of the height of the tower, when a great white cloud enveloped it."

It took some time to remove the *débris* of so huge a structure; and when the bricks were carried out to sea in barges, we are told by another correspondent that "the whole affair resembled the funeral rites of some ancient landmark, and many of the participators were visibly affected." In some ways the church of St. Mark's is happier without the

Campanile, and if the new tower to be erected were kept as an early square topped tower of brick, without any imitation of the marble additions of 1417, the complete harmony of the Piazza would be more striking. We have quoted a brief note from Goethe on the view from the top of the tower, which Théophile Gautier's description may supplement: "Leaning on the balcony, and turning towards the sea, we first observe the sculptures of Venus, Neptune, Mars and other allegorical figures of the library of Sansovino . . . next is the leaden roof of the Ducal Palace, also the court of the Zecca and the Piazzetta, with its columns and its gondolas, and its divided pavement; further on, the sea with its islands and its landing-places. In the foreground is to be seen San Giorgio Maggiore with its red belfry, its two white bastions, its anchorage and the belt of ships attracted by the free harbour. A canal separates it from the Giudecca, that maritime suburb of Venice which has towards the town a line of houses and towards the sea a fringe of gardens. The Giudecca has two churches, Santa Maria and the Redentore. . . . Turning towards the bottom of the Piazza, the prospect is as follows: the continuation of the Giudecca, the Dogana with a Fortune with flying hair . . . the Salute and its double dome; the entrance to the Grand Canal, which, large as it is, is soon lost between the houses; San Moise and its belfry, joined to the church by a bridge; San Stephano . . . the big reddish church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, lifting beyond its roof an angular porch, and the black cupola of St. Simon the Little. . . . The third vista from the Campanile faces the tower of the Clock and includes Santa Maria del Orto, whose tall red belfry and vast tiled roof is clearly seen; the Holy Apostles . . . and the Jesuits' Church."

The bells of the tower were five in number, and their music was so well known to Venetians that each bell had a name given to it. It will be remembered that the great bell was to be rung to call together the conspirators supporting the Doge Marino Faliero, and Byron mentions

"The steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril."

The ascent of the tower was by a spiral passage, so easily graduated that Napoleon I. is said to have ridden his horse

up to the top; but Evelyn long before writes that he might have climbed the tower on horseback "as 'tis said one of the French Kings did." Evelyn states that "on the top is an Angel that turns with the wind."

The reconstruction of the tower is now in progress, and it has been ascertained that the level of the Piazza was raised 79 centimetres from the time when the bell-tower was added in the sixteenth century. The original tower was built partly of Roman bricks from the ruined city of Altinum. There is no difficulty in restoring the tower in its main structural lines, as the drawings have all been preserved and the bronze figures have been but slightly damaged.—*Ed.*

THE LION AND ST. THEODORE

At the farther end of this second part of the Piazza of St. Mark, there stand two marvellous lofty pillars of marble of equal height and thickness, very near to the shore of the Adriatic gulf, the fairest certainly for height and greatness that ever I saw till then. For the compass of them is so great, that I was not able to clasp them with both mine arms at thrice, their diameter in thickness containing very near four foot (as I conjecture). Besides, they are of such an exceeding height, that I thought a good while there were scarce the like to be found in any place of Christendom, till at length I called to my remembrance that wondrous high pillar in a certain market-place of Rome, on whose top the ashes of the Emperor Trajan were once kept. For that pillar was about 140 foot high, but this, I think, is scarce above 30. They are said to be made of Phrygian marble, being solid and all one piece. These were brought by sea from Constantinople far more than four hundred years since. Upon the top of one of them are advanced the arms of Venice, the winged Lion made all of brass; on the other, the statue of St. Theodorus gilt, and standing upon a brazen crocodile, with a spear in one hand, and a shield in another. *Coryatt.*

THE GRAND CANAL ¹

The Grand Canal is a veritable Golden Book on whose monumental façade the entire Venetian nobility has signed its name. Every block of stone tells a tale; every house is

¹ Described in much detail by Ruskin.

a palace; every palace a masterpiece and a legend: at each stroke of the oar the gondolier cites a name which was as well known in the time of the Crusades as to-day;—and all this to right and left of us, for a distance of more than half a league. . . . On the two sides the most charming and beautiful façades stand in uninterrupted succession. After the architecture of the Renaissance, with its columns and superimposed orders, comes a mediæval palace in the Moorish-Gothic manner of which the Ducal Palace is the prototype. . . . Further on is a façade veneered with coloured marbles, adorned with medallions and brackets; then a broad, rose-coloured wall in which is cut out a large columned window. Every style is here: Byzantine, Saracen, Lombard, Gothic, Romanesque, Greek, and even *rococo*, column and pillar, ogive and round arch, the fanciful capital, o'errun with birds and flowers, from Acre or Jaffa, the Greek capital found in the ruins of Athens, mosaic and bas-relief, classic severity and the graceful fantasy of the Renaissance. . . .

Even before we reach the Rialto, on our left, as we go up the canal, is the Dario palace, in the Gothic manner, the Venier palace, set sideways, with the ornaments, precious marbles and medallions in the Lombard style; the *Belle Arti*, a classic façade added to the old Scuola della Carità, and topped by a Venice riding a lion; the Contarini palace, whose architect was Scamozzi; the Rezzonico palace, with the three superimposed orders; the triple Giustiniani palace in the mediæval style . . . the Foscari palace, noticeable by its low door, and its two stages of columns supporting ogives and trefoils, where formerly were lodged the sovereigns who visited Venice . . . the Balbi palace, on whose balcony the princes leant to watch the regattas given with so much pomp and show, in the great days of the Republic; the Pisani palace, in the German style of the beginning of the XVth century. . . . Near the Hotel de L'Europe, there is between two large edifices a tiny palace which consists of only one window and balcony, but what a window and balcony! . . . Further as we go up, we see the following palaces: the Corner della Cà Grande, dating from 1532, one of Sansovino's best works, . . . the Corner-Spinelli; the Grimani,¹ a robust and powerful edifice of Sammicheli, . . . the Farsetti, with a peristyle with columns and a long

¹ The Grimani stands somewhat sideways; the intention having been to leave a small plot of ground, according to Montesquiou,

gallery of colonnettes, . . . the Loredano and the former home of Enrico Dandolo, the conqueror of Constantinople.

Sometimes a crossing or a piazzetta, like the Campo San Vitale, for instance, facing the Academy, usefully breaks this long line of edifices. . . . The Rialto, which is the handsomest bridge in Venice, has a grand and most monumental appearance; it strides the canal with one arch of an elegant yet bold design. It was built in 1591, under the doge Pasquale Cicogna, by Antonia da Ponte, and replaced the old wooden drawbridge shown in the plan of Albert Durer. Two rows of shops, divided in the middle by an arcaded portico showing the sky through it, stand on the sides of the bridge. It can be crossed by three footways, that in the centre and the two outside by the balustrades of marble. Round the bridge of the Rialto, which is one of the handsomest spots of the Grand Canal, are piled up the oldest houses in Venice. . . . On this side and that of the Rialto stands the old Fondaco dei Tedeschi, whose vaguely tinted walls have the suggestion of frescoes by Titian and Tintoretto.¹ . . . As we still go up the canal, on our left is the Palazzo Corner della Regina, so called after the queen Cornaro . . . this sumptuous palace is now a pawnshop, and the humble rags of misery or the frippery of improvidence brought to bay are heaped up under the rich relics which else would be allowed to fall to ruin, for in our day beauty cannot exist unless utility is added. The Armenian College, a little way off, is a handsome building by Baldassare da Longhena, of a solidly rich and imposing style. It was formerly the Pesaro palace. To the right is the Palazzo Cà D'oro, one of the finest of the Grand Canal. . . . We have not even spoken of the Mocenigo palace, where the great Byron lived. . . . The Barbarigo also deserves mention. . . . The old inn of the Turks, much used when Venice had all the trade of the East and the Indies, now has two stages of Arabic arcades in decay. . . . As we go from the heart of the town, life dies. Many windows are closed or boarded up; but this melancholy has its beauty, more easily caught by the mind than the eyes, delighted as they are by the perpetual accidents of unexpected light and shade, by varied buildings whose decay makes them more handsome, and by the continued movement of the waters, the tint of blue and of rose which makes up the atmosphere of Venice.—*Théophile Gautier*.

¹ The famous frescoes by Giorgione and Titian were certainly painted here. Vasari says that Giorgione "thought only of executing fanciful figures," unconnected with history or legend.

THE CHURCHES

St. Mark's excepted—and a very wonderful exception of course it is—the churches in Venice in no way came up to my anticipations.¹ There is, indeed, not a tithe of the real delight experienced in visiting them which I remember to have felt in visiting the churches of much smaller cities in France, Germany, and our own dear England.—*G. E. Street.*

Of the churches in Venice it may be observed in general that as some of them have been built by Palladio, and many raised on models designed by him, they are of a better style than architecture. . . . I need not add that the talents of the first Venetian artists have been exerted to adorn them with sculptures and with paintings.² Of these churches, that De Salute (Of Salvation), that De Redemptore (of the Redeemer), two votive churches erected by the Republic on the cessation of two dreadful pestilences, and that of S. Giorgio Maggiore are very noble.—*Eustace.*

SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO

A Gothic church, but Italian-Gothic, and therefore gay: the round pillars, the broad and well-slanting arches, the windows nearly all white, do away with the ghostly or mystical ideas which northern cathedrals suggest to the mind. Like

¹ The following notes from Forsyth take a rather more favourable view: "Venice may be proud of her churches, of those at least which Palladio has built. His *Redentore* is admirable in plan and elevation. . . . *San Giorgio*, where the last conclave was held, is not so pure in design, yet worthy of Palladio. . . . *San Francesca della Vigna* is another church of Palladio's, but much inferior to these. Its front, like *San Giorgio's*, has two wings, each covered with half a pediment. . . . The *Jesuit* church, like most of that order, blends richness of materials with poverty of design. . . . *Santa Maria della Salute* is much admired. It is magnificent, to be sure, and lofty and rich; but it runs into too many angles and projections, too many 'coignes of vantage,' both without and within."

² Of the great Paolo Veronese now in the Louvre, De Brosses wrote: "The *Wedding of Cana*, by Veronese, in the church of St. George, is not only a painting of the highest merit, but among the greatest that exist. . . . Paolo has here included the portraits of the most famous Venetian painters of his day playing on musical instruments. In the foreground Titian is playing the double-bass, Paul the viola, Tintoretto the violin, Bassano the flute. By these various musical instruments Paul Veronese illustrates the different perfections of the painters: Titian, profound science and slow but sure craft in workmanship; his own facile and brilliant design; the celerity of Tintoretto's art; and the elegance of Bassano's style."

the Campo Santo at Pisa, like Santa Croce at Florence, the church is peopled with tombs, and if those of the Frari¹ were added, it would be a mausoleum of the entire Republic. Most of the tombs are of the fifteenth, or the early years of the sixteenth century: the great age of the city, when great men and great deeds are falling into decadence, and yet at a date sufficiently recent for the new art to preserve their image, and express their sincerity. Some show the dawn of this great light: others its sunset. . . . In the monument of the Doge Morosini, who died in 1382, the pure Gothic form flowers in all its elegance. A flowered arcade loops its lace above the dead; on either side rises a charming little spire borne by a column adorned with trefoils, broidered with figures and topped with pinnacles, as if the marble were a kind of prickly plant, which bristles and flowers in a feathery blossom of thorns and spikes. The Doge sleeps with his hands crossed on his breast; these are genuine funeral monuments, made up of an alcove, sometimes with canopy or curtains, a marble couch decorated like the bedstead on which the aged limbs of the man were laid to sleep in life. Within the tomb is the sculptured body in its wonted dress, calm in sleep, confident and pious because life has been well lived. . . .

At each step we see some new trait of artistic development. In the tomb of the Doge Antonio Venier, who died in 1400, the paganism of the Renaissance crops out by such ornamental details as the shell-niche. But everything else is still angularly decorated, gracefully slender and Gothic in the sculpture as well as the architectural design. The heads are too heavy and clumsy, too short and often poised on wry necks. . . . As we go on, following the development of the epoch, this naive simplicity grows less and less. The funeral monument becomes a heroes' panoply; round arcades throw their broad span above the dead; fanciful arabesques run round their polished borders; symmetrical columns show their acanthus capitals; sometimes they are set one on another, and the four orders of architecture show all their variety to satisfy the pride of the eye. The tomb then becomes a colossally triumphal arch, and some have twenty statues, not far under life-size.—*Taine*.

¹ We choose San Giovanni e Paolo as being more a typically Venetian "Westminster Abbey" than the Frari, but the latter contains Titian's *Madonna di Casa Pesaro*, and formerly his *Assumption of the Virgin*.

VENETIAN ART¹

The Accademia delle Belle Arti, as is well known, occupies the former Scuola della Carità. . . . The pearl of great price and star of the collection is the *Infant Jesus* by Giovanni Bellini. The subject is an oft-repeated one, hackneyed and spoilt, and yet it flowers anew with eternal youth from the brush of the aged painter. What is there in it except a woman holding a child on her knees, and yet what a woman! The head follows you like a dream, and once seen it is always remembered; it has the impossible beauty, yet wondrous truth of immaculate maidenhood with commanding sensuousness. . . .

A most interesting picture by Gentile Bellini is the procession on the Piazza of St. Mark's, conveying the relics guarded by the brotherhood of St. John when Jacopo Salis made the vow of the cross. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete collection of the dresses of the epoch: the patient and minute craftsmanship of the painter does not lose a single detail; nothing is sacrificed, the whole is rendered with Gothic conscientiousness. The appearance of St. Mark's as it was then has the exactitude of an architectural plan. The ancient Byzantine mosaics, afterwards restored, still adorn the doorways of the old basilica, and, strangely enough, the cupolas are entirely gilt as they never were in reality. But so scrupulous a painter never had a bee in his bonnet; as a matter of fact the domes were to have been gilt, only the doge Loredano needed the sequins intended for gilding for his war-chest, and the project was never carried into effect. The only trace of it remains in this picture by Gentile Bellini, who gilded his St. Mark by anticipation. . . .

Nothing could be more graceful, or of a more youthful precocity than the sequence of pictures in which Carpaccio has portrayed the life of Saint Ursula. Carpaccio here has the ideal charm, the youthful graciousness of Raphael in the *Marriage of the Virgin*,² one of his earliest and perhaps the

¹ We have here linked together a few of Théophile Gautier's remarks—sometimes transposing the order—with the intention of illustrating a few typical Venetian pictures. The general balance of our book needs this in the case of Venice, Florence, and Rome; although no very effectual criticism can be expected on such a small scale. Giorgione, unhappily, will be found anywhere rather than in Venice to-day, his best canvases being in Dresden, Madrid, Paris, and Glasgow.

² The Raphael now is in the Brera at Milan. The Perugino, its prototype, is at Caen.

most fascinating of his pictures. Nothing is more naively delightful than the innocence of the heads, which are of a most angelic suavity; there is particularly a young man with long hair who turns away, letting droop from his shoulder a cape with a velvet collar: he is of such a proud, youthful, and handsome grace that we might think him the Cupid of Praxiteles clad in mediæval dress, or rather an angel who has the fancy of masquerading as a *magnifico* of Venice. . . .

The *Assumption* is one of the largest arrangements of Titian, and that in which he has risen to his highest: the composition is balanced and distributed with infinite art. The upper part, in the form of a semicircle, shows Paradise—the Glory, as Spaniards say in the language of asceticism—with garlands of angels, submerged and lost in a flow of light of incalculable depth, stars shining through flame and brighter radiances of eternal day forming an aureole for the Father, who comes from the depths of the infinite like a soaring eagle, attended by an archangel and by a seraph whose hands uphold the crown and the nimbus. This Jehovah, poised like a sacred bird with the head advanced and the body retiring in perspective under surging draperies opened like wings, astonishes by a bold sublimity. If it be possible for mortal man to render the person of Deity, Titian has done it: power without limitation, and imperishable youth make the face shine, and its white beard only needs to be shaken to let fall the snows of eternity. Since the Olympian Jove of Pheidias, never has the Master of heaven and earth been more worthily presented. The centre of the picture is taken up by the Virgin Mary, who is lifted or rather surrounded by a garland of beatified souls; indeed she needs no help to mount heavenward, being caught up by the fire of her perfect faith, and the soul's purity that is lighter than the most luminous ether. There really is a most surprising upward spring in the figure, and to get this effect, Titian has not sought emaciated forms, contorted draperies, or transparent colours. His Madonna is a most true, most living, most real woman, of as solid a beauty as the Venus of Milo. . . .

Opposite the *Assunta* of Titian has been placed the *St. Mark delivering a Slave*, by Tintoretto,¹ as being the most

¹ "Tintoretto, to be rightly understood," writes Symonds, "must be sought all over Venice—in the church as well as the Scuola di San Rocco; in the 'Temptation of St. Anthony' at St. Trovaso no less than in the temptations of Eve and Christ; in the decorative pomp of the Sala del Senato, and in the Paradisal vision of the Sala del Gran Consiglio."

powerful and most comparable picture to set near such a masterpiece. . . . This picture has for its subject the aid brought by the sacred patron of Venice to a poor slave whose savage master tormented and tortured him because of the obstinate devotion the fellow had for the saint. The slave is stretched on the ground on a cross surrounded by busy executioners, who are vainly struggling to fix him to the engine of shame. The nails fly back, the mallets are shattered, the hatchets are broken in splinters; more pitiful than human beings, the instruments of torture crumble in the hands of the torturers. The standers-by look at each other and murmur, the judge leans forward from the seat of justice to see why his orders are not carried out, while St. Mark, in one of the most violently twisted foreshortenings the art of painting has ever attempted, rushes head downwards and dives towards earth—without clouds, wings, cherubin, or any of the aerostatic methods usual in sacred pictures—coming to deliver the man who has believed in him. This vigorous figure, with an athlete's muscles and of colossal size, cutting the air like a rock hurled by a catapult, has the most remarkable effect. The design has so flowing a strength that the massive saint seems to hover in the air and not to fall. It is a triumph of execution, and the painting is in so high a key, so marked in the contrasts of light and shade, so vigorous in detail and fiercely turbulent in brush-work, that the boldest Caravaggios and Spagnolettos would be but rose-water by its side. The picture, notwithstanding its savagery, always preserves in its accessories the abundantly sumptuous architectural aspect which is the peculiarity of the Venetian school.¹—*Théophile Gautier*.

¹ No traveller affords us a sufficient description of the Bartolomeo Colleoni equestrian statue by Verrochio and Leopardi. Leonardo da Vinci's Sforza at Milan being no longer in existence, the Colleoni can only be compared with the Gattamelata by Donatello at Padua. The figure of the Gattamelata is perhaps finer in sculpture, and the horse more massive in its planes, but the Colleoni is undoubtedly more dramatic in movement and gesture. The general decoration of the Colleoni is more varied, as in the details of the flowing mane, the cincture of the horse, and the armoured feet clutching at the stirrups; but the saddle of the Gattamelata has some nude figures in relief on it. The Colleoni is more the famous *condottiere* leading an expedition, and the Gattamelata (though he wears a sword) the statesman. Both figures sit their horses excellently, but the horses themselves fall far short of those of Pheidias art.

GENERAL NOTE ON VENICE

There are some aspects of Venice which are not dealt with by our travellers, owing to the peculiarities of the origin and life of the town. As to its origins, it did not begin with a settled site such as Florence or Rome possessed. The earliest existing remains of the Venetian settlement are to be found in Murano, Torcello, and Grado. According to Molmenti some ninety different churches were built before St. Mark's, and he mentions a fine specimen of the early dwelling-house as being still opposite San Pietro in Murano, this house having been built before the eleventh century. In Venice proper, the earliest houses were built in wood, and to the fifteenth century there still remained some *fabricæ lignæ coppertæ de canna*. The Lombard style of brick-building found little favour with the Venetians, and not possessing extensive architectural remains like the Romans, nor adjacent quarries like the Florentines, they had to wait till they had sufficiently large vessels and barges to bring their building materials from elsewhere.

Venice, for some centuries, remained a rural town, with gardens round its houses and an orchard in front of St. Mark's, where the Piazza now is. Living a peaceable home life, the Venetians did not build up the mediæval towers which were used for refuge in other towns, and which still remain to the number of thirteen out of fifty-two in even such a tiny town as San Gemignano. Such towers as the Venetians had were more for observation of the sea. The earlier Ducal Palace, the houses of the families of Querini, Zani, Dandolo, Giustiani, Faliero, and Memmi were the principal structures of Venice when it was winning to power on the seas. As we know it, and as the travellers knew it, Venice—always with the exception of St. Mark's—is a town dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the middle of the seventeenth. Much of the decoration of St. Mark's is part of the plunder won at the taking of Constantinople in 1204. The consequences of the trade with the East are too well known to be recounted, but the Venetians had already enjoyed a fair measure of commercial prosperity as the half-way house between the Byzantine and Franconian Empires. Dante, in a well-known passage (*Infern.* xxi. 7-18) gives us some idea of the activity of the Arsenal in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and Petrarch, writing in 1363, says: "From this

port I see vessels departing which are as large as the house I inhabit, and which have masts taller than its towers. These ships resemble a mountain floating on the sea: they go to all parts of the world, braving a thousand dangers; they carry our wines to the English,¹ our honey to the Scythians, our saffron, our oils, and our linen to the Syrians, Armenians, Persians, and Arabians; and wonderful to say, they convey our wood to the Greeks and Egyptians. From all these countries they bring back in return articles of merchandise, which they distribute all over Europe. They go even as far as the Don. The navigation of our seas does not extend further north; but when they have arrived there, they quit their vessels, and travel to trade with India and China; and after passing the Caucasus and the Ganges they voyage as far as the Eastern Ocean."

This is in no exaggeration, and it may be mentioned that besides the well-known travels of Marco Polo, Nicholas and Antonio Zeno in their wanderings went as far as Iceland, Greenland, and the coast of Labrador. The traveller, then, will do well to bear in mind the maritime greatness of the town, for the Venice of the gondola and the canals will always be present. Some conception of maritime Venice will be obtained from the pictures in the Ducal Palace, but they were painted when Venice had sought a territorial expansion. The commerce of the Republic was mostly carried on by what Mr. Horatio Brown calls the state-fleet, though individuals might build vessels. Every ship, whether propelled by sails or oars, belonged to a class, and could be used for trade or war. The museum of the Arsenal contains models of the ships of all periods, and it is a pity that no traveller has written on this interesting collection, with the historical memories it suggests.

To return to the town, Philippe de Comines went in the suite of Charles VIII. in 1495, and in his memoirs describes

¹ The beginnings of trade with England are of an early date. In the Venetian state-papers, edited by Mr. Rawdon Brown, there appears a tariff, under date November 6, 1265, in which the price of a whole piece of Stamford cloth was 24 solidos. One cargo in 1319 consisted of 10,000 lbs. of sugar, and 1000 lbs. of candy were exchanged for wool in England, but the Venetian skipper was killed by the men of the English cogs. Such grievances were redressed by a money payment, but the English were not always the offenders, and the Venetians in five galleys at Southampton had to compound for manslaughter in a sum "received from the merchants of Venice."

the Grand Canal as being *la mieulx maisonée* in the whole world. The older houses are painted, he tells us, and "the others, made in the last hundred years, all covered with white marble, which is brought from Istria." By the end of the sixteenth century, Venice had very nearly a hundred palaces, the most noteworthy of these being the Grimani with its broad stuccoed staircases and its paintings by Salviati and Giovanni da Udine; the Foscarini with its antiquities; the Vendramini with its Giorgiones, Bellinis, and Titians. Some of the great houses had gardens, and it would appear that gardens were kept in the adjoining islands whither the notabilities might go with their friends and enjoy the cool breezes mingled with the perfume of the flowers and the sound of music.

Of the decoration of most of the palaces—pictures, antiques, tapestries, rare silks, furniture, arms and armour—little now remains, for the poverty of the nobility made it necessary to part with almost everything movable after the invasion of Napoleon. For this reason, any detailed account of the interior of the palaces would not be of great interest; the exterior suggests the names famous in history or legend. To give any adequate account of these names would be to write the history of Venice, and we can only indicate a few side-issues which may be an aid to understanding its art. Venice lacks in the ecclesiastical note of other towns in Italy, and late travellers remark on the absence of priests in its streets. Except in the Jesuit churches, the influence of Rome is not very palpable; we always feel in Venice that we are in an independent state.

Some surprise may be felt at the sudden change from the Byzantine dress and decoration of the early art to that of Carpaccio. Venice was somewhat secluded from the rest of Italy, and its intercourse was mostly with the East, till in the fourteenth century it began to desire supremacy inland, getting possession of Treviso in 1339, of Vicenza in 1404, and of Padua and Verona in 1405. It is thus that the difference between the two schools of art is accounted for. Some influences of the life of the East remained, and the women of Venice mostly were kept in a semi-oriental seclusion. The usual result followed in the prolific number of women of a certain class which almost every traveller refers to. This had its influence even on the art of the greatest masters, and in Titian's women we see the glorification of fleshly loveliness. In fact the Venetians, with their almost pure Latin blood, stand apart—

in their great days—from the mystical Florentines, as men of a robust sensuality and practical strength of mind and deed.

One last point may now be referred to with regard to the frequent introduction of slaves in the great canvases. The traffic in slaves was nominally punishable with death, but being very lucrative it was permitted to continue till the end of the sixteenth century. These slaves were sold by auction at San Giorgio and the Rialto, at prices from 16 to 80 or 100 gold ducats. Between 1393 and 1491 as many as 150 sales of slaves were notarially registered; they were often better treated than servants, and could be freed by their master's acknowledgment, or even by his testament.—*Ed.*

VERONA ¹

The city . . . is built on the gentle declivity and bottome of an hill, inviron'd in part with some considerable mountaines and downes of fine grass like some places in the South of England, and on the other side having the rich plaine where Caius Marius overthrew the Cimbrians. The City is divided in the midst by the river Athesis, over which are divers stately bridges, and on its banks are many goodly palaces, whereof one is well painted in *chiaro oscuro* on the outside, as are divers others in this drie climate of Italy.

The first thing that engaged our attention and wonder too, was the amphitheater, which is the most entire of ancient remaines now extant. The inhabitants call it the *Arena*: it has two portico's, one within the other, and is 34 rods long, 22 in bredth, with 42 ranks of stone benches or seates which reach to the top. The vastnesse of the marble stones is stupendious. . . . This I esteeme to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europ, it is so vast and intire, having escaped the ruines of so many other public buildings for above 1400 yeares.

There are other arches, as that of the victorie of Marius; temples, aquæducts, &c. shewing still considerable remaines in severall places of the towne and how magnificent it has formerly ben. It has three strong castles, and a large and noble wall. Indeede the whole City is bravely built, especialy the Senate-house where we saw those celebrated statues of Cornelius Nepos, Emilius Marcus, Plinius and Vitruvius, all having honoured Verona by their birth, and of later date Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that prodigie of learning.

¹ The towns next following are all historically connected with Venice, though not on the Adriatic.

In the evening we saw the garden of Count Giusti's villa, where are walks cut out of the maine rock, from whence we had the pleasant prospect of Mantua and Parma, though at great distance. At the entrance of this garden grows the goodliest cypresse I fancy in Europ, cut in pyramid; 'tis a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely cover'd and thick to the base. . . .

This Citty deserv'd all those elogies Scaliger has honoured it with, for in my opinion the situation is the most delightfull I ever saw, it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and vallies, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here of all places I have seene in Italy would I fix a residence. Well has that learn'd man given it the name of the very eye of the world:—

Ocelle mundi, Sidus Itali coeli,
Flos Urbium, flos corniculumq' amænum,
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere, Verona.

—*Evelyn.*

TEUTONIC INFLUENCES

Verona, the ancient world-renowned city, situated on both sides of the Adige, has been in all ages the first halting-place for the great German emigrations of tribes which left their cold Northern forests and crossed the Alps, to rejoice in the golden sunshine of pleasant Italy. Some went further on—others were well enough pleased with the place itself, and made themselves at home and comfortable in it, put on their silk dressing-gowns and promenaded cheerfully among flowers and cypresses, until new comers, who still had on their iron garments, arrived from the North and crowded them away—an oft-repeated tale, and one called by historians the emigration of races. If we wander through the district of Verona, we find startling traces of those days, as well as of earlier and later ages. The amphitheatre and the triumphal arch remind us of the Roman age; the fabulous relics of so many Romanesque ante-Gothic buildings recall Theodoric, that Dietrich of Bern, of whom Germans yet sing and tell; mad fragments bring up Alboin and his raging Langobardi; legendary monuments speak of Carolus Magnus, whose paladins are chiselled on the gate of the Cathedral with the same frank roughness which characterised them in life. It all seems as

though the town were a great tavern, and as people in inns are accustomed to write their names on walls and windows, so have the races who have travelled through Verona left in it traces of their presence.—*Heine*.

A THOUGHT FROM GOETHE

Though I have been here only a few hours, I have already run through the town, and seen the Olympian theatre, and the buildings of Palladio.¹ . . . When once one stands in the presence of these works, one immediately perceives their great value, for they are calculated to fill the eye with their actual greatness and massiveness, and to satisfy the mind by the beautiful harmony of their dimensions, not only in abstract sketches, but with all the prominences and distances of perspective. Therefore I say of Palladio: he was a man really and intrinsically great, whose greatness was outwardly manifested.—*Goethe*.

THE CHURCHES

Most of the churches, Santa-Anastasia, San Fermo-Maggiore, the Duomo, and San Zenone are of a peculiar style called Lombard, which is midway between the Italian and Gothic styles, as if Latin and German artists had met to bring their ideas into harmony and contrast in one building. The result, however, is sincere work: in all primitive architecture we see the lively invention of a new spirit. Among these different churches we may take the Duomo to be most typical; like the old basilicas, this edifice is a house with another house built over it, both showing a gable frontage. . . . Everywhere we detect the undecided spirit of the twelfth century, the relics of Roman tradition² and the blossoming of fresh dis-

¹ Symonds ("Fine Arts" volume of his *Renaissance*) reminds us that Palladio was only one, if the most representative, of the architects who based their work on the study of Vitruvius. They were book-learned architects rather than the craftsmen-builders that the Comacines were.

² Many writers used the word Romanesque to sum up the architectural order following the Byzantine, and influenced by the Roman tradition. But Romanesque practically includes Lombard, *basilican* and early Tuscan architecture: the word really describes a period rather than a style. In reference to Verona generally, Ruskin has described Lombard work as "the expression of the introduction of Christianity into barbaric minds." Leader Scott has proved that the animal forms of Lombard decoration had been preceded by the use of symbolical forms of the same kind in work of the early days of Christianity. These forms were not necessarily Byzantine. The fish, dove, and lamb need no explanation; some beasts are Apocalyptic.

coveries: the grace of an architecture preserved and the gropings of sculpture in its beginning. A projecting porch repeats the simple lines of the general conception, and small columns supported by griffins rise above and are fitted in twisted strands of rope. The porch is original in its grace, but the crouching figures grouped round the Virgin are like dog-headed apes. Gothic forms prevail in the interior, not clearly marked as such, but with a tendency that is already Christian. I must confess that in my opinion only pointed arches and foliations can give mystical sublimity to a church; if they are lacking, then Christianity is not there, and can only be there when they begin to appear. . . .

We take a cab and drive to the other end of the town, to San Zenone, the most curious of the churches, begun by a son of Charlemagne, and restored by the German Emperor Otho I., but almost entirely of the twelfth century. Some parts—such as the sculptures of one door—go back further even; I have seen nothing so barbaric except in Pisa. The Christ at the pillar looks like a bear climbing a tree: the judges, executioners, and personages in other episodes are like gross caricatures of German boors in heavy cloaks. The Christ on the throne has no skull, the entire face being absorbed by the chin, the wild and protruding eyes are like those of a frog, while the winged angels about are like human-headed bats. . . . To this low level did art fall during the Carolingian decadence and the Hungarian invasions.—*Taine*.

TOMB OF THE SCALIGERS

. . . Imagination reigns, but in this instance sovereign and complete, within an iron railing situated near Santa Maria l'Antica, with what is the most curious monument in Verona. Here are the tombs of the ancient sovereigns of the city, the Scaligers, who were either by turns, or always, tyrants and warriors, murderers and exiles, heroes and fratricides. Like the princes of Ferrara, Milan, and Padua, they gave an example of the powerful but vicious genius which belongs to Italian character, and which has been described by Machiavelli in his *Prince*, or dramatised in his *Life of Castruccio*. The first five tombs have the heavy simplicity of the heroic age, in which a man who had fought, killed, and built only asked for a sepulchre as a place of rest. The hollow rock which shelters his bones is as solid and worn as the iron armour which

guarded his flesh ; it is an enormously massive hollow of naked red rock in one piece, placed on three short supports of marble. A single thick slab without any ornament forms the cover ; in Hamlet's phrase, " the ponderous jaws " ¹ of the tomb. There could be no truer funeral monument than the monstrous coffer standing in its place to all eternity.

This period of savagery, which spawned an Ezzelino and his punishers, gives place to an era of art, in which Dante and Petrarch are welcomed at a court of letters and splendour. The Gothic style comes from the mountains to Milan, and everywhere fertilises Italian architecture ; here it shows in purity and perfection in the tombs of the last masters of the town. Two of the sepulchres, and especially that of Cane Signorio, are as precious in their way as the cathedrals of Milan and Assisi. The rich and delicate mingling of twining and sharply undercut forms, the transformation of rough matter into delicate filigree work, of the homogeneous into the complex and multiple : such is the inspiration of the new art. . . . On the summit, Cane Signorio on horseback looks like the terminal statue of a rich specimen of jeweller's art ; processions of small sculptured figures deck the tomb. Six statuettes in armour, with bare heads, cover the edges of the platform, and each of the niches of the second storey contains the figure of an angel. This crowd of figures and flowering marbles rises into a pyramid like a bouquet in a vase, while the sky shines through the infinite interstices of the scaffolding.—*Taine.*

THE HOUSE OF THE CAPULETS

It was natural enough to go straight from the Market-place to the House of the Capulets, now degenerated into a most miserable little inn. Noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard, which was ankle-deep in dirt, with a brood of splashed and bespattered geese ; and there was a grim-visaged dog, viciously panting in a doorway, who would certainly have had Romeo by the leg the moment he put it over the wall, if he had existed and been at large in those times. The orchard fell into other hands, and was parted off many years ago ; but there used to be one attached to the house—or, at all events, there may have been—and the hat (Cappello), the ancient cognizance of the family, may still be

¹ " Rotten jaws " was Romeo's expression.

seen, carved in stone, over the gateway of the yard. The geese, the market-carts, their drivers, and the dog, were somewhat in the way of the story, it must be confessed; and it would have been pleasanter to have found the house empty, and to have been able to walk through the disused rooms. But the hat was unspeakably comfortable; and the place where the garden used to be, hardly less so. Besides, the house is a distrustful, jealous-looking house as one would desire to see, though of a very moderate size. So I was quite satisfied with it, as the veritable mansion of old Capulet, and was correspondingly grateful in my acknowledgments to an extremely unsentimental middle-aged lady, the Padrona of the Hotel, who was lounging on the threshold looking at the geese.

From Juliet's home to Juliet's tomb, is a transition as natural to the visitor as to fair Juliet herself, or to the proudest Juliet that ever has taught the torches to burn bright in any time. So I went off, with a guide, to an old, old garden, once belonging to an old, old convent, I suppose; and being admitted, at a shattered gate, by a bright-eyed woman who was washing clothes, went down some walks where fresh plants and young flowers were prettily growing among fragments of old wall, and ivy-covered mounds; and was shown a little tank, or water-trough, which the bright-eyed woman—drying her arms upon her 'kerchief, called "*La tomba di Giulietta la sfortunata.*" With the best disposition in the world to believe, I could do no more than believe that the bright-eyed woman believed; so I gave her that much credit, and her customary fee in ready money. It was a pleasure, rather than a disappointment, that Juliet's resting-place was forgotten. However consolatory it may have been to Yorick's Ghost, to hear the feet upon the pavement overhead, and, twenty times a day, the repetition of his name, it is better for Juliet to lie out of the track of tourists, and to have no visitors but such as come to graves in spring-rain, and sweet air, and sunshine.—*Dickens.*

VICENZA¹

Vicenza is a City in the Marquisate of Treviso, yet appertaining to the Venetians, full of gentlemen and splendid

¹ Goethe gives us this landscape: "The way from Verona hither is very pleasant: we go north-eastwards along the mountains, always keeping to the left the foremost mountains which consist of sand, lime, clay, and marl; the hills which they form, are dotted with villages, castles, and

palaces, to which the famous Palladio, borne here, has exceedingly contributed as having ben the architect. Most conspicuous is the Hall of Justice ; it has a toure of excellent work ; the lower pillars are of the first order ; those in the three upper corridors are Doric ; under them are shops in a spacious piazza. The hall was built in imitation of that at Padoa, but of a nobler designe, *a la moderna*. The next morning we visited the Theater, as being of that kind the most perfect now standing, and built by Palladio, in exact imitation of the ancient Romans, and capable of containing 5000 spectators. The sceane, which is all of stone, represents an imperial city, the order Corinthian, decorated with statues. Over the Scenario is inscribed, "Virtuti ac Genio Olympior : Academia Theatrum hoc a fundamentis erexit Palladio Architect : 1584." The sceane declines 11 foote, the suffito painted with cloudes. To this there joynes a spacious Hall for sollemn days to ballot in, and a second for the Academics. In the Piazza is also the Podesta, or Governor's house, the faciata being of the Corinthian order, very noble. The Piazza itselfe is so large as to be capable of justs and tournaments, the Nobility of this Citty being exceedingly addicted to this knight errantry and other martial diversions. In this place are two pillars in imitation of those at St. Marc's at Venice, bearing one of them a winged lion, the other the statue of St. Jo. Baptist.

In a word, this sweete Towne has more well-built Palaces than any of its dimensions in all Italy, besides a number begun and not yet finished (but of stately designe) by reason of the domestic dissentions 'twixt them and those of Brescia, fomented by the sage Venetians least by combining they might think of recovering their ancient liberty. For this reason also are permitted those disorders and insolences

houses. To the right extends the broad plain, along which the road goes. The straight broad path, which is in good preservation, goes through a fertile field ; we look into deep avenues of trees, up which the vines are trained to a considerable height, and then drop down, like pendant branches. Here we can get an admirable idea of festoons ! The grapes are ripe, and are heavy on the tendrils, which hang down long and trembling. The road is filled with people of every class and occupation, and I was particularly pleased by some carts, with low solid wheels, which, with teams of fine oxen, carry the large vats, in which the grapes from the vineyards are put and pressed. The drivers rode in them when they were empty, and the whole was like a triumphal procession of Bacchanals. Between the ranks of vines the ground is used for all sorts of grain, especially Indian corn and millet."

committed at Padoa among the youth of these two territories. It is no dishonour in this country to be some generations in finishing their palaces, that without exhausting themselves by a vast expence at once, they may at last erect a sumptuous pile. Count Oleine's Palace is neere perfected in this manner. Count Ulmarini is more famous for his gardens, being without the walls, especialy his Cedrario or Conserve of Oranges eleaven score of my paces long, set in order and ranges, making a canopy all the way by their intermixing branches for more than 200 of my single paces, and which being full of fruite and blossoms was a most delicious sight. In the middle of this garden was a cupola made of wyre, supported by slender pillars of brick, so closely cover'd with ivy, both without and within, that nothing was to be perceived but greene; 'twixt the arches there dangled festoons of the same. —*Evelyn.*

THE PALACES

There are said to be about twenty palaces, which were erected by Palladio, some of which are of unusual magnificence, and contribute in the whole to give Vicenza an appearance of splendour and beauty not common even in Italy. In materials and magnitude they are inferior perhaps to the palaces of Genoa, but in style of architecture and in external beauty far superior. Palladio in fact had a particular talent in applying the orders and the ornaments of architecture to the decoration of private edifices. Unlike the ancients, who seem to have contented themselves with employing its grandeur in temples, porticoes, and public buildings, he introduced it into common life, and communicated its elegant forms to private edifices and to ordinary dwellings. —*Eustace.*

PADUA

Padua is the second town of the Venetian state, though once the Mother of Venice. It's old enough to be the mother of Rome itself: having been built by Antenor, whose tomb is yet seen here. The town is very great, and fuller of good houses, than of men of condition: tyranny and too frequent murders having much depopulated it, in point of nobility. It stands in the Marca Tresigiana. The walls about it are strong, and backt up with fine ramparts. It lies near the Euganian hills, in a fertile soil, and plain, which makes

the proverb say : *Bologna la grassa, ma Padua la passa*. It's famous for the study of physick, as many as our thrice worthy physicians in England can testify. The chief things I observed in it are these :

1. Antenor's tomb with Gotick letters upon it : which makes me doubt whether this tomb be so ancient as they make it.

2. The public schools, called here *Il Bue*, or *Oxe* ; what if the first readers here came from Oxford, as they did to the university of Pavia ?¹

3. The Physick garden, to acquaint the students in Physick, with nature of simples.

4. The church of S. Antony of Padua, whose body lies in the open chapel on the left hand ; and this chapel is adorned with curious figures of white marble representing the chief actions of this saint's life.² Under the altar reposeth his body, and before it, hang some 27 great lamps of silver, or silver gilt. Over against this chappel, stands just such another open chappel, called the chappel of San Felice, which is rarely painted by famous Giotto, who made the Campanile of Florence. In a side chapel on the right hand, is the tombe of brave Gatta Mela, whose true name was Erasmo di Narni, of whom more by and by. The tombe of Alexander Contareno, General of the Venetians, and it is one of the best cut tombs I have seen. . . .

5. Going out by this church I saw the *Equestris* statue of Gatta Mela,³ the Venetians' general, whose tomb I saw even now in the church. He was nicknamed *Gatta*, because of his watchfulness in carrying business.

6. The church of S. Justina is one of the first churches of Italy, and no wonder, seeing its architect was Palladio. . . .

¹ The origin of the name is more probably from a formerly adjacent tavern with the ox for its sign.

² St. Antony was a Portuguese, born in 1195. He became a Franciscan in 1221 in Spain, and endeavoured to preach to the Moors in Africa ; but, being taken ill, went to Assisi, where he met the founder of his order. He is always spoken of as "il santo," "*the saint*," in Padua ; his legend includes a sermon to the fishes (given in full from a late broad-sheet by Addison), which is a parallel to St. Francis' sermon to the birds. St. Antony is believed to be efficacious by sailors when there is no wind. The church erected in his name is a curious mixture of the Lombard, Gothic, and Oriental styles.

³ Padua ranks only second to Florence for the study of Donatello. Besides the decorations and bas-reliefs of the *Santo*, the statue of "Gattamela" (Erasmo di Narni) is of the highest interest. It was executed forty years before the Bartolomeo Colleoni at Venice.

Before this church and monastery lies the Campo Santo, and a fair-field where they keep monthly a *mercato franco*, and where the evening *Corso* is kept, by ladies and noblemen in their coaches in the summer.—*Lassels*.

THE CHAPEL OF THE ARENA

. . . The Pietà of Giotto, in this little chapel at Padua, is now—as it was first painted in the commencement of the fourteenth century, and as it will continue to be so long as the neglect with which it is now treated allows it to exist—one of the great paintings of the world, one of those fountains from which school after school and age after age of artists may drink instruction and knowledge, and never fail to gain more, the more they study its many excellences, and its intensity of feeling and conception. . . . The architectural merit of the building is simply, I think, that it performs satisfactorily the office of giving ample unbroken surfaces of wall for paintings. The arrangement of these is very regular. The vault is divided into two parts by wide coloured borders, the space between which is painted blue, powdered with gilt stars, and in each bay there are five small medallions with figures on a gold ground. The side walls are divided by borders into three divisions in height; the upper division containing subjects from the life of the Blessed Virgin; the central, those illustrative of the life of our Blessed Lord; whilst those nearest to the ground are representatives of the Virtues and Vices opposed to each other; the last division tinted only in one colour, the others richly painted in beautiful colours upon a field of deep blue. The borders which divide the paintings are very satisfactory, their patterns always very clearly defined with white leading lines, a line of red on either side always accompanying each line of white. The paintings themselves are very wonderful: there is an earnestness of purpose and expression about them such as one rarely meets with: each subject is treated with a severe conscientiousness, not always conventionally where a departure from strict rule is for any reason necessary, but still, generally speaking, in accordance no doubt with the ancient traditional treatment. This, illuminated as it is by the thought and love and earnest intensity of feeling which Giotto lavished on all that he did, makes his work here the most perfect example of a series of religious pictures which I have ever seen. Of course in

such a large series of subjects there must be great variety of excellence, and I am content to agree with the rest of the world in awarding the palm of excellence to the Pietà, in which the expression of intense feeling in the face of the mourners over the body of our Lord is certainly beyond anything of the kind that I know. Throughout the subjects our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the apostles are represented always in vestments of the same colour.—*G. E. Street.*

THE UNIVERSITY

During the various revolutions that followed the fall and dismemberment of the Roman empire, Padua, in the intervals of repose that followed each successive shock, endeavoured to repair the shattered temple of the Muses, and to revive the sacred fire of knowledge. Some success always attended these laudable exertions, and a beam of science occasionally broke through the gloom of war and of barbarism. At length, the university was founded about the end of the eleventh century, and its foundation was to Padua the commencement of an era of glory and of prosperity. Its fame soon spread over Europe, and attracted to its schools prodigious numbers of students from all, even the most remote countries; while the reputation of its professors was so great, and their station so honourable, that even nobles, at a time when nobles were considered as beings of a more elevated nature, were ambitious to be enrolled in their number. Eighteen thousand students are said to have crowded the schools during ages; and amidst the multitude were seen, not Italians and Dalmatians, Greek and Latin Christians only; but even Turks, Persians, and Arabians, are said to have travelled from the distant regions of the East to improve their knowledge of medicine and botany, by the lectures of the learned Paduans. Hence the catalogue of the students of this University is rich in numbers and in illustrious names. Petrarca, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus, applied here, each to his favourite art, and in classics, astronomy, and navigation, collected the materials that were to form their future fame and fortune.—*Eustace.*

THE HOUSE OF PETRARCH¹

At Padua, I was too near the last and one of the most celebrated abodes of Petrarch, to make the omission of a

¹ In a village near Padua.

visit excusable; had I not been in a disposition to render such a pilgrimage peculiarly pleasing. I set forwards from Padua after dinner, so as to arrive some time before sunset. Nothing could be finer than the day; and I had every reason to promise myself a serene and delicious hour, before the sun might go down. I put the poems of Petrarch into my pocket; and, as my road lay chiefly through lanes, planted on either side with mulberries and poplars, from which vines hung dangling in careless festoons, I found many a bowering shade, where I sat, at intervals, to indulge my pensive humour over some ejaculatory sonnet; as the pilgrim, on his journey to Loretto, reposes here and there, to offer his prayers and meditations to the Virgin. In little more than an hour and half, I found myself in the midst of the Euganean hills, and, after winding almost another hour amongst them, I got, before I was well aware, into the village of Arqua. Nothing can be more sequestered or obscure than its situation. It had rather a deserted appearance; several of its houses being destitute of inhabitants, and crumbling into ruins. Two or three of them, however, exhibited ancient towers, richly mantled with ivy, and surrounded with cypress, that retained the air of having once belonged to persons of consideration. Their present abandoned state nourished the melancholy idea with which I entered the village. Could one approach the last retreat of genius, and not look for some glow of its departed splendour?

“Dear to the pensive eye of fond regret,
Is light still beaming from a sun that’s set.”

The residence of Petrarch at Arqua is said to have drawn thither from Padua the society of its more enlightened citizens. This city, whilst Petrarch lived in its neighbourhood, was engaged in rebellion against the Venetians; and Francis de Carrara, the head of it, went often to Arqua, to consult Petrarch; when he found himself obliged to sue to Venice for peace. The poet was indeed deputed, upon this occasion, his ambassador to the state; as being a person whose character and credit were most likely to appease its wrath. His success in this embassy might, perhaps, have been some recompense for an employment he accepted with much regret, as it forced him from his beloved retirement. In a letter to one of his friends, written about this period of his life, he says: “I pass the greatest part of the year in the country, which I have

always preferred to cities : I read ; I write ; I think : thus, my life and my pleasures are like those of youth. I take pains to hide myself ; but I cannot escape visits : it is an honour which displeases and wearies me. In my little house on the Euganean hills, I hope to pass my few remaining days in tranquillity, and to have always before my eyes my dead, or my absent, friends." I was musing on these circumstances as I walked along the village, till a venerable old woman, seated at her door with her distaff in her hand, observing me, soon guessed the cause of my excursion ; and offered to guide me to Petrarch's house. The remainder of my way was short, and well amused by my guide's enthusiastic expressions of veneration for the poet's memory ; which, she assured me, she felt but in common with the other inhabitants of the village. When we came to the door of the house, we met the peasant, its present possessor. The old woman, recommending the stranger and his curiosity to her neighbour's good offices, departed. I entered immediately, and ran over every room, which the peasant assured me, in confirmation of what I before learnt from better authority, were preserved, as nearly as they could be, in the state Petrarch had left them.

The house and premises, having unfortunately been transmitted from one enthusiast of his name to another, no tenants have been admitted, but under the strictest prohibition of making any change in the form of the apartments, or in the memorial relics belonging to the place ; and, to say the truth, everything I saw in it, save a few articles of the peasant's furniture in the kitchen, has an authentic appearance. . . . Its walls were adorned with landscapes and pastoral scenes, in such painting as Petrarch himself might, and is supposed to have executed. Void of taste and elegance, either in the design or colouring, they bear some characteristic marks of the age to which they are, with no improbability, assigned ; and, separate from the merit of exhibiting repeatedly the portraits of Petrarch and Laura, are a valuable sketch of the rude infancy of the art, where it rose with such hasty vigour to perfection. Having seen all that was left unchanged in this consecrated mansion, I passed through a room, said to have been the bard's bed-room, and stepped into the garden, situated on a green slope, descending directly from the house. It is now rather an orchard than a garden ; a spot of small extent, and without much else to recommend it, but that it once was the property of Petrarch. It is not pretended to have retained

the form in which he left it. An agreeably wild and melancholy kind of view, which it commands over the Euganean hills, and which I beheld under the calm glow of approaching sunset, must often, at the same moment, have soothed the poet's anxious feelings, and hushed his active imagination, as it did my own, into a delicious repose. Having lingered here till the sun was sunk beneath the horizon, I was led a little way farther in the village, to see Petrarch's fountain. Hippocrene itself could not have been more esteemed by the poet, than this, his gift, by all the inhabitants of Arquà. The spring is copious, clear, and of excellent water; I need not say with what relish I drank of it. The last religious act in my pilgrimage was a visit to the church-yard, where I strewed a few flowers, the fairest of the season, on the poet's tomb; and departed for Padua by the light of the moon.—*Beckford*.

MANTUA

Mantua belongs to a sovereign duke or prince of the house of Gonzague. It stands in the midst of marshes which are nourished by the river Mincius: so that there's no coming to it but by two long bridges over the lake. . . . As for Mantua itself, it's well built, and full of good houses. The duke's palace was heretofore one of the richest of Italy. I was told it had seven changes of hangings for every room in the house; besides a world of rare pictures, statues, plate, ornaments, cabinets, an unicorns' horn, an organ of alabaster; six tables, each one three feet long, the first all emeralds, the second of Turkey stones, the third of hyacinths, the fourth of saphyrs, the fifth of amber, the sixth of jasper stone. But the Imperialists swept all away. The origin of the house of Gonzague is from Germany. For a long time they were only Marquises of Mantua, till Charles the Fifth made them dukes. The revenues of this prince are about five hundred thousand crowns. His interest (as that of the other lesser princes of Italy) is to join with the stronger of the two nations, France or Spain. And he hath been often forced to put now and then a French garrison, now and then a Spanish garrison into his strong town of Casal, one of the strongest places I saw in all Italy: having an excellent Cittadel at one end of it; a strong castle at the other, and strong ditches, walls, and ramparts everywhere. In fine, this Duke can raise, about fifteen thousand foot, and two thousand horse.—*Lassels*.

THE CATHEDRAL

Mantua is a large city, with spacious streets, and some fine edifices. Its cathedral, built nearly upon the same plan as Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, is a very regular and beautiful edifice. The nave consists of two rows of Corinthian pillars, supporting, not arches, but an architrave and cornice, with a range of windows above, and niches in the intervals between them. Another row of pillars of the same order, on both sides, forms a double aisle. The choir consists of a semicircular recess behind the altar. Between the choir and the nave rises a very noble dome, decorated with pilasters and fine paintings. The transept on the left terminates in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, a hexagon, with a recess for the altar, surmounted with a dome, adorned with paintings and arabesques in the best style, presenting, on the whole, an exquisite specimen of Mantuan taste.—*Eustace*.

PALAZZO DEL TÈ¹

The Palazzo Tè . . . is indeed as singular a place as ever I saw. Not for its dampness, though it is very damp. Nor for its desolate condition, though it is as desolate and neglected as house can be. But chiefly for the unaccountable nightmares with which its interior has been decorated (among other subjects of more delicate execution) by Giulio Romano. There is a leering Giant over a certain chimney-piece, and there are dozens of Giants (Titans warring with Jove) on the walls of another room, so inconceivably ugly and grotesque, that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound, these monsters, with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb, are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings, and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rock, and burying themselves beneath; vainly striving to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that tumble down upon their heads; and, in a word, undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction.—*Dickens*.

¹ So called because the building is in the form of a **T**. Without following Dickens always as a judge of art, his estimate here is just enough.

THE TRIUMPH OF CÆSAR

The most famous work of Mantegna can only be described from Vasari's account: "At the time when he was living in Mantua, Andrea had been frequently employed by the Marquis Ludovico Gonzaga, who always favoured him and esteemed his talents very highly. That noble caused him therefore to paint, among other works, a small picture for the chapel in the castle of Mantua; the figures in this work are not very large, but are exceedingly beautiful. In the same painting are various forms, which, as seen from below, are foreshortened in a manner that has been much extolled; and although the draperies are somewhat hard, and the work has a certain dryness of manner, the whole is nevertheless seen to be executed with much art and great care. For the same marquis, Andrea painted the *Triumph of Cæsar*, in a hall of the palace of San Sebastiano, in Mantua. This is the best work ever executed by his hand. Here are seen in most admirable arrangement the rich and beautiful triumphal car, with the figure who is vituperating the triumphant hero; as also the kindred, the perfumes, the incense-bearers, the booty, and treasures seized by the soldiers, the well-ordered phalanx, the elephants, the spoils of art, the victories, cities, and fortresses, exhibited in admirably counterfeited forms, on huge cars, the numerous trophies borne aloft on spears, an infinite variety of helmets, corslets, and arms of all kinds, with ornaments, vases, and rich vessels innumerable. Among the multitude of spectators, there is a woman who holds a child by the hand; the boy has got a thorn in his foot, and this he shows weeping to his mother, with much grace and in a very natural manner."

Symonds describes the vicissitudes of the *Triumph of Cæsar* as follows: "Painted on canvas in tempera for the Marquis of Mantua, before 1488, looted by the Germans in 1630, sold to Charles I., resold by the Commonwealth, bought back by Charles II., and now exposed, much spoiled by time and change, but more by villainous repainting, on the walls of Hampton Court." Of pictures painted by Mantegna for the *Paradiso* of Isabella d'Este, two are in the Louvre. A model of the marvellous decoration of this tiny room is in South Kensington Museum.—*Ed.*

FERRARA¹

This town of Ferrara was once the seat of a sovereign prince of the house of Este, but for want of heirs male after the death of Alfonso the Second it fell to the Church, and Clement VIIIth took possession of it in person by an entry and ceremony worthy of the pen of Cardinal Bentivoglio who was there. The town stands in a plain, carrying above four miles compass; it hath a good citadell, strong walls, bulwarks: and a good garrison of soldiers. Here are fair streets and very handsome palaces; but people are somewhat thin.—*Lassels*.

RELICS OF ARIOSTO AND TASSO

The tomb of Ariosto occupies one end of the largest saloon of which the library is composed; it is formed of various marbles, surrounded by an expressive bust of the poet, and subscribed with a few Latin verses, in a less miserable taste than those usually employed for similar purposes. But the most interesting exhibitions here, are the writings, &c., of Ariosto and Tasso, which are preserved, and were concealed from the undistinguishing depredations of the French with pious care. There is the arm-chair of Ariosto, an old plain wooden piece of furniture, the hard seat of which was once occupied by, but has now survived its cushion, as it has its master. I could fancy Ariosto sitting in it; and the satires in his own handwriting which they unfold beside it, and the old bronze inkstand, loaded with figures, which belonged also to him, assists the willing delusion. This inkstand has an antique, rather than an ancient appearance. Three nymphs lean forth from the circumference, and on the top of the lid stands a cupid, winged and looking up, with a torch in one hand, his bow in the other, and his quiver beside him. A medal was bound round the skeleton of Ariosto, with his likeness impressed upon it. I cannot say I think it had much native expression; but, perhaps, the artist was in fault. On the reverse is a hand, cutting with a pair of

¹ No traveller gives us an adequate reference to the Romanesque Duomo, of which Leader Scott writes, "The façade has the usual three perpendicular divisions formed by means of chiselled shafts, but each division is divided horizontally into three levels, each one enriched with Lombard galleries. Besides these is a wealth of ornamentation, figures, reliefs, *trafori* (open work) and foliage of the most fantastic kind."

scissors the tongue from a serpent, upraised from the grass, with this legend—*Pro bono malum*. What this reverse of the boasted Christian maxim means, or how it applies to Ariosto, either as a satirist or a serious writer, I cannot exactly tell. The cicerone attempted to explain, and it is to his commentary that my bewildering is probably due—if, indeed, the meaning be very plain, as is possibly the case.

There is here a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison, to the Duke Alfonso; and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme*, though it had evidently been copied and recopied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. . . .

We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door, which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark, and when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the doges' palace of Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps. In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were riveted, which bound him hand and foot. After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place; the mark where it was walled up yet remains.¹—*Shelley*.

¹ Montaigne passed through Ferrara while Tasso was in the hospital prison of St. Anna. He does not mention the fact of Tasso's imprisonment, and there is no evidence that the two men ever met.

RAVENNA

The main, if not the whole, interest of Ravenna . . . centres in its history, as displayed in its tombs and mosaics within the churches. I will go briefly through its several points.

First, the last refuge of the Western Empire. This is centred in the extraordinary tomb of Galla Placidia. A low brick wall, a low brick octagon tower—this is the exterior. The interior is a dark chapel, with three recesses, every vault and arch of which glitters or darkens, as the case may be, with mosaics—those well-known old mosaics of the stags at the water brooks, and the youthful shepherd sitting with his flocks, and the Evangelistic beasts, and in each of the three recesses a huge marble sarcophagus—Galla Placidia in the centre, Honorius on the right, Constantius on the left. As late as 1577 Placidia herself was to be seen sitting, like Charlemagne in later times, wrapped in her imperial robes, seated on a throne of cypress. Through the aperture which revealed this wonderful sight three children put in a light; the robes caught fire; and in a moment all that remained of the daughter of Theodosius, the sister of Arcadius and Honorius, the wife of Adolphus and Constantius, the Empress of Aëtius, and Boniface, the mother of Valentinian III., was reduced to ashes. “Adesso,” said the guide with a grim smile, ‘non c’è Galla Placidia.’ But though this be so, it is still a spot of unique interest, so little changed since those awful times of a dissolving world, so humble without and so proud within, the close of the most romantic life in the Imperial family!

Secondly, the Gothic kingdom. Three monuments remain: the palace of Theodoric, where he died of seeing the ghost of Symmachus in the large fish on his table, a mere fragment; the Basilica¹ close by . . . as St. Mark’s at Venice for the doges; and outside the walls, in the green fields and hedges, a huge well-built mausoleum like Cecilia Metella’s or Hadrian’s, on the top of which once rested his ashes till they were scattered, as Arian by the Athanasian Greeks. On the whole this Gothic period is the least impressive.

Thirdly, the Exarchate. All the most interesting mosaics, and two of the chief churches, St. Vitalis and St. Apollinaris,

¹ Restored in the eighteenth century.

both built by a Ravenna banker (Julianus & Co.) at the same time, one within, one without the walls, are of this period. The most remarkable are the great representations, in St. Vitalis, of Justinian and Theodora . . . and in St. Apollinaris, of Constantine Pogonatus with his two brothers. They seem to be the only existing pictures of the Byzantine court, and, though stiff like all mosaics, it is something to look on the very figure of those departed potentates. Justinian, as also Constantine, is headless (?), clothed in purple, with a diadem and a glory of a saint round his head. Theodora, the infamous Theodora, has the same; her eyes are very large, her face thin, her mouth small. Her benefactions to this church were among the last acts of her life. She died in the year it was finished; so we here see the last of her. Beside Justinian stand the Varangian guards, Anglo-Saxons, now first appearing in historical monuments.—*Dean Stanley.*

S. APOLLINARE

The building belongs to the sixth century, but the unalterable mosaics covering the frieze of the nave on both sides, shew as clearly as ever what Greek art had become in the monastic minds of the quibbling theologians and the artificial rulers of the later Empire. It is still Greek art influencing humanity even at a remove of ten centuries from the Parthenon, and the talkative fools who now strut on the mundane stage still see, although with blinking eyes and as though through a fog, the grand forms and flowing draperies which were disposed in order on the façade of the pagan temples. Here above the columns the processions move, one of twenty-two women saints toward the Virgin, another of the same number of saintly men towards the Christ. In neither case is the expressive ugliness, and the exact imitation of the vulgar truth of mediævalism, yet to be seen; rather we might say the women have dignified figures, inclining to tallness, and in their reserved dignity have an antique grace. Their hair falls behind and is bound up on the brow like the head-dress of the nymphs, while their stole droops in long, severe folds; the male figures in single file are as grave in expression, while near both the Christ and the Virgin white-robed angels, with white-cinctured brows, are in prayer. But here the artistic tradition ends, for all the artist has learnt from it is that the figure must be draped, that such a mode of the arrangement

of the hair, or such facial expression is to be preferred. No longer is there any observation of life, or of the young and healthy spirit existing behind the outward seeming: the Fathers of the Church have forbidden it. . . .

The baptistery . . . is of the fifth century. Heavy arabesques cover the walls, and on the vault is to be seen the baptism of Jesus Christ, around whom is the circle of the twelve apostles, gigantic figures in white tunics and gilded mantles. The heads are small, but of surprising length, the shoulders narrow and the eyes sunk deep in their sockets. Nevertheless the rule of asceticism has not emaciated them to the same extent as the descendants of a century later in San Vitale. . . . St. Apollinare in Classe is on a road where stands a marble column, itself the sole survival of an entire quarter of the town and the last remnant of a destroyed basilica. St. Apollinare in Classe seems also deserted: it exists alone in the desolate part which was once a quarter of Ravenna.¹—*Taine*.

RIMINI²

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: A marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic; it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient Suggestums, as I have often observed on medals as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood like a little kind of stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the

¹ Concerning the Dante tomb in Ravenna, Dean Stanley well said "in the town . . . you cannot realise his presence." The Pineta or pine forest with which the great poet's name is associated has been in great part burnt down.

² Half way between Bologna and Rimini is Faenza, of which Lassels writes, "having no considerable thing in it but white earthen pots, called vessels of Faenza." Hence the French word *faïence*.

emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.—*Addison.*

THE CATHEDRAL¹

It is here that all the Malatesti lie. Here too is the chapel consecrated to Isotta, "*Divæ Isottæ Sacrum.*" . . . Nothing but the fact that the church is duly dedicated to St. Francis, and that the outer shell of classic marble encases an old Gothic edifice, remains to remind us that it is a Christian place of worship. It has no sanctity, no spirit of piety. The pride of the tyrant whose legend—"Sigismundus Pandulphus Malatesta Pan F. Fecit Anno Gratia MCCCL"—occupies every arch and stringcourse of the architecture, and whose coat-of-arms and portrait in medallion, with his cipher and his emblems of an elephant and a rose, are wrought in every piece of sculptured work throughout the building, seems to fill this house of prayer so that there is no room left for God.—*J. A. Symonds.*

SAN MARINO

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Apennines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer-time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

¹ Mainly executed by Leo Battista Alberti, who, for his versatility, was almost a Leonardo, at a date fifty years earlier.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants, as well as the historians who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years' distance from each other. Nor

can it be any mistake in the date, because the popes' and emperors' names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted Pope Pius the Second against one of the Malatestas, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half-way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The Arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides that, no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons

twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it, they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelines.

The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, etc. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is despatched from the republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing, indeed, can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.—*Addison*.

URBINO¹

The impression left upon the mind after traversing this palace in its length and breadth is one of weariness and disappointment. . . . Are these chambers really those where Emilia Pia held debate on love with Bembo and Castiglione; where Bibbiena's witticisms and Fra Serafino's pranks raised smiles on courtly lips; where Bernardo Accolti, "the Unique," declaimed his verses to admiring crowds? Is it possible that into yonder hall, where now the lion of S. Mark looks down alone on staring desolation, strode the Borgia in all his panoply of war, a gilded glittering dragon, and from the dais tore the Montefeltri's throne, and from the arras stripped their ensigns, replacing these with his own Bull and Valentinus Dux? Here Tasso tuned his lyre for Francesco Maria's wedding-feast, and read *Aminta* to Lucrezia d'Este. Here Guidobaldo listened to the jests and whispered scandals to the Arétine. Here Titian set his easel up to paint; here the boy Raphael, cap in hand, took signed and sealed credentials from his Dutchess to the Gonfaliere of Florence. Somewhere in these huge chambers, the courtiers sat before a torch-lit stage, when Bibbiena's *Calandria* and Castiglione's *Tirsi*, with their miracles of masques and mummers, whirled the night away. Somewhere, we know not where, Giuliano de' Medici made love in these bare rooms to that mysterious mother of ill-fated Cardinal Ippolito; somewhere, in some darker nook, the bastard Alessandro sprang to his strange-fortuned life of tyranny and license, which Brutus-Lorenzino cut short with a traitor's poignard-thrust in Via Larga. How many men, illustrious for arts and letters, memorable by their virtues or their crimes, from the great Pope Julius down to James III., self-titled King of England, who tarried here with Clementine Sobieski through some twelve months of his ex-royal exile!—*Symonds*.

LORETTO

Loretto . . . stands on a rising ground, overlooking a fine plain, and beyond this at no great distance, the Adriatic sea, or Gulf of Venice, which indeed is so near that, in clear

¹ Urbino is placed in this section, because the traveller takes coach from Pesaro. There is nothing particular to be said about the Raphael house.

weather, you can see the Sclavonian mountains on the other side of the gulf. The town altogether is exceedingly well situated. There are very few inhabitants beyond those who are actually engaged in the services of devotion; or indirectly innkeepers . . . and dealers in wax-candles, images, beads, Agnus Dei, Salvators, and such commodities; for the sale of which there is a number of fine shops, handsomely fitted up; as may well be, for they drive an excellent trade. I myself got rid of fifty good crowns in this way, while I was there. The priests, the churchmen, and the college of Jesuits, all live together in a large modern palace, where also the governor resides, himself a churchman, who has the ordering of all things here, subject to the authority of the legate and the pope.

The place of devotion is a small brick house, very old and very mean, much longer than it is broad. At the head of this is a projection, the two sides of which are iron doors, the front consisting of a thick iron grating; the whole affair is exceedingly coarse and antiquated, without the slightest appearance of wealth about it. This iron grating reaches across from one door to the other, and through it you can see to the end of the building, where stands the shrine, which occupies about a fifth part of the space, and is the principal object with the pious visitors. Here, against the upper part of the wall, is to be seen the image of Our Lady, made, they say, of wood; all the rest of the shrine is so covered with magnificent *ex-votos*, the offerings of princes and their subjects in all parts of Christendom, that there is hardly an inch of wall discernible, hardly a spot that does not glitter with gold and silver and precious stones. It was with the utmost difficulty, as a very great favour, that I obtained therein a vacant place, large enough to receive a small frame, in which were fixed four silver figures: that of Our Lady, my own, that of my wife, and that of my daughter. At the foot of mine there is engraved in silver: *Michael Montanus, Gallus Vesco, Eques Regii ordinis* 1581; at the foot of my wife's: *Francisca Cassaniana uxor*; and at that of my daughter: *Leonora Montana filia unica*; the figure of Our Lady is in the front, and the three others are kneeling side by side, before her.¹ —*Montaigne*.

¹ Addison gives us a landscape which deserves quotation: "Our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of

ANCONA

Ancona . . . is the principal town of the Marches; . . . it has a large population, a considerable portion of whom are Greeks, Turks, and Sclavonians, for the place carries on a good trade. The town is well built, and is flanked by two eminences, which run down into the sea. On one of these, by which we entered, there is a large fort, and on the other a church. The town is seated partly on the slopes of these two hills; but the principal portion is in the valley between them, and along the sea-side. There is a good port here, where may still be seen a fine arch, erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife and his sister. . . . The country abounds in excellent setters, which may be had for about six crowns each. There is an amazing number of quails caught here, but they are very poor. . . . We learnt that the quails came over here in large flocks from Sclavonia, and that every night they are caught in nets on the sea-shore, by men who allure them in their flight by imitating the quail's note. . . .

In the night, I heard the report of a cannon, as far off as from the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples, and beyond that city. Every league along the coast there is a tower; the first of these that discovers a corsair at sea, by firing a gun, gives a signal to the next tower, and so on, and in this way the alarm spreads with such rapidity that in one hour's time, it reaches from the other end of Italy to Venice.—*Montaigne*.

THE MOLE

The Romans, aware of the advantages of this port, made it their principal naval station in the Adriatic, built a magnificent mole to cover the harbour, and adorned it with a triumphal arch. This useful and splendid work was under-

rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep-worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers; we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure."

taken and finished by Trajan, and to him the triumphal arch is dedicated. It is still entire, though stripped of its metal ornaments ; the order is Corinthian ; the materials, Parian marble ; the form light, and the whole is considered as the best, though not the most splendid, nor the most massive model, that remains of similar edifices. It was ornamented with statues, busts, and probably inferior decorations of bronze ; but of these, as I hinted above, it has been long since stripped by the avarice of barbarian invaders, or perhaps of ignorant and degenerate Italians. From the first taking of Rome by Alaric, that is from the total fall of the arts to their restoration, it was certain ruin to an ancient edifice to retain, or to be supposed to retain, any ornament, or even any stay of metal. Not the internal decorations only were torn off, but the very nails pulled out, and not unfrequently stones displaced, and columns overturned, to seek for bronze or iron.—*Eustace.*

THE CATHEDRAL

. . . The Cathedral . . . is unquestionably, as far as my experience goes, the most finely situated church in Europe. A part of the mass of Monte Conero . . . juts out into the sea, before receding so as to leave space for the town, and thus forms the *ancona* which has given the place its name, and the harbour which gives it its value. On the topmost headland of this jutting promontory, which protrudes from the coast-line, with an inclination towards the north, far enough out into the sea to be washed at its base on both sides, and to command a twofold sea view from its summit, the Cathedral stands on the spot where stood the

Domus Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon

of Juvenal's Fourth Satire.—*T. A. Trollope.*

THE LAKES, MILAN, AND TOWNS TO BOLOGNA

THE APPROACH FROM THE SIMPLON

. . . THE character of the mountains, which we should expect to become more smiling and soft as we come towards Italy, takes, on the contrary, an extraordinary barbarity and harshness. . . . The descents become steeper and steeper ; the valley in which the road winds is strangled in the gorges ; the mountains on either side are scarped in a terrible way ; the rocks are sheer to perpendicularity, or seem ready to topple over ; their cleavage, with the clear marks of blasting, shews that they have only made way after fierce resistance, and only at the cost of not a little powder to get the better of them. The colouring grows brown, and the light painfully filters down the narrow cuttings ; patches of a sombre green, which are really pine-forests, spot the dun rocks and give them a tigrish aspect. The torrents become cascades, and at the bottom of a gigantic fissure, which looks like the hatchet stroke of a Titan, there scolds and foams the Doveria, a sort of raging river, which does not roll water only, but blocks of granite, enormous stones, caked earth, and white smoke. Its bed is far larger than its stream, and it rushes and convulsively twists itself, looking like a street of cyclopæan walls after an earthquake. It is a chaos of rocks, marble slabs, and fragments of marble looking almost like keystones, door posts, shavings of columns, and corners of walls. In other places whitened stones seem to make a charnel house like the graves of mastodons and antediluvian animals laid bare by a water-course. It is everywhere ruin, ravage, desolation, and a menace of peril. . . .

This Doveria, furious and raging as it is, has still been of service ; without it man could not have cloven these colossal masses. Its waters have conquered opposition and prepared

a way for the engineer. Its course is a rough tracing of the road ; torrent and road nudge each other, sometimes the road borrows from the torrent, sometimes the torrent from the road. Sometimes the solid rock shews an enormous rampart, which can be neither scaled nor gone round ; then a gallery cut through it with chisel and blasting powder solves the difficulty. The Gondo gallery, cut with two openings, which would make an admirable underground scene in a melodrama, is one of the longest after the Algaby, which is 220 feet in length. It bears at one entrance the brief but noble inscription : *Aere Italo, 1795,¹ Nap. imp.* Not far from this spot, the Frasinone and two other torrents emerging from the glaciers of the Rosboden hurl themselves down into the abyss with terrifying roar and fury. The road follows an escarpment over the gulf. The rock-walls come closer and closer, rough, black, bristling, gleaming, and out of balance, only shewing the sky between their summits two thousand feet above. . . .

After crossing the most perilous bridges, and prodigious tunnelings,—for there is one where all the weight of the mountain is on a pile of masonry—we come to a region that is slightly less penned in. The valley opens out, the Doveria spreads out with more ease, the clouds and gathered mists break into light wool. The light is less hoarded by the sky ; the icy cold grey-green tint which marks the terrors of the Alps, becomes somewhat warmer. A few houses have the courage to shew their heads through the clumps of trees on the less hazardous slopes, and we presently reach Isella.—*Théophile Gautier.*

THE LAKES

LAGO DI COMO

Since I last wrote to you we have been to Como, looking for a house. This lake exceeds any thing I ever beheld in beauty, with the exception of the arbutus islands of Killarney. It is long and narrow, and has the appearance of a mighty river winding among the mountains and the forests. We sailed from the town of Como to a tract of country called the Tremezina, and saw the various aspects presented by that part of the lake. The mountains between Como and that village, or rather cluster of villages, are covered on high with chestnut

¹ Is Gautier quite right in his date ?

forests (the eating chestnuts, on which the inhabitants of the country subsist in time of scarcity), which sometimes descend to the very verge of the lake, overhanging it with their hoary branches. But usually the immediate border of this shore is composed of laurel-trees, and bay, and myrtle, and wild fig-trees, and olives which grow in the crevices of the rocks, and overhang the caverns, and shadow the deep glens, which are filled with the flashing light of the waterfalls. Other flowering shrubs, which I cannot name, grow there also. On high, the towers of village churches are seen white among the dark forests. Beyond, on the opposite shore, which faces the south, the mountains descend less precipitously to the lake, and although they are much higher, and some covered with perpetual snow, there intervenes between them and the lake a range of lower hills, which have glens and rifts opening to the other, such as I should fancy the *abysses* of Ida or Parnassus. Here are plantations of olive, and orange, and lemon trees, which are now so loaded with fruit, that there is more fruit than leaves—and vineyards. This shore of the lake is one continued village, and the Milanese nobility have their villas here. The union of culture and the untameable profusion and loveliness of nature is here so close, that the line where they are divided can hardly be discovered. But the finest scenery is that of the Villa Pliniana; so called from a fountain which ebbs and flows every three hours, described by the younger Pliny, which is in the court-yard. This house, which was once a magnificent palace, and is now half in ruins, we are endeavouring to procure. It is built upon terraces *raised from* the bottom of the lake, together with its garden, at the foot of a semicircular precipice, overshadowed by profound forests of chestnut. The scene from the colonnade is the most extraordinary, at once, and the most lovely that eye ever beheld. On one side is the mountain, and immediately over you are clusters of cypress-trees of an astonishing height, which seem to pierce the sky. Above you, from among the clouds, as it were, descends a waterfall of immense size, broken by the woody rocks into a thousand channels to the lake. On the other side is seen the blue extent of the lake and the mountains, speckled with sails and spires. The apartments of the Pliniana are immensely large, but ill furnished and antique. The terraces, which overlook the lake, and conduct under the shade of such immense laurel-trees as deserve the epithet of Pythian, are most delightful.—*Shelley*.

LAGO MAGGIORE

If I had my choice of a country house, I would choose one here. From topmost Varese, where the road begins to fall, a broad plain with low hills is seen. The expanse is clothed with verdure and with trees, with fields and meadows starred with white and yellow flowers like a velvet Venetian dress, with mulberry-trees and vines. Further on are bouquets of oaks and poplars, and scattered among the hills, beautiful placid lakes, with broad waters of one tone, shining like mirrors of steel. It has the gentleness of an English landscape, the noble composition of a picture by Claude Lorraine. The mountains and the sky give majesty, the expansive waters give a flowing grace. Two kinds of landscape, those of north and south, here meet in a pleasant friendship, and give the softness of a grassy park with the grandeur of an amphitheatre of high rocks. The lake itself is far more varied than that of Como: it is not shut in from end to end by abrupt bare hills; if it lies beneath harsh mountains, it has also smiling slopes, a cloak of forest trees, and the perspective of the plain. From Laveno we see its broad motionless surface, burnished here and there and damascened like a corslet by numberless scales under the blaze of the sun breaking through the domed clouds. The faint breeze hardly brings a dying ripple against the pebbles of the shores. Eastward, a path winds half up the bank among green hedges, blossoming fig-trees, and spring flowers with every kind of sweet scent. . . . Further and yet further along, the tree-girt mountains slope to the water's edge, and lift their cones and misty peaks, lost in the grey clouds.

At sunrise we took a boat and crossed the lake in the diaphanous mist of dawn; the surface is as broad as some sea-bays, and the little waves of leaden blue shine faintly. The grey vapour covers the sky and water with its monotone; but it fades gradually and disappears, while through its breaking meshes come the lovely light and gentle warmth of day. We glide thus for a couple of hours in the unchanging balmy twilight of early dawn, touched by the breeze as by the gentle shock of air from a feather-fan. Then the sky clears, and only blue and brightness are above us; the water around is like a broad piece of wrinkled velvet, the sky like a glowing sapphire shell. But a white spot appears, grows and becomes a reality: it is Isola-Madre, wrapped in its terraces, with the

waves beating against its great blue flags and powdering its lustrous leaves with moisture. We land ; on the side of the ledge are aloes with their massive leaves and Indian figs sunning their tropical fruit. Alleys of lemon trees run by the walls, and their green or yellow fruit clings close to the interstices of the rocks. With this wealth of beautiful plants, four terraces rise one by one ; on the plateau of the isle is a band of green throwing over the banks its masses of leaves, laurels, evergreens, plane-trees, pomegranates, exotics, glycines, and full-bloomed clusters of azalea. We walk amid coolness and perfumes. . . . All carpeted with delicate grass and grown with flowering trees, the island is a fair garland of pink, blue, and violet flowers picked at morning time, and with butterflies hovering round it. Its immaculate lawns are constellated with primroses and anemones ; peacocks and pheasants walk peacefully, carrying their brilliant tails eyed with gold and painted with purple, the uncontested monarchs of a kingdom of little birds twittering and talking among themselves.

I had no wish to consider formal architecture, and certainly not artificial decoration, and least of all the artificial decoration and perversion of recent centuries. The ten vaulted terraces of Isola-Bella, with their grottoes of rock-work and mosaic, their chambers covered with pictures and filled with bric-à-brac, its basins of water, and its fountains seemed unsightly to me and did not move me. I preferred to look at the western shore facing us, scarped and wholly green, and a natural delight to the eye. The lofty and peaceful mountains rise up in their splendour, and we long to go and sit on their lawns. Sloping meadows of wonderful green clothe the first slopes ; narcissus, euphorbia, and flowers empurpled abound in the hollows ; clusters of myosotis open their small blue eyes, and their heads tremble in the spray of the springs. Myriads of rills glance on the hillside, running and tumbling over each other ; tiny cascades strew showers of pearls on the grass, while diamond brooks catch up their lost waters and hurry to pour them into the lake. Here and there amid the happy murmur and the beauty of it all, the oaks shew their lustrous new leaves and climb from height to height till they cut the sky with an unbroken line.—*Taine.*

LAGO DI LUGANO

This lake is twenty-five miles in length, in breadth from three to six, and of immense depth; indeed, in some places it is said to be almost unfathomable. Its former name was *Ceresius Lacus* (the Ceresian Lake); but whether known to the ancients, or produced, as some have imagined, by a sudden convulsion in the fifth or sixth century, has not yet been ascertained. The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains, so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages, and so high, as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular, and descend so rapidly into the gulf below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure. The traveller feels a sort of terror as he glides under them, and dreads lest the rocks should close over him, or some fragment descend from the crag, and bury him in the abyss.

To this general description there are several exceptions, and in particular with reference to that part which, expanding westward, forms the bay of Lugano. The banks here slope off gently towards the south and west, presenting fine hills, fields, and villas, with the town itself in the centre, consisting in appearance of several noble lines of buildings. On the craggy top of the promontory on one side of this bay stands a castle; the towering summit of the opposite cape opens into green downs striped with forests, bearing a strong resemblance in scenery and elevation to the heights of Vallombrosa. —*Eustace.*

LAGO DI GARDA (SIRMIONE)

The peninsula of Sirmione, and the bolder promontory of Minerbo, the former about seven, the latter about fourteen miles distant, appeared to great advantage from Peschiera, and grew upon the sight as we advanced. Sirmione appears as an island; so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the mainland. Its entrance is defended, and indeed totally

covered by an old castle, with its battlements and high antique tower in the centre, in the form of a Gothic fortification.

The promontory spreads behind the town, and rises into a hill entirely covered with olives: this hill may be said to have two summits, as there is a gentle descent between them. On the nearest is a church and hermitage, plundered by the French, and now uninhabited and neglected. On the farthest, in the midst of an olive grove, stand the walls of an old building, said to be a Roman bath; and near it is a vault, called the *grotto of Catullus*. The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages, supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but apparently of no very distant era. At all events, Catullus undoubtedly inhabited this spot, and preferred it, at a certain period, to every other region. He has expressed his attachment to it in some beautiful lines.¹

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus.

He could not have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and of society.—*Eustace*.

THE ITALIAN LAKES COMPARED

To which of the Italian Lakes should the palm of beauty be accorded? This question may not unfrequently have moved the idle thoughts of travellers, wandering through that loveliest region from Orta to Garda—from little Orta, with her gem-like island, rosy granite crags, and chestnut-covered swards above the Colna; to Garda, bluest of all waters, surveyed in majestic length from Desenzano or poetic Sirmione, a silvery sleeping haze of hill and cloud and heaven and clear waves bathed in modulated azure. And between these extreme points what varied lovelinesses lie in broad Maggiore, winding Como, Varese with the laughing face upturned to heaven, Lugano overshadowed by the crested crags of Monte

¹ Catullus had been gold-digging in Bithynia, with little or no success.

Generoso, and Iseo far withdrawn among the rocky Alps! He who loves immense space, cloud shadows slowly sailing over purple slopes, island gardens, distant glimpses of snow-capped mountains, breadth, air, immensity, and flooding sunlight, will choose Maggiore. But scarcely has he cast his vote for this, the Juno of the divine rivals, when he remembers the triple loveliness of the Larian Aphrodite, disclosed in all their placid grace from Villa Serbelloni;—the green blue of the waters, clear as glass, opaque through depth; the *millefleurs* roses clambering into cypresses by Cadenabbia; the laburnums hanging their yellow clusters from the clefts of Sasso Rancio; the oleander arcades of Varenna; the wild white limestone crags of San Martino, which he has climbed to feast his eyes with the perspective, magical, serene, Lionardesquely perfect, of the distant gates of Adda. Then, while this modern Paris is still doubting, perhaps a thought may cross his mind of sterner, solitary Lake Iseo—the Pallas of the three. She offers her own attractions. The sublimity of Monte Adamello, dominating Lovere and all the lowland-like Hesiod's hill of Virtues reared aloft above the plain of common life, has charms to tempt heroic lovers. Nor can Varese be neglected. In some picturesque respects, Varese is the most perfect of the lakes. These long lines of swelling hills that lead into the level, yield an infinite series of placid foregrounds, pleasant to the eye by contrast with the dominant snow-summits from Monte Viso to Monte Leone: the sky is limitless to southward; the low horizons are broken by bell-towers and farm-houses; while armaments of clouds are rolling in the interval of Alps and plain.—*J. A. Symonds.*

COMO (*The Town*)

The city of Como, at two stages distance from Milan, is one of the smallest but most ancient capitals of Lombardy. It forms a semi-circle at the head of its lake, and reposes at the foot of an abrupt height, crowned with the remains of the feudal castle of Baradello. The romantic faubourgs of San Agostino and Borgo Vico stretch to the right and left of the lake. Hills of every form and culture swell around, as if thrown up by a volcanic explosion; and the torrent of the *Cosia*, leaping from its mountain-head, falls into the little plain of willows, which separates the town from the mountains of St. Fermo and Lampino. But prominent in the landscape,

and (whether bronzed by sunset, or silenced by moonbeams) conspicuous in picturesque effect, rise the ruins of Baradello, once the scene of a tragic tale. . . . [From the walls of this mountain-fortress, so important in the thirteenth century, was suspended a cage. In this cage, in the year 1277, exposed to all the inclemency of the stormy region, was imprisoned, and perished, the famous feudal chief Torriani, once lord of the domains of Como and of the Milanese, the victim of the vengeance of his rival and conqueror, Sforza.¹]

The interior of the town of Como exhibits dark, narrow, and filthy streets; churches numerous, old and tawdry; some dreary palaces of the Comasque nobles, and dismantled dwellings of the Cittadini. The cathedral, or Duomo, is its great feature; founded in 1396, and constructed with marbles from the neighbouring quarries. It stands happily with respect to the lake, but is surrounded by a small square of low and mouldering arcades and pretty little shops. Its baptistery is ascribed to Bramante, but the architecture is so mixed and semi-barbarous, that it recalls the period when the arts began to revive in all the fantastic caprice of unsettled taste. Everywhere the elegant Gothic is mingled with the grotesque forms of ruder orders; and basso-relievos of monsters and non-descripts disfigure a façade, whose light Gothic pinnacles are surmounted with golden crosses; while the fine pointed arch and clustered column contrast with staring saints and grinning griffins. Upon the walls of this most Christian church are inserted inscriptions, and other monuments to the memory and honour of the heathen Plinies; and the statue of the youngest of these distinguished philosophers forms a pendant on the principal front of the cathedral, to a saint.—*Lady Morgan*.

BERGAMO

From the new town of commerce to the old town of history upon the hill, the road is carried along a rampart lined with horse-chestnut trees—clumps of massy foliage, and snowy pyramids of bloom, expanded in the rapture of a southern spring. . . . A sudden angle in the road is turned, and we pass from air-space and freedom into the old town, beneath walls of dark brown masonry, where wild valerians light their torches of red bloom in immemorial shade. Squalor and splendour live here side by side.

¹ Lady Morgan's note.

Grand Renaissance portals grinning with Satyr masks are flanked by tawdry frescoes shamming stone-work, or by doorways where the withered bush hangs out a promise of bad wine.

The Cappella Colleoni is our destination, that masterpiece of the sculptor-architect's craft, with its variegated marbles—rosy and white and creamy yellow and jet-black—in patterns, bas-reliefs, pilasters, statuettes, encrusted on the fanciful domed shrine. Upon the façade are mingled, in the true Renaissance spirit of genial acceptance, motives Christian and Pagan with supreme impartiality. Medallions of emperors and gods alternate with virtues, angels and cupids in a maze of loveliest arabesque; and round the base of the building are told two stories—the one of Adam from his creation to his fall, the other of Hercules and his labours. . . . This chapel was built by the great Condottiere Bartolomeo Colleoni, to be the monument of his puissance even to the grave.—*J. A. Symonds.*

MONZA

Recent travellers have spoken so lightly of having gone to Monza "to see the iron crown," that we conceived the visit a thing of course, open to all strangers in the common routine of sights. We found, on the contrary, that to obtain permission to inspect this relic, was a matter of interest and of time. . . . The order was signed by the Grand Duke and countersigned by the Governor of Milan; and it was dispatched the night before our visit to the chapter of Monza.

We found Monza dreary and silent; and its great square in front of the cathedral, grown with grass, marked how much the shrine of the saintly and royal Theodolinda, the famed and most popular of Lombard queens, was now neglected by the descendants of her ancient subjects. The Duomo, externally Gothic and venerable, is within still more impressive and antiquated. The relics of the barbarous taste of the *bassi tempi* were visible in the sculpture, tracery, carving, and frescoes which covered the walls, pillars, altars, and shrines of this most memorable edifice.

We were received at our entrance by some of the chapter, appointed to do the honours by the archducal mandate. The canon who conducted us, having left us in the church,

retired to robe for the ceremony, and returned in grand *ponticalibus*, preceded by a priest in a white torch, and some *chorici* in their white short surplices. This little procession, as it issued from the aisles, seemed a living illustration of some of the surrounding basso-relievos, particularly one where an archbishop of Monza carries the crown to the second husband of Queen Theodolinda. When they arrived before the shrine of the Iron Crown, which is contained in a gigantic cross suspended over the altar, the priests fell prostrate; the sacristan placed a ladder against the cross; ascended, opened the shrine, and displayed the treasure in the blaze of the torch-light; the priest below filled the air with volumes of odorous vapour, flung from silver censers; and nothing was visible but the blazing jewels, illuminated by the torch, and the white drapery of the sacristan, who seemed suspended in mid air. The effect was most singular. At last the incense dissipated, and the cross closed, the sacristan descended, and the canons shewed us a mock crown in imitation of the real, that we might judge of the details, and of the size and value of the gems.¹—*Lady Morgan*.

MILAN ²

We enter'd into the State of Milan, and pass'd by Lodi, a greate Citty famous for cheese little short of the best Parmeggiano. We din'd at Marignano, 10 miles before coming to Milan, where we met halfe a dozen suspicious Cavaliers, who yet did us no harme. Then passing as through a continual garden, we went on with exceeding pleasure, for it is the paradise of Lombardy, the highways as even and strait as a line, the fields to a vast extent planted with fruit about

¹ Lady Morgan describes (from the books narrating them) the ceremonies of the procession which took the iron crown to Milan for Napoleon's coronation on the 25th May 1805: "It was led by a guard of honour on horseback, a corps of the Italian guards; a carriage contained the municipality of Monza; another followed with the workmen employed to remove the crown; the canons, the syndic, and the *archiprete* of the cathedral of Monza succeeded; and last, came a carriage with the master of the ceremonies of the Imperial Court, bearing the crown on a velvet cushion." Received at Milan with a salvo of artillery, it was deposited in the cathedral, and "a guard watched round it during the night."

² Montaigne thought Milan not unlike Paris in appearance. Lady Morgan tells us that "French is spoken with great purity by the Milanese. Their *u* is like the *u* of the French, the great stumbling-block of the southern Italians in French pronunciation."

the inclosures, vines to every tree at equal distances, and water'd with frequent streames. There was likewise much corne, and olives in abundance. At approach of the Citty some of our company, in dread of the Inquisition (severer here than in all Spain), thought of throwing away some Protestant books and papers. We arriv'd about 3 in the afternoon, when the officers search'd us thoroughly for prohibited goods, but finding we were onely gentlemen travellers, dismiss'd us for a small reward, and we went quietly to our inn, the Three Kings, where for that day we refreshed ourselves, as we had neede. The next morning we delivered our letters of recommendation to the learned and courteous Ferrarius, a Doctor of the Ambrosian College, who conducted us to all the remarkable places of the towne, the first of which was the famous Cathedral. We enter'd it by a portico so little inferior to that of Rome, that when it is finished it will be hard to say which is the fairest; the materials are all of white and black marble, with columns of great height of Egyptian granite. The outside of the Church is so full of sculpture, that you may number 4000 statues all of white marble, amongst which that of St. Bartholomew is esteemed a masterpiece. The Church is very spacious, almost as long as St. Peter's at Rome, but not so large. About the Quire the sacred storie is finely sculptured in snow-white marble, nor know I where it is exceeded. About the body of the Church are the miracles of St. Char. Boromeo, and in the vault beneath is his body before the high altar, grated, and inclos'd in one of the largest chrystals in Europe. To this also belongs a rich treasure. The cupola is all of marble within and without, and even cover'd with great planks of marble, in the Gotick designe. The windows are most beautifully painted. Here are two very faire and excellent organs. The fabriq is erected in the midst of a faire Piazza, and in the center of the Citty.

Hence we went to the Palace of the Archbishop, which is a quadrangle, the architecture of Theobaldi, who design'd much for Philip II. in the Escorial, and has built much in Milan. Hence I went into the Governor's Palace, who was Constable of Castile; tempted by the glorious tapissries and pictures, I adventur'd so far alone, that peeping into a chamber where the greate man was under the barber's hands, he sent one of his Negro's (a slave) to know what I was; I made the best excuse I could, and that I was only admiring the pictures, which he returning and telling his lord, I heard the Governor

reply that I was a spie, on which I retir'd with all the speede I could, pass'd the guard of Swisse, got into the streete, and in a moment to my company, who were gone to the Jesuites Church, which in truth is a noble structure, the fronte especially, after the moderne. After dinner we were conducted to St. Celso, a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante; the carvings of the marble faciaata are by Hannibal Fontana, whom they esteeme at Milan equal to the best of the ancients. In a roome joyning to the Church is a marble Madona like a Colosse, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the aire. There are two Sacristias, in one of which is a fine *Virgin* of Leonardo da Vinci, in the other is one by Raphael d'Urbino, a piece which all the world admires. The Sacristan shew'd us a world of rich plate, jewells, and embroder'd copes, which are kept in presses. . . .

We concluded this day's wandring at the Monasterie of Madona della Gratia, and in the Refectorie admir'd that celebrated *Cæna Domini* of Leonardo da Vinci, which takes up the intire wall at the end, and is the same that the greate Virtuoso Francis the First of France was so enamour'd of, that he consulted to remove the whole wall by binding it about with ribs of iron and timber to convey it into France. It is indeede one of the rarest paintings that was ever executed by Leonardo, who was long in the service of that Prince, and so deare to him that the King coming to visite him in his old age and sicknesse, he expired in his armes.¹ . . .

Milan is one of the most princely Citties in Europe: it has no suburbs, but is circled with a stately wall for 10 miles, in the center of a country that seemes to flow with milk and hony. The aire is excellent; the fields fruitfull to admiration, the market abounding with all sorts of provisions. In the Citty are neere 100 Churches, 71 Monasteries, 40,000 inhabitants; it is of a circular figure, fortified with bastions, full of sumptuous palaces and rare artists, especially for works in chrystal, which is here cheape, being found among the Alpes. They are curious straw workers among the nunns, even to admiration. It has a good river, and a citadell at some small distance from the Citty, commanding it, of greate strength for its works and munition of all kinds. It was built by Galeatius II. and consists of 4 bastions, and works at the angles and fronts; the graff is fac'd with brick to a very great depth; has 2 strong towres as one enters, and within is

¹ The story has no basis in fact.

another fort and spacious lodgings for the souldiers and for exercising them. No accommodation for strength is wanting, and all exactly uniforme. They have here also all sorts of work and tradesmen, a greate magazine of armes and provisions. The foss is of spring water with a mill for grinding corn, and the ramparts vaulted underneath. Don Juan Vasquez Coronada was now Governor; the garrison Spaniards onely.—*Evelyn*.

THE CATHEDRAL

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church, indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history pieces, and several little images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are, indeed, a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them.—*Addison*.

This cathedral is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height, and the utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded

with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the solid blue with those groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the serene depth of this Italian heaven, or by moonlight when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond any thing I had imagined architecture capable of producing. The interior, though very sublime, is of a more earthly character, and with its stained glass and massy granite columns overloaded with antique figures, and the silver lamps, that burn for ever under the canopy of black cloth beside the brazen altar and the marble fretwork of the dome, give it the aspect of some gorgeous sepulchre. There is one solitary spot among those aisles, behind the altar, where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit, and read Dante there.—*Shelley*.

The design of the façade is of the simplest: it is an acute angle like the gable of an ordinary house, bordered with lace of marble, and having on the wall, without anything jutting out, and of no architectural order, five doors and eight windows, with six groups of spindle-shaped columns, or rather constructive connections ending in hollowed points topped with statues and filled in their interstices with brackets and niches supporting and protecting figures of angels, of saints and of patriarchs. Behind these spring up in numberless rounded forms like the shafts of a basaltic grotto, forests of belfries, pinnacles, minarets, spikes of white marble, and the central spire, which seems like crystallised ice in the air, thrown up towards a fearful height in the sky, and placing, near enough to step into heaven, the Virgin who stands on its topmost point, her foot on the crescent. In the middle of the façade are written the words, *Mariæ nascenti*, which are the dedication of the cathedral.

Begun by John Galeas Visconti, and continued by Ludovico il Moro, the basilica of Milan was completed by Napoleon. It is the biggest church in existence after St. Peter's at Rome. Its interior is of a majestic and noble simplicity: rows of coupled columns form five naves. These grouped columns, in spite of their massive structure, are graceful by reason of the elegance of the shafts. Above the capital of the pillars, they have a kind of windowed and cut-out gallery, where are placed statues of saints; then the mouldings are carried on to meet in the summit of the vault, which is decorated with trefoils and Gothic enterlacings, so perfectly painted that they would deceive the eye more were

it not that the pargetting—occasionally fallen away—shewed the bare stone.

In the centre of the cross an aperture surrounded by a balustrade shews to view the mystic chapel where St. Charles Borromeo sleeps in a crystal coffin covered with silver plates. St. Charles is the best revered saint of the town : his virtues, his heroism during the plague, made him so popular that his memory still survives. At the entrance to the choir is a triforium which supports a crucifix worshipped by angels in adoration ; the following inscription is to be seen in a wooden frame : *Attendite ad petram unde excisi estis*. On each side rise two magnificent pulpits, both of the same metal, upheld by fine figures in bronze, and with silver bas-reliefs whose weight is the least part of their value. The organ, not far from the pulpits, has for its shutters big canvases by Procacini, if our recollection is right. Round the choir runs a series of sculptures illustrating the *Stations of the Cross*.—*Théophile Gautier*.

SAN AMBROGIO

Mention is made often of San Ambrogio, founded in the fourth century by St. Ambrose, completed and remodelled later in the Romanesque manner, and supplied with Gothic arches towards the year 1300, while it is strewn with fragments of the intermediate periods in the shape of doors, pulpit,¹ and altar-coverings.—*Taine*.

THE LAST SUPPER (SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE)

Of the Last Supper, I would simply observe, that in its beautiful composition and arrangement, there it is, at Milan, a wonderful picture ; and that, in its original colouring, or in its original expression of any single face or feature, there it is not. Apart from the damage it has sustained from damp, decay, or neglect, it has been (as Barry shows) so retouched upon, and repainted, and that so clumsily, that many of the heads are, now, positive deformities, with patches of paint and

¹ Appreciation of such work as the pulpit of St. Ambrogio has been possible only within the last few years. It is not Lombard, though it has apparent affinities. Leader Scott dates it as of the sixth century, and refers to the Comacine Solomon's knots ; the earliest instance of the use of the Lion of Judah in connection with pillars ; the Byzantine scrolls and interlaced work, and the symbolical animals. The early Christian tomb under the pulpit has no connection with it.

plaster sticking upon them like wens, and utterly distorting the expression. Where the original artist set that impress of his genius on a face, which, almost in a line or touch, separated him from meaner painters and made him what he was, succeeding bunglers, filling up, or painting across seams and cracks, have been quite unable to imitate his hand; and putting in some scowls, or frowns, or wrinkles, of their own, have blotched and spoiled the work. This is so well established as an historical fact, that I should not repeat it, at the risk of being tedious, but for having observed an English gentleman before the picture, who was at great pains to fall into what I may describe as mild convulsions, at certain minute details of expression which are not left in it. Whereas, it would be comfortable and rational for travellers and critics to arrive at a general understanding that it cannot fail to have been a work of extraordinary merit, once: when, with so few of its original beauties remaining, the grandeur of the general design is yet sufficient to sustain it, as a piece replete with interest and dignity.¹—*Dickens*.

THE CHAPEL OF S. MAURIZIO (MONASTERO MAGGIORE)

The student of art in Italy after mastering the characters of different styles and epochs, finds a final satisfaction in the contemplation of buildings designed and decorated by one master, or by groups of artists interpreting the spirit of a single period. Such supreme monuments of the national genius are not very common, and they are therefore the more precious. Giotto's chapel at Padua; the Villa Farnesina at Rome, built by Peruzzi, and painted in fresco by Raphael and Sodoma; the Palazzo del Tè at Mantua, Giulio Romano's masterpiece; the Scuola di San Rocco, illustrating the Venetian Renaissance at its climax, might be cited among the most

¹ "The first impression derived from this fresco," writes Gautier, "is one of dream; every trace of handicraft has vanished: it seems to float like a vapour on the surface of a wall which collects it. It is the shadow of a painting, the ghost of a masterpiece coming back to us. The result is possibly more solemn and religious than if the picture still lived; its body may be gone, but its entire soul survives." Some of the studies for the heads are in the Brera at Milan and the Windsor Library. In the Swiss village of Ponte Capriasca there is an early Luinesque fresco copy of the work, but with a different background. Dr. Richter considers the best existing copy to be that by Marco d'Oggione, in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, London.

splendid of these achievements. In the church of the Monastero Maggiore at Milan, dedicated to S. Maurizio, Lombard architecture and fresco-painting may be studied in this rare combination. The monastery itself, one of the oldest in Milan, formed a retreat for cloistered virgins following the rule of S. Benedict. It may have been founded as early as the tenth century; but its church was rebuilt in the first two decades of the sixteenth, between 1503 and 1519, and was immediately afterwards decorated with frescoes by Luini and his pupils. . . .

Round the arcades of the convent-loggia run delicate arabesques with faces of fair female saints—Catherine, Agnes, Lucy, Agatha—gem-like or star-like, gazing from their gallery upon the church below. The Luinesque smile is on their lips and in their eyes, quiet, refined, as though the emblems of their martyrdom brought back no thought of pain to break the Paradise of rest in which they dwell. There are twenty-six in all, a sisterhood of stainless souls, the lilies of Love's garden planted round Christ's throne.—*J. A. Symonds.*

THE BRERA

The Brera, or palace of the arts and sciences, was anciently the site of the convent and church of the *Umiliati*. The conspiracy of these monks against the life of St. Charles Borromeo occasioned the suppression of their house; and their convent, with many rich donations, passed to the Jesuits. Under their direction, the Brera became one of the most superb monastic palaces of Italy, and is characterised by the *grandiosité* which universally marks the work of this order. . . . On the suppression of the Jesuits, the Brera was converted into another monastic institution. . . . Under the recent government¹ of the kingdom of Italy it changed its name to the *Institut*. . . . The upper portico of this fine building now contains the magnificent gallery into which all that could be obtained or purchased of the ancient school of Lombardy is elegantly arranged.—*Lady Morgan.*

THE MONUMENT OF GASTON DE FOIX² (BRERA)

The hero of Ravenna lies stretched upon his back in the hollow of a bier covered with laced drapery; and his head

¹ Under Napoleon.

² The design of this monument is now in South Kensington.

rests on richly ornamented cushions. These decorative accessories, together with the minute work of his scabbard, wrought in the fanciful mannerism of the *cinquecento*, serve to enhance the statuesque simplicity of the young soldier's effigy. The contrast between so much of richness in the merely subordinate details, and this sublime serenity of treatment in the person of the hero, is truly and touchingly dramatic.—*J. A. Symonds*.

PAVIA

Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the saint, that gives the name to their order. King Luitprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The fathers, however, do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognised by the pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Lorraine, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia.¹ Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription.—*Addison*.

¹ Of the battle of Pavia, fought near the Carthusian monastery on the outskirts of the town, Lassels writes: "Upon S. Matthias his day (a day favourable to Charles the Fifth seeing he was borne on that day, crowned Emperor on that day, and got this victory on that day) was fought that memorable battle between the said Emperor's forces, and the French king, anno 1525, where Francis the Ist of France was taken prisoner, having lost the day, not for want of courage, but conduct: for he had a little before, sent away half of his army to the conquest of Naples." The Chevalier Bayard fell on the field.

THE CERTOSA

The Certosa is a wilderness of lovely workmanship. From Bourgognone's majesty we pass into the quiet region of Luini's Christian grace, or mark the influence of Leonardo on that rare Assumption of the Madonna by his pupil, Andrea Solari. Like everything touched by the Lionardesque spirit, this great picture was left unfinished: yet Northern Italy has nothing finer to shew than the landscape, outspread in its immeasurable purity of calm, behind the grouped Apostles and the ascendant Mother of Heaven. The feeling of that happy region between the Alps and Lombardy, where there are many waters—*et tacitos sine labe lacus sine murmure rivos*—and where the last spurs of the mountains sink in undulations to the plain, has passed into this azure vista, just as all Umbria is suggested in a twilight background of young Raphael or Perugino.

The portraits of the Dukes of Milan and their families carry us into very different regions of feeling. Medallions above the doors of sacristy and chancel, stately figures reared aloft beneath gigantic canopies, men and women slumbering with folded hands upon their marble biers—we read in all the sculptured forms a strange record of human restlessness, resolved into the quiet of the tomb. The iniquities of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, *il grande Biscione*, the blood-thirst of Gian Maria, the dark designs of Filippo and his secret vices, Francesco Sforza's treason, Galeazzo Maria's vanities and lusts; their tyrant's dread of thunder and the knife; their awful deaths by pestilence and the assassin's poignard; their selfishness, oppression, cruelty, and fraud; the murders of their kinsmen; their labyrinthine plots and acts of broken faith;—all is tranquil now. . . . Some of their faces are commonplace, with *bourgeois* cunning written on the heavy features; one is bluff, another stolid, a third bloated, a fourth stately. The sculptors have dealt fairly with all, and not one has the lineaments of utter baseness. To Cristoforo Solari's statues of Lodovico Sforza and his wife, Beatrice d'Este, the palm of excellence in art and of historical interest must be awarded. Sculpture has rarely been more dignified and true to life than here. The woman with her short clustering curls, the man with his strong face, are resting after that long fever which brought woe to Italy, and to the boasted minion of Fortune a

slow death in the prison palace of Loches. Attired in ducal robes, they lie in state, and the sculptor has carved the lashes on their eyelids, heavy with death's marmoreal sleep. He at least has passed no judgment on their crimes. . . .

From the church it is delightful to escape into the cloisters, flooded with sunlight, where the swallows skim, and the brown hawks circle, and the mason bees are at work upon their cells among the carvings. The arcades of the two cloisters are the final triumph of Lombard terra-cotta. The memory fails before such infinite invention, such facility and felicity of execution. Wreaths of cupids gliding round the arches among grape-bunches and bird-haunted foliage of vine; rows of angels, like rising and setting planets, some smiling and some grave, ascending and descending by the Gothic curves, saints stationary on their pedestals, and faces leaning from the rounds above; crowds of cherubs, and courses, and stars, and acanthus leaves in woven lines, and ribands incessantly inscribed with the Ave Maria. Then, over all, the rich red light and purple shadows of the brick, than which no substance sympathises more completely with the sky of solid blue above, the broad plain space of waving summer grass beneath our feet.—*J. A. Symonds.*

CREMA

He who would fain make acquaintance with Crema, should time his entry into the old town, if possible, on some still golden afternoon of summer. It is then, if ever, that he will learn to love the glowing brickwork of its churches and the quaint terra-cotta traceries that form its chief artistic charm. How the unique brick architecture of the Lombard cities took its origin . . . is a question for antiquarians to decide. There can, however, be no doubt that the monuments of the Lombard style, as they now exist, are no less genuinely local, no less characteristic of the country they adorn, no less indigenous to the soil they sprang from, than the Attic colonnades of Mnesicles and Ictinus. What the marble quarries of Pentelicus were to the Athenian builders, the clay beneath their feet was to those Lombard craftsmen. . . . Of all . . . Lombard edifices, none is more beautiful than the Cathedral of Crema, with its delicately-finished campanile, built of choicely-tinted yellow bricks, and ending in a lantern of the gracefulest, most airily capricious fancy. This

bell-tower does not display the gigantic force of Cremona's famous *torazzo*, shooting 396 feet into blue ether from the city square ; nor can it rival the octagon of S. Gottardo for warmth of hue. Yet it has a character of elegance, combined with boldness of invention, that justifies the citizens of Crema in their pride.—*J. A. Symonds.*

CREMONA¹

Cremona is a large and well-built city, adorned with many noble edifices, and advantageously situated on the northern bank of the Po. Its cathedral, of Gothic, or rather mixed architecture, was begun in the year 1107, and continued at different periods, but not completely finished till the fourteenth century. It is faced with white and red marble, and highly ornamented, though in a singular and fanciful style. It contains several beautiful altars and fine paintings. One chapel in particular merits attention. It is that which is set apart for the preservation of the relics of the primitive martyrs. Its decorations are simple and chaste, its colours soft and pleasing. The ashes of the "sainted dead" repose in urns and sarcophagi placed in niches in the wall regularly disposed on each side of the chapel, after the manner of the ancient Roman sepulchres. It is small, but its proportions, form, and furniture are so appropriate and so well combined, that they produce a very beautiful and perfect *whole*. The Baptistery, which, according to the ancient manner still preserved in many of the great towns of Italy, is a separate building near the cathedral, contains in the centre a font of curious form and workmanship, cut out of one immense block of party-coloured marble. The tower is of great height and of singular architecture. The view from it is extensive, taking in the town with its streets ; the roads that cross the country in straight lines in various directions ; the Po winding along, almost close to the walls,

¹ The first school of violin-makers appears to have been at Brescia, and the first at Cremona was originated by Amati, who was probably apprenticed at Brescia. Among Amati's pupils were his sons and the celebrated Antony Stradivarius, born of good family at Cremona in 1644, if the inscription in the violin bearing his age—92—and signed in the year 1736 be authentic. Stradivari is believed to have received about £4 sterling a-piece for his violins ; he contrived to give instruments a new power as well as the mellowness attained by former makers. Another well-known maker of stringed instruments in Cremona was Joseph Guarneri.

and intersecting the immense plain of the Milanese ; the Alps to the north, and the Apennines to the south-west, both covered with snow, and occasionally half veiled with passing clouds.—*Eustace.*

PARMA¹

The chief things . . . to be seen in Parma are these : the Duke's palace, with the gardens, fountains, wild beasts, the admirable theatre to exhibit operas in. The exquisite coaches of the Duke ; one whereof is all of beaten silver, with the seats and curtains embroidered with gold and silver ; another so well gilt and adorned, that it's almost as rich as the former. Lastly, the stables, where I saw horses suitable both in strength and beauty to the foresaid coaches. Then I went to the *Domo*, whose cupola was painted by the rare hand of Coreggio.² Lastly, to the Capucins, in whose church lies buried my noble hero, Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, whom I cannot meet in this my voyage without a compliment. He was the third Duke of Parma, but the Tenth Worthy. Indeed his leaping the first man into the Turk's galley in the battle of Lepanto, with sword in hand, and in the eighteenth year only of his age, was such a prognostick of his future worth ; his reducing Flanders again, with the prodigious actions done by him at the taking of Antwerp, was such a making good of the prognostic ; and his coming into France in his slippers and sedan to succour Rouen besieged by Henry the IV., was such a crowning of all his other actions, that his history begets belief to Quintus Curtius, and makes men believe, that Alexanders can do anything.—*Lassels.*

THE CATHEDRAL

The Cathedral, or Duomo of Parma, is one of great antiquity and great celebrity. It is a splendid specimen of

¹ Near Parma is Piacenza, or "*pleasaunce*," writes Lassels, deserving of its name "by reason of its sweet situation in a rich country near the Po and Trebbia. . . . The country round about this town is very rich in pasturage." It was for the church of San Sisto in this town that Raphael painted the Madonna now known by that name in Dresden.

² Many efforts have been made to express in words the "Correggiosity of Correggio." Vasari comes nearest to the mark when he writes : "We may, indeed, affirm with certainty that no artist has handled the colours more effectually than himself, nor has any painted with a more charming manner, or given a more perfect relief to his figures, so exquisite was the softness of the creations from his hand, so attractive the grace with which he finished his works."

the rude magnificence of the rudest times. It is of the true *Italian-Gothic*,¹ that is, mixed and semi-barbarous, with nothing of the exquisite beauty of the pure Gothic of old English architecture. Griffins and lions guard its porticos, cockatrices and serpents deform its architraves. Yet, still the first view of the vast interior is very fine and imposing. The high dark columns, the cloistral galleries, and above all, the walls enriched by the pencil of Mazzuolo, and a cupola painted by Correggio (accused indirectly of causing his death), give it great interest.—*Lady Morgan*.

MODENA ²

Modena is . . . a handsome town, and by its high steeple shews itself to travellers long before they come to it. It hath also a strong citadel, which lying flat and even with the town, sheweth the town, that indeed it can be even with it, whensoever it shall rebel. The palace of the duke hath some rooms in it as neat and rich as any I saw in Italy; witness those chambers hung round with the pictures of those of his family and wainscoted with great looking-glasses and rich gilding.

This duke is of the family of Este, but not of the true line: wherefore for want of lawful heirs male, Ferrara and Commachia fell to the Church in Clement the Eighth's time, and remain there ever since. Of the true house of Este, was the brave Countess Matilda, the dry-nurse, as I may say, of the Roman Church. For it was she who defended Gregory the VII. against the Emperor Henry the VI., and brought him to acknowledge his fault and cry the Pope mercy.³—*Lassels*.

¹ Begun in the Lombardic but concluded in the Italian-Gothic era. The Baptistery, with curious little pillared galleries, its Gothic pinnacles and dwarf bell-turret on the top, is noticeable.

² The town was celebrated for its terra-cottas, and Vasari writes that Michael Angelo, passing through Modena, "saw many beautiful figures which the Modanese sculptor, Maestro Antonio Bigarino, had made of terra-cotta, coloured to look like marble, which appeared to him to be the most excellent productions; and as that sculptor did not know how to work in marble, he said: 'If this earth were to become marble, woe to the antiques.'"

³ This took place at Canossa, the stronghold afterwards destroyed by the townsfolk of Reggio. There is a sketch of the history of Canossa in Symonds' *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*.

BOLOGNA

This is a large and handsome town, much bigger and more populous than Ferrara. At the inn where we put up we found the Seigneur de Montluc, who had arrived an hour before us, having come direct from France for the purpose of staying at this place some time, to perfect himself in fencing and riding. On Friday we went to see the Venetian fencer, who boasts that he has invented a system of sword-play that will supersede every other system; and certainly his method very much differs from the ordinary practice. The best pupil he has is a young gentleman of Bordeaux, named Binet. We saw here an ancient tower of a square form; so constructed that it leans all on one side, and appears every instant to be about to fall. . . . The town is full of broad and handsome colonnades, and you everywhere come upon splendid palaces. You live much the same as at Padua, and at a very cheap rate, but the town is not so tranquil, in consequence of the long-standing feuds which exist between the different old families in the place, some of these being partisans of the French, while others favour the Spaniards, a great number of whom reside here.—*Montaigne.*

BOLOGNA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

This towne belongs to the Pope, and is a famous University, situate in one of the richest spots of Europe for all sorts of provisions. 'Tis built like a ship, whereof the Torre d'Asinello may go for the mainmast. The Cittie is of no greate strength, having a trifling wall about it, in circuit neere 5 miles, and 2 in length. This Torre d'Asinello, ascended by 447 steps of a foote rise, seems exceedingly high, is very narrow, and the more conspicuous from another tower call'd Garisenda so artificially built of brick (which increases the wonder) that it seems ready to fall: 'tis not now so high as the other, but they say the upper part was formerly taken down for feare it should really fall and do some mischief.

Next we went to see an imperfect Church call'd St. Petronius, shewing the intent of the founder had he gone on. From this our guide led us to the Schooles, which indeede are very magnificent. Thence to St. Dominic's,

where that saint's body lies richly inshrin'd. The stalls, or seates of this goodly church have the historie of the Bible inlaied with severall woods very curiously don, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo and a frier of that order. Amongst other reliques they shew the two books of Esdras written with his own hand. Here lie buried Jac. Andreas and divers other learn'd persons. To the Church joynes the Convent, in the quadrangle whereof are old cypresses, said to have been planted by their Saint.

Then we went to the Palace of the Legat, a faire brick building, as are most of the houses and buildings for the whole towne, full of excellent carving and mouldings, so as nothing in stone seemes to be better finish'd or more ornamentall; witnesse those excellent columns to be seene in many of their churches, convents, and publiq buildings, for the whole towne is so cloyster'd that one may passe from house to house through the streetes without being expos'd to raine or sun.

Before the stately hall of this Palace stands the statue of Paule IV. and divers others; also the monument of the coronation of Charles V. The Piazza before it is the most stately in Italy, St. Mark's at Venice onely excepted. In the center of it is a fountain of Neptune, a noble figure in coper. Here I saw a Persian walking about in a very rich vest of cloth of tissue, and severall other ornaments, according to the fashion of his country, which much pleased me; he was a young handsome person, of the most stately mien.—*Evelyn.*

PAPAL INFLUENCE

This fat Bologna has a tristful look, from the numberless priests, friars, and women all dressed in black who fill the streets and stop on a sudden to pray when I see nothing done to call forth immediate addresses to Heaven. . . . Whilst I perambulated the palaces of the Bolognese nobility, gloomy though spacious, and melancholy though splendid, I could not but admire at Richardson's judgment when he makes his beautiful bigot, his interesting Clementina, an inhabitant of superstitious Bologna.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

A THOUGHT FROM GOETHE

A great obstacle to our taking a pure delight in their pictures, and to an immediate understanding of their merits, is

the absurd subjects of most of them. To admire or to be charmed with them one must be a madman. It is as though the sons of God had wedded with the daughters of men, and out of such an union many a monster had sprung into existence. No sooner are you attracted by the *gusto* of a Guido and his pencil, by which nothing but the most excellent objects the eyes sees are worthy to be painted, but you, at once, withdraw your eyes from a subject so abominably stupid that the world has no term of contempt sufficient to express its meanness; and so it is throughout. It is ever anatomy—an execution—a flaying scene—always some suffering, never an action of a hero—never an interest in the scene before you—always something for the fancy, some excitement accruing from without. Nothing but deeds of horror or convulsive sufferings, malefactors or fanatics, alongside of whom the artist, in order to save his art, invariably slips in a naked boy or a pretty damsel as a spectator, in every case treating his spiritual heroes as little better than lay-figures.—*Goethe*.

THE CHURCHES

The church of St. Petronius is considered as the principal church. It is Gothic, of great extent and antiquity, and, though not beautiful, is celebrated as well for several grand ceremonies which have been performed in it, such as the coronation of Charles V. by Clement VII., as for the meridian of the famous astronomer Cassini, traced on its pavement. It was built about the years 440 or 450, but rebuilt in a very different style in 1390, and seems still to remain, in a great degree, unfinished. The prelate, its founder first, and now its patron, flourished in the reign of Theodosius, and was a man of great activity and general benevolence. He enlarged the extent of the city, adorned it with several public buildings, procured it the favour and largesses of the emperor, and by his long and unremitting exertions to promote its welfare, seems to have a just claim to the gratitude and veneration of its inhabitants. S. Salvador, S. Paolo, and, above all, La Madonna di S. Luca, deserve a particular visit. This latter church stands on a high hill, about five miles from Bologna. It is in the form of a Greek cross, of the Corinthian order, and is crowned with a dome. As the people of Bologna have a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and crowds flock from all quarters to visit this her sanctuary, for their accom-

modation, in all seasons and in all weather, a portico has been carried from the gates of the city up the hill to the very entrance of the temple, or rather to the square before it. This immense building was raised by the voluntary contributions of persons of every class.—*Eustace*.

THE BOLOGNESE¹ SCHOOL

I have seen a quantity of things here—churches, palaces, statues, fountains, and pictures; and my brain is at this moment like a portfolio of an architect, or a print-shop, or a commonplace-book. I will try to recollect something of what I have seen; for, indeed, it requires, if it will obey, an act of volition. First, we went to the cathedral, which contains nothing remarkable, except a kind of shrine, or rather a marble canopy, loaded with sculptures, and supported on four marble columns. We went then to a palace—I am sure I forget the name of it—where we saw a large gallery of pictures. Of course, in a picture gallery you see three hundred pictures you forget, for one you remember. I remember, however, an interesting picture by Guido, of the Rape of Proserpine, in which Proserpine casts back her languid and half-unwilling eyes, as it were, to the flowers she had left ungathered in the fields of Enna. There was an exquisitely executed piece of Correggio, about four saints, one of whom seemed to have a pet dragon in a leash. I was told that it was the devil who was bound in that style—but who can make anything of four saints? For what can they be supposed to be about? There was one painting, indeed, by this master, Christ beatified, inexpressibly fine. It is a half figure, seated on a mass of clouds, tinged with an ethereal, rose-like lustre; the arms are expanded; the whole frame seems dilated with expression; the countenance is heavy, as it were, with the weight of the rapture of the spirit; the lips parted, but scarcely parted, with the breath of intense but regulated passion; the eyes are calm and benignant; the whole features harmonised in majesty and sweetness. The hair is parted on the forehead, and falls in heavy locks on each side. It is motionless, but seems as if the faintest breath would move it. The colouring, I suppose, must be very good, if I could remark and understand it. The sky is of a pale

¹ We preserve this impression as showing what a great poet saw in the school. The Eclectics undoubtedly influenced Velasquez in some technical matters, as also did Caravaggio the realist.

aerial orange, like the tints of latest sunset ; it does not seem painted around and beyond the figure, but everything seems to have absorbed, and to have been penetrated by its hues. I do not think we saw any other of Correggio, but this specimen gives me a very exalted idea of his powers.

We saw, besides, one picture of Raphael—St. Cecilia : this is in another and higher style ; you forget that it is a picture as you look at it ; and yet it is most unlike any of those things which we call reality. It is of the inspired and ideal kind, and seems to have been conceived and executed in a similar state of feeling to that which produced among the ancients those perfect specimens of poetry and sculpture which are the baffling models of succeeding generations. There is a unity and a perfection in it of an incommunicable kind. The central figure, St. Cecilia, seems rapt in such inspiration as produced her image in the painter's mind ; her deep, dark, eloquent eyes lifted up ; her chestnut hair flung back from her forehead—she holds an organ in her hands—her countenance, as it were, calmed by the depth of its passion and rapture, and penetrated throughout with the warm and radiant light of life. She is listening to the music of heaven, and, as I imagine, has just ceased to sing, for the four figures that surround her evidently point, by their attitudes, towards her ; particularly, St. John, who, with a tender yet impassioned gesture, bends his countenance towards her, languid with the depth of his emotion. At her feet lie various instruments of music, broken and unstrung. Of the colouring I do not speak ; it eclipses nature, yet it has all her truth and softness.

We went to see heaven knows how many more palaces—Ranuzzi, Marriscalchi, Aldobrandi. If you want Italian names for any purpose, here they are ; I should be glad of them if I was writing a novel. I saw many more of Guido. One, a Samson drinking water out of an ass's jaw-bone, in the midst of the slaughtered Philistines. Why he is supposed to do this, God, who gave him this jaw-bone, alone knows—but certain it is, that the painting is a very fine one. The figure of Samson stands in strong relief in the foreground, coloured, as it were, in the hues of human life, and full of strength and elegance. Round him lie the Philistines in all the attitudes of death. One prone, with the slight convulsion of pain just passing from his forehead, whilst on his lips and chin death lies as heavy as sleep. Another leaning on his arm, with his hand, white and motionless, hanging out beyond. In the

distance, more dead bodies ; and, still further beyond, the blue sea and the blue mountains, and one white and tranquil sail.

There is a Murder of the Innocents, also, by Guido, finely coloured, with much fine expression—but the subject is very horrible, and it seemed deficient in strength—at least, you require the highest ideal energy, the most poetical and exalted conception of the subject, to reconcile you to such a contemplation. There was a Jesus Christ crucified, by the same, very fine. One gets tired, indeed, whatever may be the conception and execution of it, of seeing that monotonous and agonised form for ever exhibited in one prescriptive attitude of torture. But the Magdalen, clinging to the cross with the look of passive and gentle despair beaming from beneath her bright flaxen hair, and the figure of St. John, with his looks uplifted in passionate compassion ; his hands clasped, and his fingers twisting themselves together, as it were, with involuntary anguish ; his feet almost writhing up from the ground with the same sympathy ; and the whole of this arrayed in colours of a diviner nature, yet most like nature's self. Of the contemplation of this one would never weary.

There was a "Fortune," too, of Guido ; a piece of mere beauty. There was the figure of Fortune on a globe, eagerly proceeding onwards, and Love was trying to catch her back by the hair, and her face was half turned towards him ; her long chestnut hair was floating in the stream of the wind, and threw its shadow over her fair forehead. Her hazel eyes were fixed on her pursuer, with a meaning look of playfulness, and a light smile was hovering on her lips. The colours which arrayed her delicate limbs were ethereal and warm.—*Shelley*.

TURIN, GENOA, PISA, AND TOWNS TO LEGHORN

THE APPROACH FROM MONT CENIS

. . . WE descended a long and steep declivity, with the highest point of Mount Cenis on our left, and a lake to the right, like a landing-place for geese. Between the two was a low, white monastery, and the barrier where we had our passports inspected, and then went forward with only two stout horses and one rider. The snow on this side of the mountain was nearly gone. I supposed myself for some time nearly on level ground, till we came in view of several black chasms or steep ravines in the side of the mountain facing us, with water oozing from it, and saw through some *galleries*, that is, massy stone-pillars knit together by thick rails of strong timber, guarding the road-side, a perpendicular precipice below, and other galleries beyond, diminished in a fairy perspective, and descending "with cautious haste and giddy cunning," and with innumerable windings and re-duplications to an interminable depth and distance from the height above where we were. The men and horses with carts, that were labouring up the path in the hollow below, shewed like crows or flies. The road we had to pass was often immediately under that we were passing, and cut from the side of what was all but a precipice, out of the solid rock by the broad, firm master-hand¹ that traced out and executed this mighty work. The share that art has in the scene is as appalling as the scene itself—the strong security against danger as sublime as the danger itself. Near the turning of one of the first galleries is a beautiful waterfall, which at this time was frozen into a sheet of green pendant ice—a magical transformation. Long after, we continued to descend, now faster and now slower, and came at length to a small village at the bottom of a sweeping

¹ Napoleon the First.

line of road, where the houses seemed like dove-cotes with the mountain's back reared like a wall behind them, and which I thought the termination of our journey. But here the wonder and the greatness began: for, advancing through a grove of slender trees to another point of the road, we caught a new view of the lofty mountain to our left. It stood in front of us, with its head in the skies, covered with snow, and its bare sides stretching far away into a valley that yawned at its feet, and over which we seemed suspended in mid air. The height, the magnitude, the immoveableness of the objects, the wild contrast, the deep tones, the dance and play of the landscape from the change of our direction and the interposition of other striking objects, the continued recurrence of the same huge masses, like giants following us with unseen strides, stunned the sense like a blow, and yet gave the imagination strength to contend with a force that mocked it. Here immeasurable columns of reddish granite shelved from the mountain's sides; here they were covered and stained with furze and other shrubs; here a chalky cliff shewed a fir-grove climbing its tall sides, and that itself looked at a distance like a huge, branching, pine-tree; beyond was a dark, projecting knoll, or hilly promontory, that threatened to bound the perspective—but, on drawing nearer to it, the cloudy vapour that shrouded it (as it were) retired, and opened another vista beyond, that, in its own unfathomed depth, and in the gradual obscurity of twilight, resembled the uncertain gloom of the back-ground of some fine picture. At the bottom of this valley crept a sluggish stream, and a monastery or low castle stood upon its banks. The effect was altogether grander than I had any conception of. It was not the idea of height or elevation that was obtruded upon the mind and staggered it, but we seemed to be descending into the bowels of the earth—its foundations seemed to be laid bare to the centre; and abyss after abyss, a vast, shadowy, interminable space, opened to receive us. We saw the building up and frame-work of the world—its limbs, its ponderous masses, and mighty proportions, raised stage upon stage, and we might be said to have passed into an unknown sphere, and beyond mortal limits. As we rode down our winding, circuitous path, our baggage (which had been taken off) moved on before us; a grey horse that had got loose from the stable followed it, and as we whirled round the different turnings in this rapid, mechanical flight, at the same rate and the same distance from each other, there seemed some-

thing like witchcraft in the scene and in our progress through it. The moon had risen, and threw its gleams across the fading twilight; the snowy tops of the mountains were blended with the clouds and the stars; their sides were shrouded in mysterious gloom, and it was not till we entered Susa, with its fine old draw-bridge and castellated walls, that we found ourselves on *terra firma*, or breathed common air again.¹—*Hazlitt*.

TURIN

Turin, anciently called Augusta Taurinorum, is situated in a plain, near the foot of the hills and upon the banks of the river Po, which begins here to be navigable, and from hence carries boats to Ferrara, Chiosa and Venice. This Po is a noble river, and very large in some places, especially a little below Ferrara. . . .

This Turin is the seat of one of the greatest princes in Italy, the Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont,² who is also treated with the title of *altezza reale*, and *vicario generale del imperio in Italia*. . . . Anciently the Dukes of Savoy kept their court at Chambéry or else at Bourg en Bresse, a country now belonging to France, upon exchange with the Marquisate of Saluzzo; as many of their tombs curiously cut in marble, in the Augustins' church there, yet shew. It was Amadeo, the fifth of that name, Duke of Savoy, that transferred the court to Turin. . . . As for the town itself of Turin, it's almost square, and hath four gates in it, a strong citadel with five bastions to it. . . . The chief things which I saw here, were these.

1. The *Duomo*, or great church in which is kept with great devotion the Holy Syndon, in which our Saviour's body was wound up and buried. . . .³

¹ Hazlitt left Italy by the road over the Simplon, and remarks: "I grant the Simplon has the advantage of Mont Cenis in variety and beauty and in sudden and terrific contrasts, but it has not the same simple expansive grandeur, blending and growing into one vast accumulated impression."

² Lady Morgan writes that the source "of the grandeur of the house of Savoy was the position of its little territory, that rendered it the guardian, or gaoler of the Alps, and which, by enabling it to shut or open this important passage, according to the exigency of the day, made its alliance an object with both Guelf and Ghibellines, French or Burgundians."

³ This Holy Shroud,—*sudario*,—is according to some accounts the same as that shown at several other places, being by occult means transported thither. This particular shroud has recently gained fresh fame owing to

2. The Citadel standing at the back of the town.

3. The Duke's new palace handsomely built with a fair court before it, a great piazza, and a large open street leading up of it. The chambers are fair and hung with hangings of cloth of tissue, of a new and rich fabric, with rich embroidered beds, chairs, stools, cloth of state and canopies. The Dutchesses cabinet, the curious bathing place above, hung round with the true pictures in little of the prime ladies of Europe. The curious invention for the Dutchess to convey herself up from her bedchamber to that bathing room, by a pully and swing, with great ease and safety: the great hall painted curiously: the noble staircase: the old long gallery 100 paces long with the pictures in it of the princes and princesses of the house of Savoy, with the statues of the ancient emperors and philosophers in marble, with a rare library locked up in great cupboards—are the chief rooms and ornaments of this palace.—*Lassels*.

GENOA

The Citty is built in the hollow or bosom of a mountaine, whose ascent is very steepe, high, and rocky, so that, from the Lantern and Mole to the hill, it represents the shape of a theater; the streetes and buildings so ranged one above another as our seates are in play-houses; but, from their materials, beauty, and structure, never was an artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor is any place, for the size of it, so full of well-design'd and stately palaces, as may be easily concluded by that rare booke in a large folio which the great virtuoso and paynter Paull Rubens has published, tho' it contains [the description of] only one streete and 2 or 3 churches.

The first Palace we went to visit was that of Hieronymo del Negros, to which we pass'd by boate acrossse the harbour. Here I could not but observe the sudden and devilish passion of a seaman, who plying us was intercepted by another who interpos'd his boate before him and tooke us in; for the

the suggestion in M. Paul Vignon's book (*Le Linceul du Christ*) that the images on the shroud form a photographic negative, impressed on it by the action of the ammoniacal emanations of the dead body in contact with myrrh and aloes. Antiquarian opinion in the Roman church has always recognised the shroud as being a fourteenth-century painting; this opinion was shared by Clement VII. For Turin's palaces see Forsyth.

teares gushing out of his eyes, he put his finger in his mouth and almost bit it off by the joynt, shewing it to his antagonist as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge if ever he came neere that part of the harbour again. Indeed this beautifull Citty is more stayn'd with such horrid acts of revenge and murthers than any one place in Europ, or haply in the world, where there is a political government, which makes it unsafe to strangers. It is made a gally matter to carry a knife whose point is not broken off.

This Palace of Negros is richly furnish'd with the rarest pictures; on the terrace, or hilly garden, there is a grove of stately trees amongst which are sheepe, shepherds, and wild beasts, cut very artificially in a grey stone; fountaines, rocks, and fish-ponds: casting your eyes one way, you would imagine yourselfe in a wilderness and silent country; sideways, in the heart of a great citty; and backwards, in the middst of the sea. All this is within one acre of ground. In the house I noticed those red-plaster flores which are made so hard, and kept so polished, that for some time one would take them for whole pieces of porphyrie. I have frequently wonder'd that we never practic'd this in England for cabinets and rooms of state, for it appears to me beyond any invention of that kind; but by their carefull covering them with canvas and fine mattresses, where there is much passage, I suppose they are not lasting in their glory.

There are numerous other Palaces of particular curiositys, for the merchands being very rich have, like our neighbours the Hollanders, little or no extent of ground to employ their estates in: as those in pictures and hangings, so these lay it out on marble houses and rich furniture.

One of the greatest here for circuit is that of the Prince d'Orias, which reaches from the sea to the sum'it of the mountaines. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnish'd within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them sett with achates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquizes, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this Palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace, supported by pillars of marble; there is a fountaine of eagles, and one of Neptune with other Sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basine of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Fra. Bacon describes in his *Sermones fidelium*,

or Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two foote diameter, besides cypresse, myrtils, lentiscs, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have ayre and place enough under their ayrie canopy, supported with huge iron worke, stupendious for its fabrick and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange-trees, citrons, and pomegranads, fountaines, grotts, and statues; one of the latter is a Colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family receiv'd of the K. of Spaine 500 crownes a yeare during the life of that faithfull animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it.

We went thence to the Palace of the Dukes, where is also the Court of Justice; thence to the Merchants Walke, rarely covered. Neere the Ducal Palace we saw the publiq armoury, which was almost all new, most neatly kept and order'd, sufficient for 30,000 men. We were shew'd many rare inventions and engines of warr peculiar to that armory, as in the state where gunns were first put in use. The garrison of the towne chiefly consists of Germans and Corsicans. The famous Strada Nova, built wholly of polish'd marble, was design'd by Rubens, and for statelinessse of the buildings, paving, and evennesse of the streete, is far superior to any in Europ, for the number of houses; that of Don Carlo d'Orias is a most magnificent structure. In the gardens of the old Marquiss Spinola I saw huge citrons hanging on the trees, apply'd like our apricots to the walls. The Churches are no less splendid than the Palaces: that of St. Francis is wholly built of Parian marble; St. Lawrence, in the middle of the City, of white and black polish'd stone, the inside wholly incrusted with marble and other precious materials; on the altar of St. John stand 4 sumptuous columns of porphyry; and here we were shew'd an emerald supposed to be one of the largest in the world. The Church of Ambrosio belonging to the Jesuites will, when finish'd, exceed all the rest. That of the Annunciada, founded at the charges of one family, in the present and future designe can never be outdone for cost and art. The Mole is a worke of solid huge stone stretching neere 600 paces into the main sea, and secures the harbour, heretofore of no safety. Of all the wonders of Italy, for the art and nature of the designe, nothing parallels this. We pass'd over to the Pharos, or Lantern, a towre of very great height. Here we

tooke horses and made the circuite of the Citty as far as the new walles would let us ; they are built of a prodigious height, and with Herculean industry, witnesse those vast pieces of whole mountaines which they have hewn away, and blown up with gunpowder, to render them steepe and inaccessible. They are not much lesse than 20 English miles in extent, reaching beyond the utmost buildings of the Citty. From one of these promontories we could easily discern the Island of Corsica ; and from the same, Eastward, we saw a Vale having a great torrent running thro' a most desolate barren country ; and then turning our eyes more Northward we saw those delicious Villas of St. Pietro d'Arena, which present another Genoa to you, the ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility. Hence, with much paine, we descended towards the Arsenale, where the gallies lie in excellent order.—*Evelyn*.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ACCOUNT ¹

Horridos tractus, Boreæq' ; linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæq' ; amantes
Litora soles.

At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste ; for I never beheld any thing more amiable : Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular bason, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor ; and all round it palaces and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d'œil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons ; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been sometime converts to the holy Catholic church) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head, another upon the child's, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them : Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. . . . The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called

¹ We mainly preserve this letter of Gray's as a literary curiosity.

Costantino Balbi ; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belonging to it ; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting takes its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence ; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family.¹ Their great imbossed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea ; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him ; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and Gothic tapestry.—*Thomas Gray.*

THE PALACES

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside ; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New Street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them : but instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only show us that there is something wanting, and that the palace which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the

¹ Andrea Doria.

Villa Imperiale, at a mile distance from Genoa, without anything of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced ; as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth ; and one of his family, another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace are the rooms where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies ; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities ; but all they have to show of this nature is an old rostrum of a Roman ship that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head ; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the columna rostrata in Rome.¹—*Addison*.

¹ The following note usefully supplements Addison : " What is most striking here in point of architecture, is the bridge of Carignan, which is almost suspended in the air, and deep below it are houses six stories high. The family of Carignan had a fine church built, which still goes by their name, and makes one of the finest in Genoa. Its situation upon a mountain was very inconvenient for pious souls ; the family there had the bridge built, which leads from the opposite mountain to the church." —*Archenholtz*.

THE CATHEDRAL AT DUSK¹

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Lorenzo. On St. Lorenzo's day, we went into it, just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very indifferent taste, the effect, just then, was very superb, indeed. For the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun, streaming in, through a great red curtain in the chief doorway, made all the gorgeousness its own. When the sun went down, and it gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small dangling silver lamps, it was very mysterious.—*Dickens*.

THE STREETS

When shall I forget the Streets of Palaces: the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi! or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies: which its narrow perspective of immense mansions, reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below! A brightness not too common, even in July and August, to be well esteemed: for, if the Truth must out, there were not eight blue skies in as many midsummer weeks, saving, sometimes, early in the morning; when, looking out to sea, the water and the firmament were one world of deep and brilliant blue. At other times, there were clouds and haze enough to make an Englishman grumble in his own climate.

The endless details of these rich Palaces: the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke! The great, heavy, stone balconies, one above another, and tier over tier: with here and there, one larger than the rest, towering high up—a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing vaulted chambers: among which the eye wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another—the terrace gardens between

¹ There is so little to be said about the cathedral, that we have chosen Dickens' rendering of an impression that we have all felt in some church in Italy.

house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange-trees, and blushing oleander in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street—the painted halls, mouldering, and blotting, and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colours and voluptuous designs, where the walls are dry—the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths, and crowns, and flying upward, and downward, and standing in niches; and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere, by contrast with some fresh little Cupids, who on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial—the steep, steep, uphill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways—the magnificent and innumerable Churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices, into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stench, and swarming with half-naked children and whole worlds of dirty people—make up, altogether, such a scene of wonder: so lively, and yet so dead: so noisy, and yet so quiet: so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering: so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep: that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality!—*Dickens.*

THE BAY

We descended the heights of the Bocchetta in one of those golden showers of sunshine so peculiar to the autumnal mid-day of Italy. Genoa the Superb, surrounding the semi-circular sweep of its beautiful port, appeared in full relief; palaces rising in amphitheatres against those abrupt dark cliffs, which seem to spring from the shore, and are crowned on their extreme summits by forts and towers, mingled with high-poised casinos and pending villas. In the front of these home features of ports and palaces, spreads, blue and boundless, the Mediterranean, seen at first with a startling sensation of pleasure, and for ever seen with the interest which belongs to its associations.¹—*Lady Morgan.*

¹ The coast-line has often been admired, and Charles Dickens (particularly happy in his descriptions of Genoa) surpasses himself in the following:—

LUCCA¹

Lucca is a pretty little Commonwealth, and yet it sleeps quietly within the bosom of the Great Duke's state. . . . This little Republic looked in my eye, like a perfect map of old Rome in its beginning. It's governed by a Gonfaliere and the gentry. The great counsel consists of 160 citizens who

"There is nothing in Italy, more beautiful to me, than the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia. On one side : sometimes far below, sometimes nearly on a level with the road, and often skirted by broken rocks of many shapes : there is the free blue sea, with here and there a picturesque felucca gliding slowly on ; on the other side are lofty hills, ravines besprinkled with white cottages, patches of dark olive woods, country churches with their light open towers, and country houses gaily painted. On every bank and knoll by the wayside, the wild cactus and aloe flourish in exuberant profusion ; and the gardens of the bright villages along the road, are seen, all blushing in the summer-time with clusters of the *Belladonna*, and are fragrant in the autumn and winter with golden oranges and lemons.

"Some of the villages are inhabited, almost exclusively, by fishermen ; and it is pleasant to see their great boats hauled up on the beach, making little patches of shade, where they lie asleep, or where the women and children sit romping and looking out to sea, while they mend their nets upon the shore. There is one town, Camoglia, with its little harbour on the sea, hundreds of feet below the road ; where families of mariners live, who, time out of mind, have owned coasting-vessels in that place, and have traded to Spain and elsewhere. Seen from the road above, it is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shining in the sun. Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive seafaring town ; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. . . . The church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water ; and everywhere, there is a smell of fish, and sea-weed, and old rope.

"The coast-road whence Camoglia is descried so far below, is famous, in the warm season, especially in some parts near Genoa, for fire-flies. Walking there on a dark night, I have seen it made one sparkling firmament by these beautiful insects : so that the distant stars were pale against the flash and glitter that spangled every olive wood and hill-side, and pervaded the whole air."

¹ On the railway between Lucca and Florence are Pistoia and Prato. Pistoia was the birthplace of the unhappy division between Bianchi and Neri which wrecked Dante's life. Prato was celebrated as being one of the strongest fortresses in the whole of Italy. Descriptions of the two towns will be found in Dallington and Fynes Moryson. For the Lombard churches at Lucca, Pistoia, and Prato (all of extreme interest for Comacine work), Leader Scott must be consulted.

are changed every year. It's under the Emperor's protection ; and it hath about thirty thousand souls in it. Approaching unto it, it looked like a pure Low-Country town, with its brick walls, large ramparts set round with trees and deep moats round the walls. It hath eleven bastions, well guarded by the townsmen, and well furnished with cannons of a large size. The town is three miles in compass. . . . The whole state, for a need, can arm eighteen thousand men of service. . . .

The chief things to be seen here,¹ are, the Cathedral, called St. Martin's, whose bishop hath the ensigns of an archbishop, to wit, the use of the *pallium* and the *cross*, and whose canons in the quire wear a rochet and camail, and mitres of silk like bishops.

2. The Town-House, or Senate-House, where the Gonfaliere lives during the time of his charge.

3. The church of S. Frediano, belonging to the Canon Regulars, where in a chapel on the left hand, is the tomb of S. Richard King of England, who died here in his pilgrimage to Rome.²

4. The Augustins' church, where is seen a hole where the earth opened to swallow up a blaspheming gamester.—*Lassels*.

THE REPUBLIC

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *libertas*.—*Addison*.

¹ The Volto Santo is described by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael.

² We do not know if any local antiquary has solved the puzzle of who this mysterious king may be. Evelyn quotes in full the epitaph in leonine verses, beginning :

Hic rex Ricardus requiescit, sceptifer almus,
Rex fuit Anglorum, regnum tenet iste polorum.

PISA¹

The City of Pisa is as much worth seeing as any in Italy ; it has contended with Rome, Florence, Sardinia, Sicily, and even Carthage. The Palace and Church of St. Stephano (where the order of knighthood called by that name was instituted) drew first our curiosity, the outside thereof being altogether of polish'd marble ; within it is full of tables relating to this order ; over which hangs divers banners and pendants, with other trophies taken by them from the Turkes, against whom they are particularly oblig'd to fight ; tho' a religious order, they are permitted to marry. At the front of the Palace stands a fountaine, and the statue of the greate Duke Cosmo. The Campanile, or Settezonio, built by John Venipont, a German, consists of several orders of pillars, 30 in a row, design'd to be much higher. It stands alone on the right side of the Cathedrall, strangely remarkable for this, that the beholder would expect it to fall, being built exceedingly declining, by a rare addresse of the architect ; and how it is supported from falling I think would puzzle a good geometrician. The Domo, or Cathedrall, standing neere it, is a superb structure, beautified with 6 columns of greate antiquity ; the gates are of brasse, of admirable workmanship. The Cemeterie call'd Campo Santo is made of divers gally ladings of earth formerly brought from Jerusalem, said to be of such a nature as to consume dead bodies in fourty houres. 'Tis cloistred with marble arches ; here lies buried the learned Philip Decius who taught in this University. At one side of this Church stands an ample and well-wrought marble vessell which heretofore contain'd the tribute paid yearly by the Citty to Cæsar. It is plac'd, as I remember, on a pillar of opilestone, with divers other antiq urnes. Neere this, and in the same field, is the Baptistery of San

¹ Montaigne, when at Pisa, was told of a ceremony that was the exact counterpart of that at Venice. He wrote : " On Thursday, St. Peter's day, it was mentioned to me that formerly the Bishop of Pisa went in procession to the church of St. Peter, four miles from the town and thence to the sea-side, where, casting a ring into the sea, he solemnly espoused it ; but at that time Pisa possessed a very powerful navy. At present the sea is married by deputy, by one of the masters of the college, who is not accompanied by anything at all in the shape of a procession. The clergy go no further than the church, where they distribute a number of indulgences." See our note, p. 248, on S. Pietro.

Giovanni, built of pure white marble and cover'd with so artificial a cupola that the voice uttered under it seemes to breake out of a cloud. The font and pulpit supported by 4 lyons is of inestimable value for the preciousness of the materials. The place where these buildings stand they call the Area. Hence we went to the Colledge, to which joynes a Gallery so furnish'd with natural rarities, stones, minerals, shells, dry'd animals, skelletons, etc., as is hardly to be seen in Italy. To this the Physiq Garden lyes, where is a noble palm-tree and very fine water-workes. The river Arno runs through the middle of this stately Citye, whence the streete is named Longarno. It is so ample that the Duke's gallys, built in the Arsenal here, are easily conveyed to Livorno; over the river is an arch, the like of which, for its flatness, and serving for a bridge, is no where in Europ. The Duke has a stately Palace, before which is placed the statue of Ferdinand the Third; over against it is the Exchange, built of marble. Since this City came to be under the Dukes of Tuscany it has been much depopulated, tho' there is hardly in Italy any which exceeds it for stately edifices. The situation of it is low and flat, but the inhabitants have spacious gardens and even fields within the walls.—*Evelyn*.

THE DUOMO

Pisa, while the capital of a republic, was celebrated for its profusion of marble, its patrician towers, and its grave magnificence. . . . Its gravity pervades every street, but its magnificence is now confined to one sacred corner. There stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo; all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate both in their society and their solitude.

The Cathedral, though the work of a Greek,¹ and surmounted by a cupola, is considered by Italians as Gothic: not surely the Gothic of the north; for here are no pointed arches, no clustered pillars, no ribs nor tracery in the vaults. To prove it so however, they adduce some barbarisms in the west front; but the most irregular arches in that front

¹ Buschetto. Leader Scott (p. 209) remarks that the belief that Buschetto was a Greek came from a remark of Vasari's that he came "from Dulichium. . . . The inscription . . . on Pisa cathedral says nothing of the kind. It is a flowery eloquence which Cavalier Del Borgo reads as comparing him for genius to Ulysses, Duke of Dulichium."

are as round as the angle of the roof, under which they are crushed, could admit; they all rest on single columns, and these columns, though stunted, are of the same Greek order as prevails below. On the sides are some large arches, each including two or three smaller ones. . . . On some columns we see lions, foxes, dogs, boars, and men figured in the capitals, but such ornaments, though frequent in Gothic churches, had been introduced long before them into those of Greece and Italy. . . .

In fact, the very materials of this cathedral must have influenced the design; for columns taken from ancient temples would naturally lead back to some such architecture as they had left. It is a style too impure to be Greek, yet still remote from the Gothic, and rather approaches the Saxon; a style which may here be called the Lombard. . . . The plan and elevation are basilical. The five aisles are formed by insulated columns; the chair and the transepts are rounded like the tribuna; the general decoration of the walls consists in round arches resting on single columns or pilasters. . . . The side altars are beautiful: the high altar is only rich. The pictures, though not much admired, assist the architecture; but the sculpture and the tombs interrupt some of its general lines.—*Forsyth*.

The edifice is almost a Roman basilica, that is: a temple with another temple built upon it, or in other words, a house having a gable for its façade, a gable cut off at the peak to support another house of less size. Five storeys of columns entirely cover the façade with their superimposed porticoes. They stand coupled together in pairs to support small arcades; all these pretty shapes of white marble under their dark arcades form an aerial population of the most perfect, if the most unexpected, grace. Nowhere here do we think of the melancholy dreams of northern mediævalism; this is the feast-day of a young nation which is awaking, and honouring its gods in the gladness of its fresh good-fortune. It has brought together capitals, ornaments, entire columns obtained on the distant shores where its wars and its trade have led it, and these fragments take their place without any lack of harmony, for the work instinctively falls into an antique mould, and has only a new development in the direction of subtlety and charm, every traditional form reappearing, but touched in the same way by a keen originality.—*Taine*.

We entered the cathedral and admired the stately columns

of porphyry and of the rarest marbles, supporting a roof which, like the rest of the building, shines with gold. A pavement of the brightest mosaic completes its magnificence; all around are sculptures by Michel Angelo Buonarotti.¹ . . . We examined them with due attention and then walked down the nave and remarked the striking effect of the baptistery.—*Beckford.*

THE BAPTISTERY AND CAMPANILE

The Baptistery, which, as in all the ancient Italian churches, is separated from the cathedral, stands about fifty paces from it, full in front. It is raised on three steps, is circular, and surmounted with a graceful dome. It has two stories, formed of half-pillars supporting round arches; the undermost is terminated by a bold cornice; the second, where the pillars stand closer, and the arches are smaller, runs up into numberless high pediments and pinnacles, all topped by statues. Above these, rises a third story without either pillars or arches, but losing itself in high pointed pediments with pinnacles, crowned again with statues without number. The dome is intersected by long lines of very prominent stone fretwork, all meeting in a little cornice near the top, and terminating in another little dome which bears a statue of St. John the Baptist, the titular saint of all such edifices. The interior is admired for its proportion. Eight granite columns form the under story, which supports a second composed of sixteen marble pillars; on this rests the dome. The *ambo* or desk for reading is of most beautiful marble, upheld by ten little granite pillars, and adorned with *basso rilievis*, remarkable rather for the era and the sculptor than for their intrinsic merit. The font is also marble, a great octagon vase, raised on three steps and divided into five compartments, the largest of which is in the middle. The dome is famous for its echo; the sides produce the well-known effect of whispering galleries. This edifice, which is the common baptistery of the city, as there is no other font in Pisa, was erected about the middle of the twelfth century by the citizens at large, who by a voluntary subscription of a *florini* of each, defrayed the expenses.

We now proceed to the Campanile or belfry, which is the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa. It stands at the end of

¹ The designs of the twelve altars and of several figures are attributed to him.

the cathedral opposite to the baptistery, at about the same distance. It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars, and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries.¹—*Eustace*.

THE TOWN AND STA. MARIA DELLA SPINA

Pisa covers an inclosure of near seven miles in circumference: the river intersects and divides it into two parts nearly equal; the quays on both sides are wide, lined with edifices in general stately and handsome, and united by three bridges, one of which (that in the middle) is of marble. As the stream bends a little in its course, it gives a slight curve to the streets that border it, and adds so much to the effect and beauty of the perspective, that some travellers prefer the *Lungarno* (for so the quays are called) of Pisa to that at Florence. The streets are wide, particularly well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers, and the houses are lofty and good-looking. There are several palaces not deficient either in style or magnificence.

Among its churches the traveller cannot fail to observe a singular edifice on the banks of the Arno called Santa Maria della Spina² (from part of our Saviour's crowns of thorns said to be preserved there)—it is nearly square, low, and of an appearance whimsical and grotesque rather than beautiful. It is cased with black and white marble. Two great doors with round arches form its entrance; over each portal rises a pediment; the other end is surmounted by three obelisks crowned with statues; the corners, the gable-ends, and indeed the side walls, are decorated with pinnacles, consisting each of four little marble pillars, supporting as many pointed arches with their angular gables, and forming a canopy to a statue standing in the middle of the pillars; they all terminate in little obelisks adorned with fretwork.¹—*Eustace*.

¹ Of Niccolo Pisano's pulpit in the Baptistery Leader Scott remarks that Niccolo "took the forms of his sect, but improved and freed them; he held to the traditional symbolism of his guild, but classicised and enriched it. His greatest advance was in the modelling of the human figure, and here his classic models helped him."

² A church of great architectural interest at Pisa is San Pietro in Grado, built, according to tradition, at the spot where St. Peter landed in Italy. Leader Scott compares it to St. Apollinare in Ravenna, but adds, "San Pietro, however, has one very great peculiarity. It has no façade, but is built with the usual Lombard three apses at one end, and a single semi-circular tribune at the other. The only door is at the side."

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS

The Church of the Knights of St. Stephen, which is the Grand Duke's order, is all hung with standards taken from the Turks; these make a gallant show, but I wonder whether the Turks have not also got some of the flags, which belonged to the Knights, in their mosques. The ceiling is painted by Bronzino, and illustrates the life of Ferdinand de' Medici.—*De Brosses*.

CAMPO SANTO

The Campo Santo is a cemetery, the soil of which is holy ground, brought from Palestine.¹ Four lofty walls of polished marble surround it with their white and crowded panels. Inside, a square gallery forms a promenade opening into the court through arcades trellised with ogive windows. It is filled with funereal monuments, busts, inscriptions, and statues of every form and of every age. Nothing could be simpler or more noble. A framework of dark wood supports the arch overhead, and the crest of the roof cuts sharp against the crystal sky. At the angles are four rustling cypress trees, quietly swaying in the breeze; grass is growing in the court with a wild freshness and luxuriance; here and there a climbing flower twines round a column, or a small rosebush or shrub glows beneath a flash of sunshine. There is no noise, for this quarter of the town is deserted; only now and then the voice of some one passing through is heard reverberating as beneath the vault of a church. It is the truest burial-ground of a free and Christian people; here before the tombs of mighty, we can muse on Death and Fame.

The work of the interior is completely covered with frescoes. . . . On the right of the entrance Pietro d'Orvieto

¹ A curious reminder of the connection of Pisa with the East is the brood of camels. Mrs. Trollope wrote in 1842: "The grand-ducal farm of San Rossore is well deserving a visit, both for the sake of observing the very noble style in which the Grand Duke of Tuscany farms, and also for the opportunity it gives of seeing a numerous herd of camels, more nearly in the condition of wild camels than any which can elsewhere be found in Europe. It is said, whether truly or not I could not feel quite certain, that the original Asiatic stock from which this herd has been bred, was brought to Pisa at the time of the Crusades, by a monk of that city." Mr. Carmichael states that the first camels were introduced into Tuscany by the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. in 1662.

has painted a colossal Christ, which except for the head and the feet, almost disappears under an immense disk representing the world and the revolving spheres; this is the art of primitive symbolism. Alongside, in the painter's story of the creation and of our first parents, Adam and Eve are big, well-fed and rubicund, but yet realistic renderings of the nude. A little further on Cain and Abel, wearing sheepskins, display vulgar countenances taken from life in the streets or men in a fray. Feet, legs and composition are still barbaric, for this is as far as incipient realism will go. On the other side, and with the same incongruities, a large fresco by Pietro Lorenzetti represents ascetic life. Forty or fifty scenes are comprehended in the picture: a hermit reading, one in a cave, one sleeping in a tree, one preaching with no raiment except his shock of hair, and lastly one tempted by a woman and flogged by the devil. A few large heads with grey and white beards shew the clumsy rusticity of ploughmen; the landscapes, accessories, and even most of the figures are grotesque, the trees are made of feathers and the rocks and wild beasts seem to belong to a travelling menagerie. Further on, Spinello of Arezzo has painted the story of St. Ephesus. His pagans, half Romans and half knights, wear armour shaped and coloured to mediæval taste. Here many of the fighting attitudes are true to life, as for instance, of a man thrown on his face, and of another seized by the beard. Several are contemporary figures, as for instance a handsome page in green holding a sword, and a trim young squire in a blue pourpoint with pointed shoes and a well-modelled leg. Observation and composition are both apparent with the desire to impart interest and dramatic variety, but it is only a beginning. . . .

Nothing more clearly illustrates this ambiguous state of mind than a fresco, placed near one of the angles, called the "Triumph of Death" by Orcagna.¹ At the base of a mountain a cavalcade of lords and ladies comes forward; these figures belong to the time of Froissart, and wear the hood, the ermine and the brightly decorated dress of the time, and have the hawks and dogs and other things which Valentin Visconti went to seek in the palace of Louis of Orleans. The heads are also true enough: this elegant veiled noblewoman on horseback is a true lady, dreamy and thoughtful, of the middle

¹ The fresco is possibly by the Lorenzettis of Siena. Benozzo Gozzoli did some of his best work in the Compo Santo, but his frescoes in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace at Florence are better preserved.

ages. This company of the great and happy has suddenly come on the corpses of three kings, each in an open grave and in different stages of corruption: one with a swollen body, the next gnawed by worms and serpents, and the bones of the skeleton of the last already showing. The riders draw rein, trembling: one leans over his horse's neck to obtain a better view, another stops his nostrils. The picture is a "morality" like those given in the playhouse; the aim of the artist is to instruct his public, and to do so he brings every available episode to bear on the principal group. On the tops of the mountain are monks in their hermitages, one reading, one milking a fawn, with, in their midst, the beasts of the desert, a weasel and a crane. We might render the lesson thus: "You good people who gaze on this, see the contemplative life of the Christian, the holiness disdained by the mighty ones of the earth!" But Death comes to restore the balance, advancing in the guise of an old greybeard with a scythe in his hand to cut down the gay pleasure-seekers, the overfed and curled young lords and ladies who are making merry in the grove. With a kind of cruel irony he mows down those who fear him and avoids those who long to die: a troop of the maimed, crippled, blinded, and beggared summon him in vain,—his scythe is not for them. Such is the path to be trodden in this frail, mournful and miserable world, and the end towards which all things tend is sadder still. It is universal destruction: the yawning abyss into which each and all must be cast in a heap, kings and queens, popes, archbishops and priests. Their crowns are cast aside, and their souls—in the shapes of naked babes—issue from their bodies to take their place in a dreadful eternity. Some are welcomed by angels, but the greater number are seized by demons, with horrible and vicious faces, with forms of goats and toads, and with bats' ears and the jaws and claws of cats—a grotesque crew leaping and dancing round their quarry. The whole fresco is a singular mixture of dramatic passion, morbid philosophy, accurate observation, awkward triviality and picturesque confusion.—*Taine*.

LEGHORN

Leghorn is fourteen miles from Pisa; a very pretty town, well fortified, and populous; with broad, straight, and well-built streets. The public square is handsome and the town

pleasant. There may be 40,000 people of all nations in it: Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants; but the Jews number 6000 or 7000 and have the particular protection of the government. . . . In fine, we cannot see the town without having a good idea of the government of the Tuscan Grand-Dukes, who have made a flourishing town and fine harbour in spite of sea, air, and natural obstacles.¹—*Montesquiou*.

¹ Leghorn might be called the "town of toleration," as the Medici built it as an asylum for the persecuted races. Evelyn gives us a curious glimpse into its life: "Here, especialy in this Piazza, is such a concourse of slaves, Turkes, Mores, and other nations, that the number and confusion is prodigious; some buying, others selling, others drinking, others playing, some working, others sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping, all nearly naked, and miserably chayn'd. Here was a tent, where any idle fellow might stake his liberty against a few crownes, at dice or other hazard, and, if he lost, he was immediately chayn'd and led away to the gallys, where he was to serve a tearm of yeares, but from whence they seldom return'd: many sottish persons in a drunken bravado would try their fortune in this way."

FLORENCE, PERUGIA, AND TOWNS TO ORVIETO

THE APPROACH TO FLORENCE

As we approached Florence, the country became cultivated to a very high degree, the plain was filled with the most beautiful villas, and, as far as the eye could reach, the mountains were covered with them; for the plains are bounded on all sides by blue and misty mountains. The vines are here trailed on low trellisses of reeds interwoven into crosses to support them, and the grapes, now almost ripe, are exceedingly abundant. You everywhere meet those teams of beautiful white oxen, which are now labouring the little vine-divided fields with their Virgilian ploughs and carts. Florence itself, that is the Lung' Arno (for I have seen no more), I think is the most beautiful city I have yet seen. It is surrounded with cultivated hills, and from the bridge which crosses the broad channel of the Arno, the view is the most animated and elegant I ever saw. You see three or four bridges, one apparently supported by Corinthian pillars, and the white sails of the boats, relieved by the deep green of the forest, which comes to the water's edge, and the sloping hills covered with bright villas on every side. Domes and steeples rise on all sides, and the cleanliness is remarkably great. On the other side there are the foldings of the Vale of Arno above; first the hills of olive and vine, then the chestnut woods, and then the blue and misty pine forests, which invest the aerial Apennines, that fade in the distance. I have seldom seen a city so lovely at first sight as Florence.—*Shelley*.

As I approached Florence . . . the country looked, not indeed strikingly beautiful, but very pleasing. The sight of the olive-trees interested me much. I had, indeed, seen what I was told were olive-trees, as I was whirled down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon; but they might, for anything I saw,

have been willows or ash-trees. Now they stood, covered with berries, along the road for miles. I looked at them with the same sort of feeling with which Washington Irving says that he heard the nightingale for the first time when he came to England, after having read descriptions of her in poets from his childhood. I thought of the Hebrews, and their numerous images drawn from the olive; of the veneration in which the tree was held by the Athenians; of Lysias's speech; of the fine ode in the *Œdipus at Colonus*; of Virgil and Lorenzo de' Medici.—*Lord Macaulay*.

While Milan is a circular town, without a river, a town that lies in an unbroken plain except for its many brooks of running water, Florence is built entirely differently in a fair-sized valley that is bounded by rugged mountains. The town is right against the hill which limits it to the south, and by the disposition of its streets is not unlike Paris, being also situated on the Arno as Paris is on the Seine. . . . If we go to the southern hill in the garden of the Pitti Palace and thence walk round the walls as far as the Arezzo road, we shall get an idea of the infinite number of little hills of which Tuscany is made up, and which, covered with olives, vines, and small patches of wheat, are cultivated like a garden. . . . As in the pictures of Leonardo and of the early manner of Raphael, the horizon is often bounded by dark trees relieved against a blue sky.—*Stendhal*.

PERSONAL ACCOUNTS

FLORENCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY¹

. . . I saw the public processions, and the grand-duke in his state-coach. Among other grand sights exhibited on this occasion, there is a sort of small moveable stage, gilt on the outside, on which there are four little children, and a monk, or a nun dressed up as a monk, with a great false beard, who represents St. Francis of Assisi, standing, holding his hands crossed upon his breast, as in the portrait of him, and with a crown over his head, fixed on his hood. There were other

¹ This is Montaigne's visit to Florence on his return from Rome. The visit on his way to Rome is less interesting except for a brief mention of Bianca Capello, and the dictum: "M. de Montaigne said he had never been in a country where there were so few pretty women as in Italy." His visit included an excursion to Pratolino, but we have preferred to choose the account given by Lassels.

children on foot, armed, one of whom represented St. George. When these came to the square, there rushed out upon the champion a great dragon, made to look very terrible, and spouting flames from his jaws, and so large as evidently somewhat to stagger the men who carried him. The young St. George attacked the dragon in his turn, and struck him, and, at last vanquishing him, stabbed him deep in the throat. . . .

THE CHARIOT RACE

. . . There was a grand chariot race, in a large open square of an oblong form, and surrounded on all sides by handsome houses. At each corner of this place they had erected a wooden obelisk, and a long cord extended from each of these to the other, to prevent people from crossing the ground; there were, besides, several men stationed along these ropes, to keep any person from getting over them. The balconies were full of ladies; the grand-duke, with the duchess and the court, occupying the lower balcony of the principal houses. The other spectators were ranged along the sides of the square, outside the ropes, and on a sort of scaffolds, on one of which I got a place. There were five chariots or cars to run. They took their places by lot, in a row, by one of the obelisks. It seemed to be considered that the outside place was the best, as giving the driver the most command of the ground. The horses started at the sound of a trumpet. The chariot that had the lead on arriving at the starting-post, in the third run round the course, was the winner. The grand-duke's car had the best of it up to the commencement of the third round, but then Strozzi's charioteer, who had kept very close to the grand-duke's, urged his horses to the utmost, and managed to get so nearly on a level with the latter as to make the victory a question between them. I observed that the populace broke their previous silence when they saw Strozzi's charioteer making head, and began shouting and encouraging him with all their might and main, utterly regardless of their prince being present. And afterwards, when the dispute as to the victory was referred to the decision of the judges of the course, those among them who were in favour of Strozzi having appealed to the judgment of the assembly, there was raised an almost unanimous shout in favour of Strozzi, who ultimately obtained the prize, though it seemed to me that the grand-duke's

charioteer was really the winner. The value of the prize was a hundred crowns. I was more pleased with this spectacle than any other I had witnessed in Italy, for my fancy was tickled by its resemblance to the races of the ancients.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN¹

This being St. John's eve, the roof of the cathedral was surrounded by two or three rows of lamps, and a number of rockets were let off. They say, however, that it is not the general custom in Italy, as in France, to have fire-works on St. John's day. This festival came round in due course, on the Sunday, and being, of all the saint's days, the one observed by the people of Florence with the greatest solemnity and rejoicing, everybody was from an early hour abroad to take part in it, dressed in their best. I had thus an opportunity of seeing all the women, old and young; and I must confess that the amount of beauty at Florence seemed to me very limited. Early in the morning the grand-duke took his seat in the palace square, upon a platform which occupied the whole front of the palace, the walls of which, as well as the platform, were hung with rich tapestry. He was seated under a canopy, with the Pope's nuncio at his side on the left, and the Ferrarese ambassador on his right, but not so near him by a good deal as the nuncio. Here there passed before him a long procession of men in various guises, emblems of the different castles, towns, and states dependent upon the archduchy of Florence, and the name and style of each, as its representative passed, was announced to the assembled multitude by a herald, who stood by in full costume. Representing Siena, for instance, there came forward a young man habited in white and black velvet, bearing in one hand a large silver vase, and in the other an effigy of the she-wolf of Siena. These offerings he laid at the feet of the duke, accompanying them with a suitable address. When he had passed on he was followed, in single file, and as their names were successively called out, by a number of ill-dressed men, mounted on sorry hacks or on mules, some carrying a silver cup, others a ragged banner. These fellows, of whom there were

¹ "The Feast of St. John," wrote Hawthorne in 1858, "like the Carnival, is but a meagre semblance of festivity, kept alive factitiously, and dying a lingering death of centuries. It takes the exuberant mind and heart of a people to keep its holidays alive."

a great number, went on through the streets, without any sort of form or ceremony, and, indeed, without exhibiting the slightest gravity or even decency of demeanour, but rather seeming to treat the whole thing as a jest. They took their part in the affair as representatives of the various castles and other places in immediate dependence upon the state of Siena. This ceremonial takes place every year.

By and by, advanced a car, bearing a great wooden pyramid, with steps all up to it, on which stood little boys dressed in different fashions, to represent saints and angels. The pyramid was as high as a house; and at the top of it was St. John, bound to an iron bar. Next after this car came the public officers, those connected with the revenue occupying the first rank. The procession was closed by another car, on which were several young men with three prizes, which were afterwards run for in different sorts of races. On each side of the car were the horses that were about to take part in the races, led by the jockeys, wearing the colours of their different masters, among whom were some of the greatest nobles of the country. The horses were small, but exquisitely formed. . . . After dinner, everybody went to see the horse-racing. The Cardinal de Medici's horse won: the prize was worth about 200 crowns. This spectacle is not so agreeable as the chariot-race, for it takes place in the street, and all you see is the horses tearing past where you stand, at the top of their speed, and there is an end of the matter, as far as you are concerned. . . .

On the preceding Saturday the grand duke's palace was thrown open to all comers, without exception, and was crowded with country people, who by and by nearly all collected in the great hall, where they fell to dancing. As I looked upon them, it seemed to my fancy an image of a people's lost liberty—an all but extinguished light throwing out a flickering gleam once a year, amid the shows of a saint's day.—*Montaigne*.

FLORENCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Florence is at the foot of the Appenines, the West part full of stately groves and pleasant meadows, beautified with more than a thousand houses and country palaces of note, belonging to gentlemen of the towne. The river Arno runs through this Citty, in a broad but very shallow channell, dividing it, as it were, in the middle; and over it are fower

most sumptuous bridges of stone. On that nearest to our quarter are the 4 Seasons in white marble ; on another are the goldsmiths shops ; at the head of the former stands a column of opite on which is a statue of Justice with her balance and sword, cut out of porphyrie, and the more remarkable for being the first which had been carved out of that hard material, and brought to perfection after the art had been utterly lost : they say this was done by hardening the tools in the juice of certaine herbs. This statue was erected in that corner because there Cosmo was first saluted with the newes of Sienna being taken.

THE PALACES

Neere this is the famous Palazzo di Strozzi, a princely piece of architecture, in a rustiq manner. The Palace of Pitti was built by that family, but of late greatly beautified by Cosmo with huge square stones of the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian orders, with a terrace at each side having rustic uncut balustrades, with a fountain that ends in a cascade seen from the great gate, and so forming a vista to the gardens. Nothing is more admirable than the vacant stayrecase, marbles, statues, urnes, pictures, courtes, grotto, and waterworkes. In the quadrangle is a huge jetto of water in a volto of 4 faces, with noble statues at each square, especialy the Diana of porphyrie above the grotto. We were here shew'd a prodigious greate load-stone.

The garden has every variety, hills, dales, rocks, groves, aviaries, vivaries, fountaines, especialy one of five jettos, the middle basin being one of the longest stones I ever saw. Here is every thing to make such a paradise delightfull. In the garden I saw a rose grafted on an orange-tree. There was much topiary worke, and columns in architecture about the hedges. The Duke has added an ample laboratorye, over against which stands a Fort on a hill where they told us his treasure is kept. In this Palace the Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards, after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at the cellar under his very house, wicker bottles dangling over even the chiefe entrance into the Palace, serving for a vintner's bush.

In the church of Santo Spirito the altar and reliquary are most rich, full of precious stones ; there are 4 pillars of a kind of serpentine, and some of blue. Hence we went to

another Palace of the Duke's, called Palazzo Vecchio, before which is a statue of David by Michael Angelo, and one of Hercules killing Cacus, the work of Baccio Bandinelli. The quadrangle about this is of the Corinthian order, and in the hall are many rare marbles, as those of Leo the Tenth and Clement VII. both Popes of the Medicean family; also the acts of Cosmo in rare painting. In the Chapell is kept (as they would make one believe) the original Gospel of St. John, written with his owne hand; and the famous Florentine Pendants, and divers precious stones. Neere it is another pendant Towre like that at Pisa, always threatening ruine.

WORKS OF ART

Under the Court of Justice is a stately Arcade for men to walke in, and over that the shops of divers rare artists who continually worke for the greate Duke. Above this is that renowned Ceimeliarcha, or Repository, wherein are hundreds of admirable antiquities, statues of marble and mettall, vases of porphyrie, etc.; but amongst the statues none so famous as the Scipio, Boare, the Idol of Apollo brought from the Delphic Temple, and two triumphant columnes. Over these hang the pictures of the most famous persons and illustrious men in arts or armes, to the number of 300, taken out of the Museum of Paulus Jovius. They then led us into a large square roome in the middle of which stood a Cabinet of an octangular forme, so adorn'd and furnish'd with christals, achat, sculptures, etc., as exceeds any description. This cabinet is called the *Tribuna*, and in it is a pearle as big as a hazale nut. The cabinet is of ebonie, lazuli, and jasper; over the door is a round of M. Angelo; in the cabinet, *Leo the Tenth*, with other paintings of Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, and Correggio, viz. a *St. John*, a *Virgin*, a *Boy*, 2 *Apostles*, 2 Heads of Durer rarely carved. Over this cabinet is a Globe of ivory, excellently carved; the Labours of Hercules in massy silver, and many incomparable pictures in small. There is another, which had about it 8 oriental columns of alabaster, on each whereof was placed a head of a Cæsar, cover'd with a canopy so richly set with precious stones that they resembled a firmament of starrs. Within it was our Saviour's Passion and 12 Apostles in amber. This cabinet was valued at two hundred thousand crownes. In another, with Calcidon pillars, was a series of golden medaills. Here is also another rich

ebony Cabinet cupola'd with a tortoise-shell and containing a collection of gold medaills esteem'd worth 50,000 crownes; a wreathed pillar of oriental alabaster, divers paintings of Da Vinci, Pontorno, del Sarto, an *Ecce Homo* of Titian, a *Boy* of Bronzini, etc. They shew'd us a branch of corall fixed on the rock which they affirme dos still grow. In another roome is kept the Tabernacle appointed for the Chapel of St. Lawrence, about which are placed small statues of Saints, of precious materials; a piece of such art and cost, that, having been these 40 years in perfecting, it is one of the most curious things in the world. Here were divers tables of Pietra Comessa, which is a marble ground inlay'd with severall sorts of marbles and stones of various colours, representing flowers, trees, beasts, birds, and landskips. In one is represented the town of Ligorne by the same hand who inlay'd the altar of St. Lawrence, Domenico Benotti. I purchased of him 19 pieces of the same worke for a cabinet. In a presse neere this they shew'd an yron nayle, one halfe whereof being converted into gold by one Thornheuser, a German chymist, is look'd on as a greate rarity, but it plainly appeared to have been soldered together. There is a curious watch, a monstrous turquoise as big as an egg, on which is carved an emperor's head.

In the Armory are kept many antiq habits, as those of Chinese kings; the sword of Charlemain; Hannibal's head-piece; a loadstone of a yard long, which bears up 86 lbs. weight, in a chaine of 17 links, such as the slaves are tied to. In another roome are such rare tourneries in ivory as are not to be described for their curiosity. There is a faire pillar of oriental alabaster; 12 vast and compleate services of silver plate, and one of gold, all of excellent workmanship; a rich embrodred saddle of pearls sent by the Emperor to this Duke; and here is that embrodred chaire set with precious stones in which he sits, when, on St. John's Day, he receives the tribute of the Citties. . . .

LOGGIA DE' LANZI

We went to the Portico where the famous statues of Judith and Holofernes stand, also the Medusa, all of copper; but what is most admirable is the Rape of a Sabine with another man under foot, the confusion and turning of whose limbs is most admirable. It is of one entire marble, the worke of John di Bologna, and is most stupendous; this

stands directly against the greate Piazza, where, to adorne one fountaine, are erected four marble statues and eight of brasse, representing Neptune and his family of sea-gods, of a Colossean magnitude, with four sea-horses in Parian marble of Lamedrati ; this is in the midst of a very great basin, a work, I think, hardly to be parallel'd. Here is also the famous statue of David by M. Angelo ; Hercules and Cacus by Baccio Bandinelli ; the Perseus in copper by Benevento, and the Judith of Donatelli, which stand publickly before the old palace with the Centaur of Bologna, huge Colossean figures. Neere this stands Cosmo di Medici on horseback, in brasse on a pedistal of marble, and four copper bass relievos by John di Bologna, with divers inscriptions ; the Ferdinand the First on horseback is of Pietro Tacca. The brazen Boare which serves for another publiq fountaine is admirable.

THE ANNUNCIATA ; THE RIDING SCHOOL

After dinner, we went to the church of Annunciata, where the Duke and his Court were at their devotions, being a place of extraordinary repute for sanctity ; for here is a shrine that does great miracles, [proved] by innumerable votive tablets, etc., covering almost the walls of the whole church. This is the image of Gabriel who saluted the Blessed Virgin, and which the artist finished so well that he was in despair of performing the Virgin's face, whereupon it was miraculously done for him whilst he slept ; but others say it was painted by St. Luke himself. Whoever it was, infinite is the devotion of both sexes to it. The altar is set off with four columns of oriental alabaster, and lighted by thirty great silver lamps. There are innumerable other pictures by rare masters. Our Saviour's passion in brasse tables inserted in marble is the work of John di Bologna and Baccio Bandinelli. . . .

At the Duke's Cavalerizzo, the Prince has a stable of the finest horses of all countries, Arabs, Turks, Barbs, Gennets, English, etc., which are continually exercised in the manège. Near this is a place where are kept several wild beasts, as wolves, catts, beares, tygers, and lions. They are loose in a deep walled court, and therefore to be seene with more pleasure than at the Tower of London, in their grates.—*Evelyn.*

FLORENCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Our Florentines have nothing on earth to do ; yet a dozen fellows crying *ciambelli*, little cakes, about the square, assisted by beggars, who lie upon the church steps, and pray or rather promise to pray as loud as their lungs will let them, for the *anime sante di purgatorio* ; ballad-singers meantime endeavouring to drown these clamours in their own, and gentlemen's servants disputing at the doors, whose master shall be first served ; ripping up the pedigrees of each to prove superior claims for a biscuit or macaroon ; do make such an intolerable clatter among them, that one cannot, for one's life, hear one another speak : and I did say just now, that it were as good live at Brest or Portsmouth when the rival fleets were fitting out, as here ; where real tranquillity subsists under a bustle merely imaginary.

THE GRAND DUKE

Our Grand Duke lives with little state for aught I can observe here ; but where there is least pomp, there is commonly most power. . . . He tells his subjects when to go to bed, and who to dance with, till the hour he chooses they should retire to rest, with exactly that sort of old-fashioned paternal authority that fathers used to exercise over their families in England before commerce had run her levelling plough over all ranks, and annihilated even the name of subordination. If he hear of any person living long in Florence without being able to give a good account of his business there, the Duke warns him to go away ; and if he loiter after such warning given, sends him out. Does any nobleman shine in pompous equipage or splendid table ; the Grand Duke enquires soon into his pretensions, and scruples not to give personal advice and add grave reproofs with regard to the management of each individual's private affairs, the establishment of their sons, the marriage of their sisters, etc. When they appeared to complain of this behaviour to me, I know not, replied I, what to answer : one has always read and heard that the Sovereigns ought to behave in despotic governments like the *fathers of their family*. . . . "Yes, Madam," replied one of my auditors, with an acuteness truly Italian, "but this Prince is our *father-in-law*." . . .

RUSTIC PICTURES

I have been out to dinner in the country near Prato, and what a charming, what a delightful thing is a nobleman's seat near Florence! How cheerful the society! How splendid the climate! how wonderful the prospects in this glorious country! The Arno rolling before his house, the Apennines rising behind it! a sight of fertility enjoyed by its inhabitants, and a view of such defences to their property as nature alone can bestow. A peasantry so rich too, that the wives and daughters of the farmer go dressed in jewels; and those of no small value. A pair of one-drop ear-rings, a broadish necklace, with a long piece hanging down the bosom, and terminated with the cross, all of set garnets clear and perfect, is a common, a *very* common treasure to the females about this country; and on every Sunday or holiday, when they dress and mean to look pretty, their elegantly-disposed ornaments attract attention strongly; though I do not think them as handsome as the Lombard lasses, and our Venetian friends protest that the farmers at Crema in *their* state are still richer.

La Contadinella Toscana, however, in a very rich white silk petticoat, exceedingly full and short, to shew her neat pink slipper and pretty ankle, her pink *corps de robes* and straps, with white silk lacing down the stomacher, puffed shift sleeves, with heavy lace robbins ending at the elbow and fastened at the shoulders with at least eight or nine bows of narrow pink ribbon, a lawn handkerchief trimmed with broad lace, put on somewhat coquettishly, and finishing in front with a nosegay, must make a lovely figure at any rate; though the hair is drawn away from the face in a way rather too tight to be becoming, under a red velvet cushion edged with gold, which helps to bear it off I think, but gives the small Leghorn hat, lined with green, a pretty perking air, which is infinitely nymphish and smart.—*Mrs. Piozzi*.

A THOUGHT FROM GOETHE

In the city we see the proof of the prosperity of the generations who built it; the conviction is at once forced upon us that they must have enjoyed a long succession of wise rulers. But above all one is struck with the beauty and

grandeur which distinguish all the public works and roads and bridges in Tuscany. Everything here is at once substantial and clean; use and profit not less than elegance are alike kept in view; everywhere we discern traces of the care which is taken to preserve them. The cities of the Papal States on the contrary only seem to stand, because the earth is unwilling to swallow them up.—*Goethe*.

FLORENTINE LIFE

DANTE IN FLORENCE

At first we cannot trace the Florence Dante knew. Nothing is less like the thirteenth-century Tuscan than the Tuscan of to-day: the powerful character, the wild and deep passion have given place to peaceable habits and gentle manners. A life of adventure, peril, and hate has been followed by pleasant indolence; we find nothing here of the concentrated violence of the Roman nature. Even the peasants of the neighbourhood of Florence have a certain elegance and sweetness of speech and address. The old mediæval Tuscan type was gradually effaced by the hand of the Medici; the care of Leopold has succeeded in softening its last inequalities.

Thus too is it with the aspect of Florence. At our first glance it seems quite modern. The main buildings themselves—the old strongholds which, like the Strozzi palace, make the streets dark beneath their dark and crenellated masses—are of a more recent date than that of Dante. The cathedral was scarcely begun in his time; and it took 166 years' work and the crowning gift of Brunelleschi to complete it. The only monument actually existing in Dante's time was the handsome Baptistery he loved so well and mentions as

“Il mio bel San Giovanni.”

Nevertheless, here and there, a few names or relics bring to mind Florence in the fourteenth century. By a fortunate chance there stood opposite to my window a wall with the funeral scutcheon of Charles of Valois—the *fleur de lis*, which for Dante was the symbol of proscription and exile, and which now is itself exiled and proscribed. If we look carefully, little by little we find the older Florence in the heart of the newer town. We may see a modern building grow above an ancient sub-structure; and French windows with green blinds above a

wall of enormous black stones hewn diamond-wise. Here then are two epochs, one above another, just as on the Appian way the hovels of the rustics rise above the tombs of the ancient Romans.

The names of the streets take us back to Dante; often enough they belong to the persons or the families who are part of his poem. We find the street of the Blacks, the crucifix of the Whites, the street of the Ghibellines or of the Guelfs. As we cross these streets with their historic names, we can fancy that we shall run up against Farinata, Cavalcanti, or even Alighieri himself. The part of Florence where Dantesque recollections are centred is in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral and the Baptistery. Among the numerous square towers which here and there rise above the Florentine houses, there is one called the Tower of Dante. The stone of Dante, *sasso di Dante*, is not now to be found, but an inscription cut on a marble slab keeps alive the memory of this memory—the tradition of a tradition.

Finally, not far from here stands even to-day the Portinari palace,¹ where there dwelt once a little girl who received the childish name of Bice. The youthful Dante, a lad of the neighbourhood, used to play with the child of the Portinari house, and for him thenceforward began that *new life* which he has so eloquently told; and there, in the soul of nine years' age, was sown the seed which was in later days to produce the immense poem devoted to the immortalisation of Beatrice.—*Ampère*.

THE MISERICORDIA

There is a society here, called the Misericordia Society, of which I have heard the following account, but do not know if it is accurate. It is composed of men of the highest rank, whose business it is, in case of accident or sudden death, to assemble at the sound of a bell, and render what assistance may be necessary. That there may be no personal ostentation, they wear black masks. I met about a dozen of them the other day bearing a dead body through the streets. They were all dressed in black dominos, and, as it rained, in very

¹ Ampère omits to mention the house (now absolutely renovated) in which Dante was born. According to Mr. W. D. Howells (*Tuscan Cities*), Dante was married in the small church of San Martino near by; but this church is only a chapel of the former San Martino (see *Walks in Florence*, by the Misses Horner, vol. i. p. 252, ed. 1884).

broad slouched hats. They never spoke, and relieved one another in carrying with great dexterity and quickness. Their step struck me as unusually majestic, probably from their dress, and the solemnity of their occupations. It was a very imposing sight. I am told that sometimes the Grand Duke himself goes out and assists.—*Walker*.

GAMING AND SPORTS IN 1630

It is the custom here in winter, to invite the chief ladies of the town (married women only¹) to come to play at cards in winter evenings for three or four hours' space; and this one night in one palace, another night in another palace. Thither the ladies go, and find the house open to all comers and goers, both ladies and gentlemen, that are of any garb. In every chamber the doors are set open, and for the most part you shall see eight, or ten chambers on a floor, going out of one another, with a square table holding eight persons, as many chairs, two silver candlesticks with wax-lights in them, and store of lights round about the room. At the hour appointed, company being come, they sit down to play, a cavalier sitting between every lady, and all the women as fine in cloths and jewels, as if they were going to a ball. The doors of all these rooms being open, the light great, the women glittering, and all glorious, you would take these palaces to be the enchanted palaces of the Old King of the Mountain. Any gentlemen may come into the palaces and stand between the gamesters, and see both how modestly they play, and how little they play for. . . .

The Florentines enjoying by the goodness and wisdom of their excellent Prince, the fruits of peace, have many other recreations, where the people pass their time cheerfully, and think not of rebellion by muttering in corners. For this reason, both in winter and summer they have their several divertisements. In winter their *Giuco di Calcio* (a play something like our football, but that they play with their hands) every night from the Epiphany till Lent. . . . Besides these pastimes, they have once a week, dancing at the Court from Twelfth Day till Lent, at which balls, all the ladies of the town are invited, to the number sometimes of two hundred,

¹ Southern customs have not changed, and it needs no particular reference to our own literature to prove that maids as well as wives were always included in northern junketings.

and these all married women, and all invited by a particular ticket. Then their several Opera's or musical Dramata acted and sung with rare cost and art. Lastly, their public running at the ring, or at the *fauchin*, for a piece of plate. And in summer, they have their several dancing days, and their frequent *corsi di palio* upon certain known days and for known prizes.—*Lassels*.

THE TUSCAN DIALECT

As for the language of Florence, it's pure, but in their books, not in their throats: they do so choak it in the throat that it's almost quite drowned there. Nor doth it recover itself again till it come to Rome, where *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana* is a most sweet language.—*Lassels*.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL ¹

The most unaccountable scene, while we were abroad, was the Resurrection of Christ, which we saw performed at Florence, on Easter-Eve. There was set up before the door of the Cathedral an artificial sepulchre, filled with rockets, squibs and crackers, which have trains communicated one to another. From this sepulchre there goes a line, through the body of the church, to the altar, on which there is placed an artificial pigeon, of combustible matter, designed to represent the Holy Ghost. The Archbishop with his clergy performed the function for the day, with great solemnity, being seated on the side of the altar, under stately canopies of velvet and cloth of gold. When they come to the hallelujas, at the end of the music, which is very fine, both vocal and instrumental, they all give a hideous shout, then a man sets fire to the combustible pigeon at the altar, which runs along the line to the sepulchre without doors, and blows it up into the air. All this was performed with music, drums, trumpets, ringing of bells, and firing of the great guns: meanwhile the fiery pigeon returns back to the altar and the people fall on their faces to worship.—*S. Whatley*.

¹ L'Abbé Richard thought the Florentines less superstitious than other Italians, but they certainly had some of the ceremonies which are best represented at Rome.

RECEPTIONS IN 1740

The luxury of the Florentines in their equipages is something astonishing, as it is likewise in their furniture and dress. Every night we have attended evening parties in different houses, of which the apartments are quite labyrinthine. These assemblies are composed of some three hundred or more ladies, covered with diamonds, and five hundred men, wearing dresses which the Duc de Richelieu would scarce dare to wear. I much enjoy these gatherings of from eight to nine hundred people ; when there are more it becomes a mob ; but, seriously, I cannot understand how such crowding can be a pleasure to any one. As to the dresses, we are told that these rich costumes are only worn on state occasions, and last a lifetime, and that all this splendour, these balls and assemblies, and illuminated gatherings at which we assisted, were given to celebrate society weddings, that had brought all the town together, and where the ceremonial is of great length. These conversazioni are a matter of much expense to those who give them, on account of the vast quantity of candles burnt, and the immense amount of ices and confections that are handed round during the evening. There is dancing, and likewise music.—*De Broses*.

AN IMPROVISATRICE IN 1785

We are called away to hear the fair Fantastici, a young woman who makes improvise verses, and sings them, as they tell me, with infinite learning and taste. She is successor to the celebrated Corilla, who no longer exhibits the power she once held without a rival ; yet to *her* conversations every one still strives for admission, though she is now ill, and old, and hoarse with repeated colds. She spares, however, now by no labour or fatigue to obtain and keep that superiority and admiration which one day perhaps gave her almost equal trouble to receive and to repay. . . . Corilla, without pretensions either to immaculate character (in the English sense), deep erudition, or high birth, which an Italian esteems above all earthly things, has so made her way in the world, that all the nobility of both sexes crowd to her house ; that no Prince passes through Florence without waiting on Corilla ; that the Capitol will long recollect her being crowned

there, and that many sovereigns have not only sought her company, but have been obliged to put up with slights from her independent spirit, and from her airy, rather than haughty behaviour.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

STREET IMPROVISATION

In attending to the Italian improvisatori, I began to find out, or perhaps only to fancy, several points in which they resemble their great predecessor Homer. In both may be remarked the same openness of style and simplicity of construction, the same digressions, rests, repetitions, anomalies. Homer has often recourse to shifts of the moment, like other improvisatori. Like them he betrays great inequalities. Sometimes when his speech is lengthening into detail, he cuts it short and concludes. Sometimes when the interest and difficulty thicken, the poet escapes, like his heroes, in a cloud. I once thought of Homer in the streets of Florence, where I once saw a poor cyclic bard most cruelly perplexed in a tale of chivalry. He wished to unravel; but every stanza gave a new twist to his plot. His hearers seemed impatient for the denouement, but still the confusion increased. At last, seeing no other means of escape, he vented his poetical fury on the skin of his tambourine, and went off with a *maledetto*.—*Forsyth.*

ARCHITECTURE AND ART

PALAZZO VECCHIO

Our first visit of all is to the Piazza della Signoria; here, as at Siena, it was the centre of Republican life; here, too, the old town-hall, the Palazzo Vecchio, is a structure of the middle ages, an enormous block of stone, pierced with trefoiled windows here and there, with a heavy battlement of machicolations, and on one side a lofty battlemented tower. It is the veriest civic fortress, useful for warfare or for observation, a safeguard when near, a beacon from afar, in a word, the town's suit of armour with its visible crest. We cannot look at it without thinking of the intestine warfare described by Dino Compagni. They were rough times in Italy were the middle ages; in France we had the war of castles, in Italy it was one in the streets. For thirty-three years in succession

the Buondelmonti with forty-four families supporting them were fighting the Uberti with twenty-two. They barricaded the streets with *chevaux de frise*; the houses were fortified; and the nobility brought their armed retainers in from the countryside. Finally, thirty-six houses belonging to the beaten side were rased to the ground, and if the town-hall is irregularly built, it is because an implacable vengeance insisted on the architect's leaving bare the accursed sites on which the houses destroyed had once stood.—*Taine*.¹

PALAZZO VECCHIO (INTERIOR)

In the midst of the city—in the Piazza of the Grand Duke, adorned with beautiful statues and the Fountain of Neptune—rises the Palazzo Vecchio, with its enormous overhanging battlements, and the Great Tower that watches over the whole town. In its court-yard—worthy of the Castle of Otranto in its ponderous gloom—is a massive staircase that the heaviest waggon and the stoutest team of horses might be driven up. Within it, is a Great Saloon, faded and tarnished in its stately decorations, and mouldering by grains, but recording yet, in pictures on its walls, the triumphs of the Medici² and the wars of the old Florentine people. The prison is hard by, in an adjacent court-yard of the building—a foul and dismal place, where some men are shut up close, in small cells like ovens; and where others look through bars and beg; where some are playing draughts, and some are talking to their friends, who smoke, the while, to purify the air; and some are buying wine and fruit of women-vendors; and all are squalid, dirty, and vile to look at. “They are merry enough, Signore,” says the Jailer. “They are all blood-stained here,” he adds, indicating, with his hand, three-fourths of the whole

¹ We may note from Horner's *Walks in Florence* that there was formerly a *ringhiera*, or rostrum, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. This rostrum is shown in the San Marco picture of Savonarola's execution, and remained in place till Napoleon's time. It was on the northern angle of the *ringhiera* that the Marzocco, or Lion of Florence, originally was placed. As Evelyn tells us above, Michael Angelo's David (now in the Accademia) used to stand opposite the *ringhiera*, on the left of the entrance.

² The palace itself contains no other indication of its tenancy by the Grand Dukes, but the statue of Cosimo I. by Giovanni da Bologna still stands in the Piazza della Signoria, formerly called, during the interval of ducal rule, the Piazza del Gran Duca. The Renaissance works of sculpture in the court of the palace have nothing to do with the original intention of the building.

building. Before the hour is out, an old man, eighty years of age, quarrelling over a bargain with a young girl of seventeen, stabs her dead, in the market-place full of bright flowers, and is brought in prisoner, to swell the number.—*Dickens*.

LOGGIA DE' LANZI

On the right hand, facing the Palazzo Vecchio, are three arcades or porticoes, entered by five or six broad steps, noble in size, harmonious in proportion, and tasteful in decoration. They were erected by Orcagna, in 1375, for the transaction of public business, and served at once as a town-hall and an exchange. Here the magistrates were inducted into office, and here the democracy of Florence were harangued by their orators. Under the Medici, this spacious loggia was degraded into a lounging-place for the troop of mercenary Swiss and Germans, who were raised by Cosmo I. to give splendour to his state and security to his power. These arcades now shelter a silent company of statues. Conspicuous among them is the Perseus of the fiery-hearted Cellini, not more known from its own merits than from the graphic account of its casting, which the artist gives in those memoirs of his, which are written with as much fire and fervour as if he had dipped his pen in the melted bronze. The figure is erect, holding aloft the head of Medusa, and trampling on the misshapen monster at his feet. Some critics object to the form as too robust, and to the attitude as wanting in simplicity, but no one ever denied it breathing life. Corresponding to this is a group in marble, by John of Bologna, a young man holding a maiden in his arms, with an old man at his feet, which, for want of a better name, is called the Rape of the Sabines. It is a daring and successful effort, to put such a conception into marble, and shows at once the artist's powers, and his confidence in them; but there is something strained, violent, and unnatural in the whole composition, and the eye grows weary in gazing at such overtaxed muscles. Judith slaying Holofernes, a group in bronze by Donatello, suffers by its proximity. It is of the natural size, while its neighbours are colossal, and it has more the air of an actress playing the part of Judith, than of Judith herself.—*G. S. Hillard*.

THE DANTE PORTRAIT IN THE BARGELLO¹

Within the last ten years two interesting discoveries have been made in Florence. One is the portrait of Dante in the chapel of the Palazzo del Podestà, by Giotto. This palazzo is a singular structure, built in a rambling and uncouth style, and now used as a prison. Upon the walls of the Cortile are seen the armorial bearings of a long line of magistrates of Florence. The room in which the portrait was discovered had lost the aspect of a chapel, and had been used as a store-house for the prison, or some similar office. Perhaps it is hardly correct to say that the portrait was discovered, as there must always have been some persons who knew that this work, and many others, were there, and might be found if any one would take the trouble to remove the whitewash. . . . For many years, even generations, the portrait slept in its shroud of white, and there would have slept till the last syllable of recorded time, had its resurrection depended upon indigenous reverence, energy, and enterprise. A few English and American gentlemen . . . resolved to make the attempt to uncover it, and after repeated applications, and all sorts of aiding influence, the supineness or distrust of the government was so far overcome as to give these gentlemen a reluctant consent to remove the whitewash at their own expense.

The result answered to their hopes. After a coat of whitewash, in some places an inch thick, had been taken off, the portrait was found. It represents the great poet in the prime of life, before sorrow and struggle had sharpened and deepened the lines of his face, and made it that record of outraged pride and wounded sensibility which it became in his declining years. The brow is ample, the nose straight, and the features regular; a countenance at once intellectual and handsome. The dress is a long, flowing robe, and the head is covered with a sort of hood or cap. Whatever merits as a work of art it may have had have been sadly impaired by what it has been through; but no one will deny that it is a precious waif snatched from the wreck of time.—*G. S. Hillard.*

¹ The Bargello has no great interest as a public building, though once the home of the Podestà. Much restored in the interior, it now houses the collection known as the Museo Nazionale.

PONTE VECCHIO¹

Among the four bridges that span the river, the Ponte Vecchio—that bridge which is covered with the shops of jewellers and goldsmiths—is a most enchanting feature in the scene. The space of one house, in the centre, being left open, the view beyond is shown as in a frame; and that precious glimpse of sky, and water and rich buildings, shining so quietly among the huddled roofs and gables on the bridge, is exquisite.—*Dickens*.

The Ponte S. Trinità was thrown down by the inundation of 1557, and rebuilt by order of the Grand Duke Cosmo I. according to the designs of Ammanti. It is of a bold and sturdy construction; the arches are of an oval form cut by the centre in its length, thus giving greater space and making the flow of the water easier. The piles are protected by spurs running into acute angles, dividing the volume of water and diminishing its strength. The bridge is furnished on the two sides with footways for pedestrians, the middle being reserved for carriages. At the ends are the statues of the Four Seasons.—*L'Abbé Richard*.

THE DUOMO

. . . It was anciently called S. Reparata's church; but since it is called Santa Maria Florida, a fit name for the Cathedral of Florence. . . . On the top of it stands mounted a fair cupola (or *tholus*) made by Brunelleschi, a Florentine. This was the first cupola in Europe; and therefore the more admirable for having no idea after which it could be framed; and for being the idea of that of S. Peter's in Rome, after which so many young cupolas in Rome, and elsewhere, have been made since. Hence it is said that Michael Angelo coming now and then to Florence (his native country) while he was making the cupola in Rome of S. Peter's church, and viewing attentively this cupola of Florence, used to say to it: *Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso*.² It's said also that Brunelleschi, making this cupola, caused taverns, cook shops, and lodgings to be set in it, that the workmen might find all

¹ It may be noted that the Pitti Palace and the Church of the Carmine are on the south side of the river.

² "Like thee I will not; better than thee I cannot."

things necessary there, and not spend time in going up and down. . . . The straight passage from the top of the cupola to the round brazen Ball is thirty-six yards high. The Ball is four yards wide and capable of four and twenty men : and the cross at the top of this Ball is eight yards long. . . . From the top of this cupola, taking a perfect view of Florence under us, and of the whole country about it, with the sight of two thousand villas or country houses scattered here and there round about the town, we came down again to view the inside of this church.

It is about three hundred feet long, from the great door to the choir, and from thence to the end almost two hundred more. The choir is round and perpendicularly under the cupola, being of the same bigness ; and, upon solemn days when the wax candles are lighted round about it, it looks gloriously, otherwise in winter time it seems too dark.¹ The High Altar, which stands in this choir, is plain, like those of ancient cathedrals, and adorned with a rare statue of a dead Christ in white marble made by the hand of Bandinelli. Looking up from the quire to the cupola, you see it painted on the inside with the representation of heaven, hell and purgatory. The painters were Georgio Vasari and Taddeo Zuccari. . . . Near the door of the sacristy you may read an inscription, importing that in this town of Florence had been held a General Council, where the reunion of the Latin and Greek church had been made.² . . .

In this church you see the statues of divers saints who have been archbishops of this town ; and the tombs of divers famous men ; as of Marcilius Ficinus, the Platonic Christian

¹ Beckford also refers to the sobriety of the interior as follows : "The architect seems to have turned his building inside out ; nothing in art being more ornamented than the exterior, and few churches so simple within. The nave is vast and solemn, the dome amazingly spacious, with the high altar in its centre, inclosed by a circular arcade near two hundred feet in diameter. There is something imposing in this decoration, as it suggests the idea of a sanctuary, into which none but the holy ought to penetrate. However profane I might feel myself, I took the liberty of entering, and sat myself down in a niche. Not a ray of light reaches this sacred inclosure, but through the medium of narrow windows, high in the dome and richly painted."

² 6th July, 1438. Had the reconciliation been in any way real, Constantinople might have been saved from the Turks in 1453. The Council of Florence is the last great public act of the Eastern Empire. This Council had its share in the revival of Greek learning. In the right aisle of the cathedral is the monument of Gionozzo Manetti, and a bust of Ficinus. (See chapter iv. Symonds's *Revival of Learning*.)

philosopher . . . of Johannes Acutius¹ an English knight, and general anciently of the Pisani, as the old Gothic letters set high upon the wall under his picture on horseback told me.—*Lassels*.

THE DUOMO (THE EXTERIOR)

Let us . . . look at the celebrated Cathedral, difficult as it is to get a clear view of it. It stands on a level site, and to get a complete view of its mass we should have to pull down three hundred of the adjoining houses. Herein is the manifest defect of the great edifices of the middle ages; even to-day, after the many clearances effected for modern reconstructions, the cathedrals must still be studied on paper. The spectator takes hold of a fragment, a section or a façade; but the building in its entirety escapes him where the work of man has gone beyond his compass. It was not thus in antiquity; the temples were small or at most of reasonable size; their general form and complete profile could be studied from twenty different places. When Christianity came, human imagination soared beyond human strength, and the ambitions of the soul forgot the limitations of the body. The balance of the human automaton was lost, and with the loss of due moderation, a taste for the capricious was established. With neither reason nor symmetry campaniles and spires were planted like solitary sign-posts in front or beside the cathedrals; there is one in isolation by the Duomo, and this discordance in the human harmony must have been potent, since it makes itself felt here among Latin traditions and classical associations.

In other respects, excepting the ogival arcades, the edifice is not Gothic but Byzantine, unless we can call it a new style altogether; for it is the result of novel and varied forms like the new and mingled civilisation which fathers it. Together with suggestions of the quaint and fanciful we feel power and originality in it. Walls spacious to grand vastness spring up and develop without the few windows breaking their mass or enfeebling their solidity; there are no flying-buttresses, for the building is self-sustained. Marble panels of alternate black and yellow, cover it with shining marqueterie-work, and the curves of the arches involved in their slabs seem like a sturdy

¹ The Italian chronicles concerning Hawkwood have been translated by Leader Scott and Sig. Marcotti. Hallam, it will be remembered, called the famous *condottiere* the pioneer of modern generalship.

skeleton seen through a skin. The Latin Cross formed by the building is shorter at the top, and chancel and transept are marshalled into circles, projections and tiny domes at the back of the church to bear company with the grand dome rising above the choir. This dome was the work of Brunelleschi, and is more novel and yet more severe than that of St. Peter's, uplifting to an astonishing height its elongated form, its eight planes and pointed lantern.¹—*Taine*.

THE CAMPANILE

Here, on the flank of the Duomo, stands the Campanile by Giotto, erect, isolated, like St. Michael's tower at Bordeaux or the *Tour St. Jacques* in Paris. All the builders of the middle ages seek height in their edifices, they aim at the skies, and their towers taper off into pointed spires. Had this tower been completed a thirty-foot spire would have topped a work already 250 feet in height. Hitherto the northern architect and the Italian too follow the same instinct and gratify the same preferences; but while the builder beyond the Alps in his frank Gothicism embroiders his tower with delicate traceries, complicated mouldings, and an infinitely varied and interwoven lace-work of stone, the southern craftsman, with his half-Latin traditions and tendencies, erects a square-built pile of solid strength, whose restrained ornament does not conceal the general structure; which is not a frail sculptured casket, but a long-lasting monument, covered with royal luxury of red, black and white marbles; and which recalls the frieze and frontage of an antique temple by the wholesome and living statuary of its medallioned bas-reliefs. In these medallions, Giotto² designed the principal events of human civilisation: the Greek tradition set by the side of the Hebraic, in the persons of Adam, Tubal-Cain, Noah, Dædalus, Hercules and Antæus, together with the discovery of the use of the plough, of the taming of horses, and the beginnings of the arts and sciences. In Giotto, the lay spirit of philosophy could exist as well as that of theology and religion.—*Taine*.

¹ The façade of the Duomo has only been completed within our own time.

² The statues are by Donatello and Rosso, the medallions by Giotto, Andrea Pisano, and Luca della Robbia.

THE BAPTISTERY

Facing the Duomo is the Baptistery, which was formerly used as a church. It is a kind of octagonal temple with a cupola above it, undoubtedly built on the model of the Pantheon at Rome. According to the evidence of a bishop of the eighth century, it uplifted its pompous imitation of the rounded imperial form in his time. Here we may mark—in the most barbarous period of the middle ages—a continuation, a renewal, or certainly an imitation of Roman architecture. As we go in, we perceive that the decoration is in nowise Gothic; there is a circle of Corinthian columns in costly marble, and above them a range of smaller ones with loftier arcades. In the vault is a legion of angels and saints gathered in four rows round a dim, ascetic and sorrowful Christ of large Byzantine form. In these three superimposed storeys we may read the successive deformations of ancient art; but it remains a classical art, be it modified or distorted; and it is of the utmost importance to remember that in Italy, the art never became Teutonised.—*Taine*.

THE BAPTISTERY DOORS (LORENZO Ghiberti)

In 1400, when he was twenty-three years old, after the competition from which Brunelleschi retired in his favour, he secured the commission for the two doors. Under his hand pure Greek beauty reappeared; not only in the powerful imitation of the actual body as Donatello understands it, but with the appreciation of the ideal and perfected form. Twenty figures of women in his bas-reliefs seem master-works of the Athenian style as much for their nobility of line and head as for their simplicity of pose and calm of action. The forms are not too elongated as with the followers of Michael Angelo, nor too heavy like the *Three Graces* of Raphael. The *Eve* who has just come to life and leaning forward turns her eyes calmly to the Creator is a nymph of the earliest age, a virgin pure whose instincts are in the balance between sleeping and waking. A like dignity and a similar harmony control the groups and inspire the scenes; the processions stretch out and wind as around a vase, while individuals or crowds meet or are linked together like an antique chorus. Symmetrical architectural forms of the classic order are set about the colonnades

in whose porticoes are male and austere figures, the falling draperies, varied and yet carefully chosen attitudes, of the great drama in action. Here a young warrior looks like Alcibiades; in front of him strides a Roman consul; blooming young women of inexpressible youth and health are half turning, at gaze and with an arm upraised, one of them like Juno, the other like an Amazon, both caught in one of those rare moments when the nobility of bodily life reaches without any effort or any thought its fullness of achievement. . . . The work that is most like that of the doors of the Baptistry is to be found in Raphael's School of Athens and the *loggie*; and, to make the likeness greater, Ghiberti handles his bronze as if he were a painter, for in the number of figures, the interest of the scenes and spaciousness of the landscapes, the use of perspective and the varied relationship of the retreating planes and vanishing lines, these sculptures are almost pictorial.¹—*Taine*.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA²

The front of the church is composed of black and white marble, which, in the course of the five centuries that it has been built, has turned brown and yellow. On the right hand, as you approach, is a long colonnade of arches, extending on a line with the façade, and having a tomb beneath every arch. This colonnade forms one of the enclosing walls of a cloister. We found none of the front entrances open, but on our left,

¹ "I cannot omit," writes Lassels, "here to take notice of a little round pillar in the Piazza, near this baptistry, with the figure of a tree in iron nailed to it, and old words engraven upon it, importing, that in this very place stood anciently an elm tree, which being touched casually by the hearse of St. Zenobius, as they carried it here in procession, the tree presently budded forth with green leaves of sweet odour, though in the month of January. In memory of which miracle, this pillar was set up in the same place for a memorial."

² It must not be forgotten that as a church Sta. Maria Novella is older than the Duomo. Longfellow refers to one of its historic associations in this note: "At Florence I took lodgings in a house which fronts upon the Piazza Novella. In front of my parlour windows was the venerable Gothic church of Santa Maria Novella, in whose gloomy aisles Boccaccio has placed the opening scenes of his *Decamerone*. There, when the plague was raging in the city, one Tuesday morning, after mass, the 'seven ladies, young and fair,' held council together, and resolved to leave the infected city, and flee to their rural villas in the environs, where they might 'hear the birds sing, and see the green hills, and the plains, and the fields covered with grain and undulating like the sea, and trees of species manifold.'"

in a wall at right angles with the church, there was an open gateway, approaching which, we saw, within the four-sided colonnade, an enclosed green space of a cloister. This is what is called the *Chiostro verde*, so named from the prevailing colour of the frescoes with which the walls beneath the arches are adorned. . . . Entering the transept, our guide shewed us the Chapel of the Strozzi family, which is accessible by a flight of steps from the floor of the church. The walls of this chapel are covered with frescoes by Orcagna. . . . We next passed into the choir, which occupies the extreme end of the church behind the great square mass of the high altar, and is surrounded with a double row of ancient oaken seats of venerable shape and carving. The choir is illuminated by a threefold Gothic window, full of richly-painted glass, worth all the frescoes that ever stained a wall or ceiling ; but these walls, nevertheless, are adorned with frescoes by Ghirlandajo, and it is easy to see must once have made a magnificent appearance. —*Hawthorne*.

Orcagna has covered the entire wall of one of the chapels with his vast fresco ; the arrangement of the place of damnation is planned out with the most exact detail and scrupulously in accordance with the *Divine Comedy*, as though it were an article of faith and not a poetic fiction. It is very different to the Hell of the Campo Santo at Pisa ; here we find as much of the topography of the infernal regions as the space available made possible. The painter, for instance, had no room in his field for the Hypocrites, but the title is written at the end of the painting, and proves that the painter meant to have inserted them had he had space. Apart from this, nothing is concealed or glossed over in the crude or even disgusting details of certain punishments. The quarrel of Master Adam, the coiner who is dropsical and yet panting with thirst, is drawn to the life, as if it were a duel of boxers. The Flatterers are plunged in the particular filth by which Dante wished to express all his disgust for souls infected by the vice which is the plague of courts.

What is stranger still here is that in one chapel the painter has not hesitated to reproduce the curious alliance of Christian dogma with pagan fable which the poet attempted in obedience to the spirit of the age, and which is even more astounding to the view than in the reading. Thus on the walls of Santa Maria Novella we see the Violent being pursued by Centaurs who pierce them with arrows as in the *Divine Comedy*. On

mournful branches from which they utter mournful cries are perched Harpies, which as a pagan recollection would be more in harmony with the *Æneid* than with the Christian fable. There are finally Furies to be seen standing over the abyss on their flaming tower.

Opposite to the Hell, Orcagna has given us the glory of Paradise; but Dante's celestial circles do not lend themselves to painting so well as do the *bolge* of hell. Orcagna has not been able to follow the poet's imaginings so faithfully; nevertheless, the glorification of the Madonna which dominates this and other pictures of the middle ages is also the crown of the great epic of Dante.—*Ampère*.

Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master, has covered the walls of the choir with frescoes, which can be best seen about mid-day, badly lit as they are, and cumbrously piled on the top of each other. The figures are half life-size and deal with the history of Saint John the Baptist and the Virgin. Like his contemporaries the painter is a copyist by education as well as instinct; he used to draw the people passing in front of his jeweller's shop, and the likeness of his figures was much admired. For him "the secret of painting lay in drawing." For the artists of the period, man is still but a form; but Ghirlandajo had so just an idea of that and every other form that when he copied the triumphal arches and amphitheatres of Rome, he could draw them as accurately from sight as if he had used a compass. Thus schooled, he could, we can well understand, put the most speaking likenesses in his frescoes: here there are some twenty-one, representing men whom we know by name: Christopher Landini, Ficino, Politian, the bishop of Arezzo, and others of women such as Ginevra de' Benci—all belonging to the families which were the patrons of the chapel. The figures incline to the commonplace, some with hard faces and sharp noses come too near to realism; the grand manner is lacking and the painter goes on the solid ground, or flies just a little above it; he by no means has the broad flight of Masaccio. Nevertheless he builds up his groups and his architecture, arranges his characters in round sanctuaries, dresses them in his half-Florentine, half-Greek garb, which mingles or contrasts in happy oppositions, and graceful harmony of the antique and modern. Above all, Ghirlandajo is simple and sincere. . . .

We could spend hours looking at the feminine figures:

the civic flowers of the fifteenth century are here as they lived. Each has her characteristic expression, and the charming irregularity of real life—all of them have the intelligent and lively faces of Florentines, half-modern, half-feudal. In the *Nativity of the Virgin* the young girl in a silk skirt who has come to call is a serious and innocent young lady of good birth; in the *Nativity of St. John*, a lady standing near is a mediæval duchess: near him is a servant bearing fruit, dressed in statuesque drapery and with so much of the joyful impulse and health of an ancient nymph that the two ages and two beauties meet and unite in the innocence of the same purity. The freshest smiles are on their lips. . . . The curiosity and the refinement of a later age have not touched them . . . thought in them slumbers . . . and education, with all its feverish culture, will fail beside the angelic quaintness of their gravity. —*Taine*.

The admirable frescoes of this [the Spanish] chapel were painted by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi; they set before us a mingling of history and allegory, in the encyclopædic and symbolical method which was Dante's as much as that of many mediæval works conceived in the same spirit but without the same genius. Simone Memmi has painted the civil and ecclesiastic society of his time; all the social conditions are brought together in this picture, which is an enormous review of life. Pope and Emperor are figured in the centre, on the scheme of Dante; portraits of contemporary celebrities are not lacking, although some of the personages are pure allegories, or give an image which is an allegory as well as a portrait. In Memmi's painting, Laura represents the Will, just as in Dante's work Beatrice stands for Contemplation.

It may be said that Dante habitually chooses some historical personage to typify a quality, a vice, or science, and will employ this means just as frequently as that of allegory to realise an abstraction. In the same way, in Taddeo Gaddi's fresco, fourteen Sciences and Arts are rendered as women, while beneath these are placed the typical personages who are the historical prototypes of each science. The first is the Civil Law with Justinian; the Canonic Law comes next. This order agrees with Dante's ideas on politics. . . . In these pictures we continually find conceptions resembling those of Dante or inspired by him.¹—*Ampère*.

¹ Santa Maria Novella also contains the Rucellai Chapel, with the celebrated Cimabue "Madonna" of which Vasari wrote: "This picture

OR SAN MICHELE

Going from the Piazza towards the Duomo, we were presently stopped by the church of St. Michael, a square flat church, whose outside is adorned with rare statues, if not of gold, yet worth their weight in gold. The best are, that of S. Matthew in brass made by Laurentius Cion; that of S. Thomas in brass touching the side of our Saviour, with great demonstrations of diffidence in his looks, is of Andrea Verrochio's hand. That of S. George¹ in marble is compared to the best in Rome, and hath been praised both in prose and verse.—*Lassels*.

We went into the church of San Michele, and saw in its is of larger size than any figure that had been painted down to those times; and the angels surrounding it, make it evident that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was nevertheless gradually approaching the mode of outline and general method of modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they having then never seen anything better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it. It is further reported, and may be read in certain records of old painters, that, whilst Cimabue was painting this picture, in a garden near the gate of San Pietro, King Charles the Elder, of Anjou, passed through Florence, and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conducted him to see the picture of Cimabue. When this work was thus shewn to the king, it had not before been seen by any one; wherefore all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, rejoicing in this occurrence, ever afterwards called that place Borgo Allegri."

¹ Now in the Museo Nazionale. Vasari's account of this great work representing our national patron saint is as follows: "For the Guild of Armourers, Donatello executed a most animated figure of St. George, in his armour. The brightness of youthful beauty, generosity, and bravery shine forth in his face; his attitude gives evidence of a proud and terrible impetuosity; the character of the saint is indeed expressed most wonderfully, and life seems to move within that stone. It is certain that in no modern figure has there yet been seen so much animation, nor so life-like a spirit in marble, as nature and art have combined to produce by the hand of Donato in this statue. On the pedestal which supports the tabernacle enclosing the figure, the story of St. George killing the dragon is executed in basso-relievo, and also in marble: in this work there is a horse, which has been highly celebrated and much admired: in the pediment is a half-length figure of God the Father, also in basso-relievo." Why does not some patron of the arts provide a replica of the statue to be put in some public place in London?

architecture the traces of its transformation from a market into a church. In its pristine state it consisted of a double row of three great open arches, with the wind blowing through them, and the sunshine falling aslantwise into them, while the bustle of the market, the sale of fish, flesh or fruit went on within, or brimmed over into the streets that enclosed them on every side. But, four or five hundred years ago, the broad arches were built up with stone-work ; windows were pierced through and filled with painted glass ; a high altar,¹ in a rich style of pointed Gothic, was raised ; shrines and confessionals were set up ; and here it is, a solemn and antique church, where a man may buy his salvation instead of his dinner. . . .

It appears that a picture of the Virgin used to hang against one of the pillars of the market-place, while it was still a market, and in the year 1292, several miracles were wrought by it, insomuch that a chapel was consecrated for it. So many worshippers came to the shrine that the business of the market was impeded, and ultimately the Virgin and St. Michel won the whole space for themselves. The upper part of the edifice was at that time a granary, and is still used for other than religious purposes. This church was one spot to which the inhabitants betook themselves much for refuge and divine assistance during the great plague described by Boccaccio.—*Hawthorne.*

SAN LORENZO

This forenoon we have been to the church of St. Lorenzo, which stands on the site of an ancient basilica, and was itself built more than four centuries ago. The façade is still an ugly height of rough brick-work. . . . The interior had a nave with a flat roof, divided from the side aisles by Corinthian pillars, and, at the farther end, a raised space around the high

¹ This work of art is known as the finest Gothic Italy has produced on a small scale. There has been a confusion between Andrea Orcagna the sculptor of this altar and Benci di Cione, the builder of this church. (See Leader Scott, *Cathedral Builders*, p. 332.) Possibly the two were father and son ; but certainly Andrea signed the shrine as "Archmagister." This proves that he belonged to the Comacine Guild. The best description of the shrine is that given by Lord Lindsay. He observes that architecturally "the design is exquisite, unrivalled in grace and proportion,—it is a miracle of loveliness, and though clustered all over with pillars and pinnacles, inlaid with the richest marbles, lapis-lazuli, and mosaic-work, it is chaste in its luxuriance as an arctic iceberg—worthy of her who was spotless among women."

altar. The pavement is a mosaic of squares of black and white marble, the squares meeting one another cornerwise; the pillars, pilasters, and other architectural materials are dark brown or greyish stone; and the general effect is very sombre. . . .

On the left of the choir is what is called the old sacristy, with the peculiarities or notabilities of which I am not acquainted. On the right hand is the new sacristy, otherwise called the *Capella dei Deposité*, or Chapel of the Buried, built by Michel Angelo, to contain two monuments of the Medici family. The interior is of somewhat severe and classic architecture, the walls and pilasters being of dark stone, and surmounted by a dome, beneath which is a row of windows, quite round the building, throwing their light down far beneath upon niches of white marble. These niches are ranged entirely around the chapel, and might have sufficed to contain more than all the Medici monuments that the world would ever care to have. Only two of these niches are filled, however. In one of them sits Giuliano di Medici, sculptured by Michel Angelo, a figure of dignity, which would perhaps be very striking in any other presence than that of the statue which occupies the corresponding niche. At the feet of Giuliano recline two allegorical statues, Day and Night, whose meaning there I do not know, and perhaps Michel Angelo knew as little. As the great sculptor's statues are apt to do, they fling their limbs abroad with adventurous freedom. Below the corresponding niche, on the opposite side of the chapel, recline two similar statues, representing Morning and Evening. . . .

. . . The statue that sits above these two latter allegories, Morning and Evening, is like no other that ever came from a sculptor's hand. It is the one work worthy of Michel Angelo's reputation, and grand enough to vindicate for him all the genius that the world gave him credit for. And yet it seems a simple thing enough to think of or to execute; merely a sitting figure, the face partly overshadowed by a helmet, one hand supporting the chin, the other resting on the thigh. But after looking at it a little while, the spectator ceases to think of it as a marble statue; it comes to life, and you see that the princely figure is brooding over some great design, which, when he has arranged in his own mind, the world will be fain to execute for him. No such grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape. It is all a miracle; the

deep repose, and the deep life within it. It is as much a miracle to have achieved this as to make a statue that would rise up and walk. The face, when one gazes earnestly into it, beneath the shadow of its helmet, is seen to be calmly sombre; a mood which, I think, is generally that of the rulers of mankind, except in moments of vivid action.¹—*Hawthorne*.

SANTA CROCE

Santa Croce is a church of the thirteenth century modernized in the sixteenth, half-Gothic and half-classic, at first simple and afterwards decorated, whose discrepancies do not allow it to be considered beautiful. It has been filled with tombs: Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, Filicaja,² Battista Alberti, Machiavelli, almost all the great Italians, have monuments here, most of which are modern, aggressive and lacking in tenderness. The monument of Alfieri by Canova shews the manner of First Empire sculpture, much akin to that of David and Girodet. The only one that clings to the memory is that of the Countess Zamoïska, with its pale, mild and emaciated face: it is a portrait and the sculptor has had the courage to be simple and sincere. It is nowise allegorical: truth alone gives the sense of pity. Life had scarcely departed, and we see the dead in the cap and pleated white dress of an invalid on a little bed; a sheet is over the limbs, shewing the shape of the feet. The dead woman sleeps in peace, at rest after the last struggle.³—*Taine*.

In this church there have recently been discovered—under the coat of whitewash—some small frescoes, possibly by

¹ The interest of the New Sacristy has blinded travellers to the value of the Old Sacristy with its decorations by Donatello. These were probably executed by the sculptor before his visit to Padua to undertake his equestrian statue of Guattamelata, though Vasari states the opposite. Taine writes enthusiastically: "The two pulpits . . . by Donatello; the bronze bas-reliefs covering the marble; the numerous lifelike figures of impassioned youth, and particularly the frieze of naked cherubs playing and leaping along the cornice; the charming balcony above the organ wrought so delicately as to look like ivory, with its niches, shell-patterns, columns, animals and foliage—how graceful, how tasteful it all is."

² The author of the famous sonnet, beginning:

"Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza."

³ Donatello's *Annunciation* is to be noted in Santa Croce. "It is of special interest," writes Hope Rea, "it is, as it were a parenthesis in the long career of the master, and is in its general career unique. It is his only work of any magnitude in which a woman's form has a principal position."

Giotto, with the history of St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Francis. But are they by Giotto, and have they been faithfully restored? At least they belong to the fourteenth century and are curious. Variety is not lacking in them; the numerous figures are seen kneeling, lying, standing up, sitting, crouching, moving, in every attitude possible. The innocent devotion of the middle ages is well marked, and the expression of emotion is life-like. Around St. Francis, who has just died, the monks stand with cross and banner; a brother near the head holds the book of Hours; some, to sanctify themselves, touch the stigmata of feet and hands; another in monkish zeal pushes his hand into the wound in the body. The last figure, which is the most touching, speaks to St. Francis, hands crossed and drawn face. It is an actual scene in a feudal monastery.¹—*Taine*.

CHURCH OF THE CARMINE²
(MASACCIO IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL)

. . . We still go to the Brancacci chapel to study the isolated innovator whose precocious lead found no followers. . . . There is a picture by him in the Uffizi of an old man in a cap and grey garment, with a wrinkled forehead and a cynical expression; here Masaccio copies as a realist, but in the grand manner. It is with this theory, or rather this rough idea, about him that we go to the chapel which he has adorned with his paintings, although these in the chapel are not all by him. Mansolina has begun some of them, Filippino has completed others; but the portions painted by Masaccio can be distinguished without any trouble, and whether the three painters were unconsciously in agreement, or whether one of

¹ The sacristy of Santa Croce communicates with the Medici chapel, of which Hawthorne wrote: "The walls are encrusted, from pavement to dome, with marbles of inestimable cost, and it is a Florentine mosaic on a grander scale than was ever executed elsewhere, the result is not gaudy, as in many of the Roman chapels, but a dark and melancholy richness." Mr. G. S. Hillard, however, comments: "The designer of the Medicean chapel reasoned, that if a Florentine mosaic of a few inches square be, as it unquestionably is, a beautiful thing, one of many square feet will be just as much more beautiful as it is bigger, and therefore he made the whole side of the room a mosaic. But therein he forgot the essential distinction between the jeweller and the architect. He lost the legitimate triumphs of the former, without gaining those of the latter."

² The entire church, excepting this famous chapel, was burnt down in 1771, and then rebuilt. It is described in its former state by the Abbé Richard.

them followed the cartoons of the other, the work even in its successive stages does but mark different advances of one mind.

What strikes us first of all, is that all the work is realistic, that is, illustrative of the living individual as our eyes see him. The young man who has been baptized and whom Masaccio shews coming naked and shivering out of the water with crossed arms, is a bather of the day who has had a dip in the Arno in cold weather. In the same way his Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise are Florentines without clothes, the man, with narrow hips and the broad shoulders of a blacksmith, the woman with a short neck and clumsy form, and both with uncouth legs : both are artisans or tradespeople who do not lead the undraped life of the Greeks, and whose bodies have not been modelled or beautified by exercise. Thus again for the child brought to life in Lippi's design, as it kneels before the apostles it has the emaciation and frail limbs of a modern child. In fine, nearly all the heads are portraits : two monks in cowls on the left of St. Peter, are monks walking out of the monastery. We know the names of the contemporaries who lent their heads for portraiture. They were Angiolino Angioli, Granacci, Soderini, Pulci, Pollaiola, Botticelli, and Lippi himself. This art took its being from the surrounding life as surely as the plaster laid on a face takes the modelling and the relief of the form it has rested on.

How is it then that these creations have more than ordinary life? In what way has the exact imitation of the truth escaped servility? How has Masaccio made noble personages out of ordinary persons? The fact is that out of the multitude of truths to be observed, he has chosen the more important and subordinated the rest to them. . . . St. Peter healing the sick over whom his shadow passes has the royal strength of a Roman who is accustomed to lead men ; Christ paying the tribute-money has the noble calm of a conception by Raphael ; and nothing can be grander than the handsome arrangement of forty figures in the simplest draperies, all severely serious and in different attitudes, standing round the naked child upraised by St. Paul ; behind them is a richly decorated wall, and on each side a mass of houses ; by the silent gathering are two groups, one of the passers-by, the other of worshippers, which balance each other and by the harmony of their colour add a full richness to this magnificent composition.—*Taine*.

THE ANNUNZIATA ¹

We went to the church of the Annunziata, which stands in the piazza of the same name. . . . The church occupies one side of the piazza, and in front of it, as likewise on the two adjoining sides of the square, there are pillared arcades, constructed by Brunelleschi or his scholars. After passing through these arches, and still before entering the church itself, you come to an ancient cloister, which is now quite enclosed in glass as a means of preserving some frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and others, which are considered valuable. Passing the threshold of the church, we were quite dazzled by the splendour that shone upon us from the ceiling of the nave, the great parallelograms of which, viewed from one end, look as if richly embossed all over with gold. The whole interior, indeed, has an effect of brightness and magnificence, the walls being covered mostly with light-coloured marble, into which are inlaid compartments of rarer and richer marbles. The pillars and pilasters, too, are of variegated marbles, with Corinthian capitals, that shine just as brightly as if they were of solid gold, so faithfully have they been gilded and burnished. The pavement is formed of squares of black and white marble. There are no side aisles, but ranges of chapels, with communication from one to another, stand round the whole extent of the nave and choir ; all of marble, all decorated with pictures, statues, busts and mural monuments ; all worth, separately, a day's inspection. The high altar is of great beauty and richness, . . . and also the tomb of John of Bologna in a chapel at the remotest extremity of the church. In this chapel there are some bas-reliefs by him, and also a large crucifix, with a marble Christ upon it. . . . The church was founded by seven gentlemen of Florence, who formed themselves into a religious order called "Servants of Mary." . . . When we had gone

¹ Evelyn describes the Annunziata in the extract already given. Lassels wrote : "In the cloister over the door that goes into the church is seen a rare picture in fresco, of the hand of Andrea del Sarto. It represents our Blessed Lady with our Saviour upon her knee, and S. Joseph in a cumbent posture leaning upon a sack full-stuffed, and reading in a book. The picture of the Blessed Virgin is admirable for sweetness and majesty." Taine wrote of Andrea del Sarto, that, like Fra Bartolomeo, he had "reached the summits of art by elevation of type, beauty of composition, simplicity of process, harmony of draperies and tranquillity of expression."

entirely round the church, we came at last to the chapel of the Annunziata, which stands on the floor of the nave, on the left hand as we enter. It is a very beautiful piece of architecture—a sort of canopy of marble, supported upon pillars; and its magnificence within, in marble and silver, and all manner of holy decoration, is quite indescribable. . . . In the inner part of this chapel is preserved a miraculous picture of the Santissima Annunziata.—*Hawthorne*.

THE BADIA¹

We went . . . to the church of the Badia, which is built in the form of a Greek cross, with a flat roof embossed and once splendid with now tarnished gold. The pavement is of brick, and the walls of dark stone, similar to that of the interior of the cathedral [*pietra serena*], and there being according to Florentine custom, but little light, the effect was sombre, though the cool gloomy dusk was refreshing after the hot turmoil and dazzle of the adjacent street. . . . In the chapel of the Bianco family we saw . . . what is considered the finest oil-painting of Fra Filippo Lippi.²—*Hawthorne*.

SAN MARCO

THE CHURCH.—The interior is not less than three or four hundred years old, and is in the classic style, with a flat ceiling, gilded, and a lofty arch, supported by pillars, between the nave and choir. There are no side aisles, but ranges of shrines on both sides of the nave, each beneath its own pair of pillars and pediments. The pavement is of brick, with here and there a marble tombstone inlaid. It is not a magnificent church; but looks dingy with time and apparent neglect, though rendered sufficiently interesting by statues of mediæval date by John of Bologna and other old sculptors, and by

¹ Lassels calls it "the Abbazia, an abbey of Benedictine monks. In the church is the tomb of the founder of this abbey, a German nobleman, called Conte Hugo, who commanded Tuscany under the Emperor Otho the Third."

² "Fra Filippo Lippi," writes Taine, "a curious, exact imitator of actual life; carrying his works to so high a finish, that an everyday painter might work day and night for five years without being able to imitate one of his paintings; choosing for his figures squat and rounded heads, burly figures, painting virgins who are sweet, good girls far removed from any sublimity and angels who are like chubby, fat schoolboys."

monumental busts and bas-reliefs : also, there is a wooden crucifix by Giotto, with ancient gilding on it ; and a painting of Christ, which was considered a wonderful work in its day. —*Hawthorne.*

THE CLOISTER.—The custode proposed to shew us some frescoes of Fra Angelico, and conducted us into a large cloister, under the arches of which, and beneath a covering of glass he pointed to a picture of St. Dominic kneeling at the Cross. There are two or three others by the angelic friar in different parts of the cloister, and a regular series, filling up all the arches, by various artists. Its four-side, cloistered walk, surrounds a square, open to the sky as usual, and paved with grey stones that have no inscriptions, but probably are laid over graves. Its walls, however, are incrustcd, and the walk itself is paved with monumental inscriptions on marble, none of which, so far as I observed, were of ancient date. Either the fashion of commemorating the dead is not ancient in Florence, or the old tombstones have been removed to make room for new ones. —*Hawthorne.*

THE MONASTERY.—The monastery is still almost untouched ; two square courts in it shew their files of small columns with arches supporting the old narrow tiled roof. In one of the rooms is a kind of memorial or genealogical tree, with the names of the principal monks who died in the odour of sanctity ; among these is Savonarola, and mention is made of his having died through false accusation. Two of the cells he occupied are still shewn.

Fra Angelico came to the convent before Savonarola, and his frescoes adorn the chapter-house, the corridors and the grey walls of the cells. He had lived aloof from the world, and amid new perturbations and doubts still lived the pure life absorbed in God inculcated by the *Fioretti*. . . . His art is as primitive as his life ; he had begun it with missal-work, which he really continued on these walls, for gold, vermilion, the brightest scarlets and most brilliant greens,—all the mediæval art of the illuminator shines in his work as though it were an old parchment. . . . Around him all action is meditative, and every object gentle in hue. Day after day the unvarying hours bring before him the same dark lustre of the walls, the same severe folds of cowl and frock, the same rustling steps going to and fro between the chapel and the refectory. Delicate, indecisive sensations vaguely arise in this monotony, while tender dreams are like the perfume of a rose sheltered

from the bitter winds and blooming far from the great highway noisy with the tread of men. The magnificence of eternity becomes visible, and the effort of the painter is centred on its expression. Glittering stairways of jasper and amethyst rise above each other up to the throne, where sit the beings celestial. Golden haloes shine round their brows; their red, azure and emerald robes, fringed, bordered and striped with gold, flash like glories. Thread of gold runs over the baldaquins, accumulates in embroidery on the copes, shines star-like on the tunics and glitters from the tiaras, while topaz, ruby and diamond sparkle in flaming constellation on jewelled diadems. Everything is bright: it is like an outburst of mystical illumination. Throughout this prodigal wealth of gold and blue one colour prevails, that of sunlight, of heaven. . . .

The spiritual here has mastery; ponderable matter becomes transfigured; it has lost its mass, its substance is etherialised, and nothing remains but a vapour floating in an azure splendour. In one instance the blessed ones go towards paradise over luxuriant meadows strewn with flowers white and red underneath beautiful trees in bloom.¹ They are led by angels, and in saintly brotherhood form a circle, hand in hand. The burden of the flesh no longer weighs them down, and light radiates from their heads as they glide through the air up to the flaming gate from which bursts a golden illumination, while above Christ, within a triple row of angels bowing before him like flowers, smiles upon the blessed from beneath his halo. . . . Although beautiful and ideal, Angelico's Christ, even in celestial triumph, is pale, thoughtful and somewhat emaciated. He is the eternal friend, the almost melancholy consoler of the *Imitation*, the poetic Lord of Mercy as the grieving heart imagines Him: He is in no way the over-healthy figure of the Renaissance painters. His long curling tresses and blonde beard mildly surround His features; sometimes He smiles faintly, while His gravity is always associated with gentle benignity. . . . Near Him the Virgin, kneeling with downcast eyes, seems to be a young maiden who has just communicated. . . . The painter . . . cannot find colours pure enough or ornaments precious enough for his saints. He forgets that his figures are but painted: he bestows on them

¹ This passage harmonises best with the *Paradise* now in the Accademia. It is well known by the circle of angels and monks dancing. Fra Angelico had not the heart to paint the *Inferno* forming part of it, and that is by a different hand.

the fond devotion of a believer, a worshipper. He embroiders their robes as if they were real, covering their mantles with filigree as fine as the best goldsmith's work. He paints on their copes small but perfect pictures; he delights in delicately drawing their comely fair hair, or arranging their curls, and severely marking the circular tonsure of the monk. He lifts them into heaven for love and service; and his art is the last blossom of the age of mysticism.—*Taine*.

MINOR CHURCHES

The travellers have not taken the pains to review all the churches. There is the San Salvador (also called Ognisanti) with the *Last Supper* of Ghirlandajo in the monks' refectory—this work is not to be confused with the same painter's treatment of the subject in the refectory of San Marco. The church of S. Ambrogio contains the famous Cosimo Roselli. In the convent of S. Onofrio is the *Last Supper*¹ now admitted to be by Raffaello, and yet another rendering of this theme is Andrea del Sarto's in the monastery of S. Salvi near the Porta S. Croce. Mrs. Jameson has contrasted these various *Cenacoli* in her *Sacred and Legendary Art*. San Spirito contains the monuments of the Capponi family. The monastery cloister adjoining Sta. Maddalena de' Pazzi has a large *Crucifixion* by Perugino.—*Ed*.

THE PALACES

The palaces may be divided into those of republican date, and the modern. The former had originally towers, like the Pisan, which were introduced towards the close of the tenth century, as a private defence in the free cities of Italy. To these succeeded a new construction, more massive, if possible, and more ostentatiously severe than the Etruscan itself: a construction which fortified the whole basement of the palace with large, rude, rugged bossages, and thus gave always an imposing aspect, and sometimes a necessary defence, to the nobility of a town forever subject to insurrection. Such are the palaces of the Medici, the Strozzi, the Pitti. This harsh and exaggerated strength prevails only below. The upper

¹ "An early work," wrote Hillard, "painted before the great master had entirely thrown off the stiffness and harshness of the school in which he had been trained."

storeys are faced with vermiculated rustics or free-stone, and the whole is crowned with an overpowering cornice which projects beyond all authority, for here are no columns to regulate its proportions, and its very excess diffuses below a certain grandeur distinct from the character of any regulated style.—*Forsyth*.

CASA MEDICI (PALAZZO RICCARDI)

The Casa Medici is indescribably imposing. It is built of hewn stone: its first story is of the Tuscan, its second of the Doric, and its third of the Corinthian order. Its ample portals open into a spacious court, whose portico, with a sculptured frieze by Donatello, is enriched with ancient inscriptions and basso-relievos. Changed as its interior now is by its recent master, many of its numerous rooms and corridors remain as they existed in the time of the early Medici; and the little family chapel is precisely in the same state in which it might have been left by old Cosimo and his domestic dame, Mona Contessina. The fine old carved oaken seats, on which the heads of the family were raised above the benches appropriated to the use of the servants, are perfectly preserved. The walls are covered with curious old frescoes,¹ very irrelevant to the place; and the dim religious light, admitted through one high casement over the altar, leaves this little oratory in such gloomy obscurity, that to see the frescoes in mid-day we were obliged to have a lighted flambeau.

This mansion was built by Cosimo di Medici, the merchant, the "Padre della Patria," who, after the death of his son Giovanni, foreseeing the approaching dissolution of his sole surviving son Pietro (the father of Lorenzo the Magnificent and Lorenzo the Tenth) had himself carried through this vast palace, exclaiming mournfully as he surveyed it: "Questa e troppo casa a si poco famiglia."² Pietro (during the short

¹ Of the chapel with its frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, Mr. W. D. Howells writes in *Tuscan Cities*: "Perhaps the most simply and satisfyingly lovely little space that ever four walls enclosed. The sacred histories cover every inch of it with form and color. . . . Serried ranks of seraphs, pea-cock plumed, and kneeling in prayer; garlands of roses everywhere; contemporary Florentines on horseback, riding in the train of the Three Magi Kings under the low boughs of trees; and birds fluttering through the dim, mellow atmosphere, the whole set dense and close in an opulent yet delicate fancifulness of design—that is what I recall."

² "This is too large a house for so small a family."

time he survived his father), Lorenzo the Magnificent, and all the heads of the Medici family, continued to reside as private citizens in this patrimonial mansion, even in the days of their greatest power; until Cosimo the First, when made Grand Duke, removed to the Palazzo Vecchio.

The Casa Medici was purchased by the family Riccardi from the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second, in 1659, for the sum of forty-one thousand scudi. It was then enlarged, changed, and refitted, till its ancient simplicity was destroyed; and the immense sums expended on this occasion contributed to the ruin of a fortune as noble, as the house of Riccardi is ancient and respectable.—*Lady Morgan.*

CASA STROZZI

The Casa Strozzi, of the same age as the old palace of the Medici and the Pitti, is still more picturesque than either of these domestic fortresses; and the fine workmanship of many of its details, and the Corinthian elegance of its cortile, are contrasted with the massive strength of its façade, composed of what the Italians call “*bozze di pietra forte.*” But the great interest attached to this noble and ancient palace is, that it was raised and inhabited by Filippo Strozzi, the *Cato* of his age, and by his strong-minded and ambitious wife, the famous Clarice de’ Medici. When the rank, the wealth, the high consideration in which this illustrious citizen was held, induced the people to give him the title of *Messire*, he observed: “My name is Filippo Strozzi; I am a Florentine merchant and no more: who gives me a title, insults me.” Yet at that moment he held the Popes and Cardinals of the house of Medici at bay. The Casa Strozzi is at present the property of Duke Strozzi. . . . In one of the apartments are held the sittings of the famed Della-Crusca.¹—*Lady Morgan.*

THE RUCELLAI GARDENS AND PALACE

While the Strozzi, the Pitti, and Medici were occupied in raising those palaces, long destined to command the admiration and wonder of posterity, Bernardo Rucellai, a young Florentine merchant (so wealthy, that on his marriage with Nannina di Medici, sister to Lorenzo the Magnificent, thirty

¹ The Misses Horner in their *Walks in Florence* state that the Academy of La Crusca now sits in the library of San Marco.

thousand florins were expended on the wedding-feast,) built a palace, and planted and adorned gardens, which became the site of the Platonic Academy, of which he was the soul. Officiating alternately as *gonfaliere* and ambassador to Naples, he had still time to cultivate letters; and the hours not given to diplomacy and commerce, were deliciously spent in these gardens. . . . Under the sons of Bernardo . . . the state of the country induced discussions of a more important nature. Machiavel here read aloud to the listening and ardent youth of Florence, his *Discourses on Titus Livius*; and Buondelmonti recited his opinions on the necessary reformation of the government of Florence, which the cunning Leo the Tenth then affected to approve. Here, also, Savonarola influenced his auditors with his fanatic eloquence in the cause of liberty and religion; Michael Angelo described his plans of national defence; and the Capponi and the Strozzi staked their lives and fortunes in their country's cause. It was in coming forth from these gardens that Agostino Capponi and Pietro Boscoli, two patriot youths, dropped that list of the conspirators against the Medici, which brought them to the scaffold, and Machiavel to the wheel. . . .

Exile, torture and death soon dispersed the free spirits which formed the literary and patriotic circles of the Orti Rucellai; and when Leo the Tenth visited Florence, on the same spot where the most fearful conspiracy had been formed that ever was attempted against his family, the tragedy of *Rosamunda* was acted for his amusement.—*Lady Morgan*.

CASA CAPPONI

The palace of the present Marchese Capponi is not that inhabited by his ancestors: it was built after the designs of Carlo Fontana, and is one of the most magnificent modern palaces in Florence. A spacious portico opens in gardens laid out with great taste and elegance: to the left are a range of summer-apartments, on the ground-floor; on the right, a noble open staircase, with statues and paintings by Matteo Bonechi, leads to various suites of rooms above: some of them furnished with all the cumbrous richness of the seventeenth century. . . . The apartment which fixes most steadfastly the attention, is the *Grande Sala*, on the first floor. This room served formerly, in the great houses of Italy, for all the purposes of family festivity; and the gallery, which runs round

the upper part, and opens into the second story, was appropriated to the domestics and inferiors, who looked down as spectators. In this part of the Florentine houses, where few chimneys are to be found, stood the *hearth*; or its place was supplied by a great *braziere*, which occupied the centre. The sala of the Capponi palace is most remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house. The most interesting, and the best-executed of these, is the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The King, after various successes in Italy (to which he was called by the usurper Ludovico Sforza), entered Florence with royal pomp, and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa Medici, where he assumed the tone of the Conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarcely had the Royal Secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies shewed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty monarch, starting up, exclaimed that "he would sound the trumpets forthwith." Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the Secretary's hands, and, tearing it in pieces, replied in noble language, but in bad French, "*à vous trompette, à moi cloche*"; and turning his back on the King, went forth followed by his fellow-citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence.—*Lady Morgan.*

PALAZZO CORSINI

The Palazzo Corsini is a truly princely fabric, though raised in the seventeenth century, when all the arts were in degradation. It is of the Tuscan order, built after the designs of Silvani, and forms a conspicuous contrast to the massive and antiquated edifices of the fifteenth century. It stands on the Lung-Arno, and from its *ricetto*, or open gallery, commands the windings of that beautiful river, and the valley scenery in which it loses itself. A fine statue of the Corsini Pope, Clement the Twelfth, to whose *nepotism* this princely family owes its immense wealth, stands in this *ricetto*.—*Lady Morgan.*

CASA BUONAROTTI

An interesting visit we made at Florence was to Michael Angelo's house—Casa Buonarotti—in the Via Ghibellina. This street is striking and characteristic: the houses are all old, with broad eaves, and in some cases an open upper story, so that the roof forms a sort of pavilion supported on pillars. This is a feature one sees in many parts of Florence. Michael Angelo's house is preserved with great care by his descendants—only one could wish their care had not been shewn in giving it entirely new furniture. However, the rooms are the same as he occupied, and there are many relics of his presence there—his stick, his sword, and many of his drawings.—*George Eliot.*

CASA MACHIAVELLI

The Casa Machiavelli . . . stands outside the Porta Romana, and crowns with Gothic turrets, the summit of a vine-covered hill. This villa, raised by Machiavelli in the days of his prosperity, became the refuge of his adversity. His walks to this villa from Florence, he has himself pleasantly described. Here many of his works were written; here he struggled with great indigence, and died bereft of all (as he has himself described) save his family and his friends.—*Lady Morgan.*

THE BOBOLI GARDENS

I walked to one of the bridges across the Arno, and surveyed the hills at a distance, purpled by the declining sun. Its mild beams tempted me to the garden of Boboli, which lies behind the Palazzo Pitti, stretched out on the side of a mountain. I ascended terrace after terrace, robed by a thick underwood of bay and myrtle, above which rise several nodding towers, and a long sweep of venerable wall, almost entirely concealed by ivy. You would have been enraptured with the broad masses of shade and dusky alleys that opened as I advanced, with white statues of fauns and sylphs glimmering amongst them; some of which pour water into sarcophagi of the purest marble, covered with antique reliefs. The capitals of columns and ancient friezes are scattered about as seats.

On these I reposed myself, and looked up to the cypress

groves spiring above the thickets ; then, plunging into their retirements, I followed a winding path, which led me by a series of steep ascents to a green platform overlooking the whole extent of wood, with Florence deep beneath, and the tops of the hills which encircle it, jagged with pines ; here and there a convent, or villa, whitening in the sun. This scene extends as far as the eye can reach.

Still ascending I attained the brow of the mountain, and had nothing but the fortress of Belvedere, and two or three open porticoes above me. On this elevated situation, I found several walks of trellis-work, clothed with luxuriant vines, that produce to my certain knowledge the most delicious clusters. A colossal statue of Ceres, her hands extended in the act of scattering fertility over the prospect, crowns the summit, where I lingered to mark the landscape fade, and the bright skirts of the western sun die gradually away.

Then descending alley after alley, and bank after bank, I came to the orangery in front of the palace, disposed in a grand amphitheatre, with marble niches relieved by dark foliage, out of which spring tall aërial cypresses. This spot brought the scenery of an antique Roman garden full into my mind. I expected every instant to be called to the table of Lucullus hard by, in one of the porticoes, and to stretch myself on his purple triclinias ; but waiting in vain for a summons till the approach of night, I returned delighted with a ramble that had led me so far into antiquity. . . .

After traversing many long alleys, brown with impending foliage, I emerged into a green opening on the brow of the hill, and seated myself under the statue of Ceres. From this high point I surveyed the mosaic cupola of the Duomo, its quaint turret, and one still more grotesque in its neighbourhood built not improbably in the style of ancient Etruria. Beyond this singular group of buildings a plain stretches itself far and wide, most richly scattered over with villas, gardens, and groves of pine and olive, quite to the feet of the mountains.

After I had marked the sun's going down, I went through a plat of vines hanging on the steeps, to a little eminence, round which the wood grows wilder and more luxuriant, and the cypresses shoot up to a surprising elevation. The pruners have spared this sylvan corner, and suffered the bays to put forth their branches, and the ilex to dangle over the walks, many of whose entrances are nearly overgrown. I enjoyed the

gloom of these shady arbours, in the midst of which rises a lofty pavilion with galleries running round it, not unlike the idea one forms of Turkish chiosks. Beneath lies a garden of vines and rose-trees, which I visited, and found a spring under a rustic arch of grotto-work, fringed round with ivy. Millions of fish inhabit here, of that beautiful glittering species which comes from China. This golden nation were leaping after insects, as I stood gazing upon the deep, clear water, and listening to the drops that trickle from the cove. Opposite to which, at the end of an alley of vines, you discover an oval basin, and in the midst of it a statue of Ganymede, sitting reclined upon the eagle, full of that graceful languor so peculiarly Grecian. Whilst I was musing on the margin of the spring (for I returned to it after casting a look upon the sculpture), the moon rose above the tufted foliage of the terraces. Her silver brightness was strongly contrasted by the deep green of the holm-oak and bay, amongst which I descended by several flights of stairs, with neat marble balustrades crowned by vases of aloes.¹—*Beckford*.

PRIMITIVE PICTURES IN THE ACCADEMIA

Giotto, Cimabue, and others, of unfamiliar names to me, are among the earliest. . . . They seem to have been executed with great care and conscientiousness, and the heads are often wrought out with minuteness and fidelity, and have so much expression that they tell their own story clearly enough; but it seems not to have been the painter's aim to effect a lifelike illusion, the background and accessories being conventional. The trees are no more like real trees than the feather of a pen, and there is no perspective, the figure of the picture being shadowed forth on a surface of burnished gold. The effect, when these pictures—some of them very large—were newly and freshly gilded, must have been exceedingly brilliant, and much resembling, on an immensely larger scale, the rich illuminations in an old monkish missal. In fact, we have not now, in pictorial ornament, anything at all comparable to what their splendour must have been. I was most struck with a picture by Fabriana Gentile, of the Adoration of the Magi, where the faces and figures have a great deal of life and action, and even grace, and where the jewelled crowns, the rich em-

¹ We have thrown together the accounts of two different visits by Beckford, both much in the same key.

broidered robes, and cloth of gold and all the magnificence of the three kings, are represented with the vividness of the real thing : a gold sword hilt, for instance, or a pair of gold spurs, being actually embossed on the picture. The effect is very powerful, and though produced in what modern painters would pronounce an unjustifiable way, there is yet pictorial art enough to reconcile it to the spectator's mind. Certainly, the people of the middle ages knew better than ourselves what is magnificence, and how to produce it ; and what a glorious work must that have been, both in its mere sheen of burnished gold, and in its illuminating art, which shines thus through the gloom of perhaps four centuries.—*Hawthorne.*

THE UFFIZI

It was erected by the orders of Cosmo I. in the year 1564. Giorgio Vasari was the architect ; it is built in the form of the Greek letter II, and is more than five hundred feet in length ; the court enclosed between the wings is sixty-four feet in breadth. This court is regular in all its parts ; on each side is a gallery supported by Tuscan pillars ; one end opens on the great square ; the other borders the Arno, and is terminated by a large arch which unites the two buildings and forms the communication.—*Eustace.*

The Uffizi is a universal store-house, a sort of Louvre containing paintings of all times and schools, bronzes, statues, sculptures, antique and modern terra-cottas, cabinets of gems, an Etruscan museum, artists' portraits painted by themselves, 28,000 original drawings, 4000 cameos and ivories, and 80,000 medals.—*Taine.*

The first things that strike you in the gallery itself, are some glaring Madonnas painted on wood by Greek artists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. These pictures are uniform ; the drapery of the Virgin is dark, but bespangled with stars ; the posture of the child the same in all ; for when the divine maternity was acknowledged at Ephesus, the child was then first coupled with the Madonna, but the mode of painting both was fixed by the ritual. Painting in that age was satisfied with producing mere forms, and did not aspire at expression or movement. Conscious of her own weakness, she called in the aid of gold, and azure, and labels and even relief ; for these pictures are raised like japan-work. They present all the meagreness, the angular and distinct contours, the straight,

stiff parallelism of attitude, the vacant yet pretty little features, which are common to the productions of unenlightened art.—*Forsyth.*

At first, every one hurries to the Tribune, and probably no one ever opened the door of that world-renowned apartment, for the first time, without a quickened movement of the heart. The room is in shape an octagon, about twenty-five feet in diameter. The floor is paved with rich marbles, now covered with a carpet, and the vaulted ceiling is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is lighted from above. Here are assembled some of the most remarkable works of art in the world. There are four statues, the Venus de' Medici,¹ the Knife-Grinder, the Dancing Faun, the Apollino, and a group, the Wrestlers. On the walls are hung five pictures by Raphael, three by Titian, one by Michael Angelo, four by Correggio, and several others by artists of inferior name.

When the emotions of surprise, delight and astonishment which seize upon the mind on first entering this room, and take captive the judging and reflecting faculties, have somewhat passed away, and reason resumes the throne from which she had been for a moment displaced, we are forced to admit that objects too numerous and incongruous are forced upon the attention at once. First of all, it is not well to have the eyes, and the mind, wooed at the same time by statues and pictures of the highest merit. The passionless and lunar beauty of sculpture has something that in common with, but more that is alien from, the sunny glow of painting. In the natural day, moonlight and noonday are separated by a considerable interval of time and by soft gradations of changing light. Could we pass from one to the other in a moment, the shock would be nearly as great as is felt on stepping from air into water. And in the second place, the pictures themselves are not congruous; at least, Titian's Venuses have no business to be in the same small room with Raphael's Madonnas.²—*G. S. Hillard.*

¹ We have quoted no description of Venus de' Medici. Byron voiced the general admiration in *Childe Harold*; Hazlitt well remarked that "the Venus is a very beautiful toy, but not the Goddess of Love, or even of Beauty"; this Venus has now ceded the place for beauty to the Venus of Melos. No one now would go to Florence to study Greek sculpture; for with the discoveries at Ægina, at Olympia, and of primitive work at Athens we have far fuller material elsewhere.

² This, of course, is the Puritan view. The wide scope of Renaissance Catholicism, as we have endeavoured to indicate, found no contradiction in pagan and Christian beauty.

When we look at the antiques and the Renaissance sculpture we are at once struck by the affinity of the two periods. Each art is as pagan as the other, that is to say, entirely taken up with the physical life of the present. They are contrasted, however, by marked divergences: the classic art is a calmer one, and when we reach the best epoch of Greek sculpture, this calm is exaggerated, it is that of an animal, nay even of vegetative life in which man allows himself to live without any further thought whatever. . . . On the other hand the sculptor of the Renaissance imitates reality and expression with more curious research, as we see in the statues of Verocchio, Francavilla, Bandinelli, and above all, of Donatello. His *St. John the Baptist* is like a skeleton worn to the bone by fasting. His *David*, however graceful and decided the figure, has sharp elbows and arms of extreme thinness. In the works of all the sculptors mentioned personal character, passionate emotion, the dramatic occasion, the personal will and originality are as striking as if the statues were portraits. They are more realistically alive than artistically harmonious.

This is why, in sculpture at least, the only masters who give the sentiment of beauty in its purest perfection are the Greeks. . . . Compare the *Mercury* of John of Bologna with the young Greek athlete standing near him. The former, poised on tiptoe, cannot fail to delight the spectator while it does the highest credit to the master's artistic skill. The little Athenian figure, on the other hand, says nothing and does nothing, is content merely to live, and is obviously a civic effigy, a monument of some success at the Olympian games, an example for the lads of the *gymnasium*: it is educational in the same way as a divine or a religious statue. Neither the god nor the athlete needed any added interest, it is enough for them to be perfect and calm; they are not a matter of luxury but appurtenances of public life; they do not exist as furniture, but as a means of commemoration. They can be admired, they certainly advance culture; but they are not used for diversion and are above criticism. Look again at Donatello's *David*, so proudly erect, so unconventionally attired, so finely serious; the figure is not a hero or a legendary saint, but a work of the imagination. The sculptor is ready to give us pagan or Christian art to order; his main wish is to please men of taste. Finally, consider Michael Angelo's *Dead Adonis* with the head inclined on the bent arm, or the *Bacchus* raising his cup and half opening his mouth as if to drink somebody's

good health. The two figures are true to nature and almost classical in conception ; but with Michael Angelo as with his contemporaries action and dramatic interest predominate.¹—*Taine.*

I came by chance into the room containing the portraits of great painters. I formerly regarded them in the light of valuable curiosities, for there are more than three hundred portraits, chiefly painted by the masters themselves, so that you see at the same time the master and his work. But to-day a fresh idea dawned on me with regard to them,—that each painter resembles his own productions, and that each while painting his own likeness has been careful to represent himself just as he really was. In this way you become personally acquainted with all these great men. . . .

The portrait of Raphael is almost the most touching likeness I have yet seen of him. In the centre of a large rich screen, entirely covered with portraits, hangs a small solitary picture, without any particular designation, yet the eye is instantly arrested by it. This is Raphael,—youthful, pale and delicate ; and with such aspirations, such longing and wistfulness in the mouth and eyes, that it is as if you could see into his soul. That he cannot succeed in expressing all that he sees and feels, and is thus impelled to new endeavour, and that he must die an early death,—all this is written on his mournfully suffering, yet courageous countenance. Looking into his dark eyes, from whose depths his very soul glances out ; looking at the pained and contracted mouth, we cannot resist a feeling of awe.—*F. Bartholdy Mendelssohn.*

PITTI PALACE

I doubt if there is a more monumental palace in Europe than the Pitti ; I have seen none other which leaves so simple and so grandiose an impression. Placed on an eminence its entire outline appears in silhouette against the clear blue sky, its three distinct storeys placed one above the other, in three

¹ Taine's general contrast between individualistic Renaissance and religious or civic classical sculpture (here much abbreviated) must be extended to Gothic work too. In the Gothic as in the classic age, art was absolutely based on the religious faith or the love of the town. Taine went too far when he indicated that there was no art for art's sake in Greek art ; every art in its decadence becomes art for art's sake. It is not possible to consider the *Venus* of Praxiteles as springing from the same religious and civic idea as the *Athena Parthenos* of Pheidias.

distinct masses, lessening in size. Two terraces add to the mass by projecting crosswise on the two flanks. What is most unique, intensifying the calm grandeur of the edifice, is the vastness of the material of which it is built. These materials are not stones, but fragments of rock,—we might say sections of mountains, for some blocks, those supporting the terraces in particular, are as broad as five men's measure. Rugged, dark and scarcely hewn, they keep their first harshness as a mountain would, if torn from its foundations, broken to fragments, and erected in some other spot by Cyclopean hands.—*Taine*.

My wife and I went to the Pitti Palace to-day; and first entered a court where, yesterday, she had seen a carpet of flowers, arranged for some great ceremony. It must have been a most beautiful sight, the pavement of the court being entirely covered by them, in a regular pattern of brilliant hues, so as really to be a living mosaic. This morning, however, the court had nothing but its usual stones, and the show of yesterday seemed so much the more inestimable as having been so evanescent. Around the walls of the court there were still some pieces of splendid tapestry which had made part of yesterday's magnificence. We went up the staircase, of regally broad and easy ascent, and made application to be admitted to see the grand ducal apartments. An attendant accordingly took the keys, and ushered us first into a great hall with a vaulted ceiling, and then through a series of noble rooms, with rich frescoes above and mosaic floors, hung with damask, adorned with gilded chandeliers, and glowing, in short, with more gorgeousness than I could have imagined beforehand, or can now remember.

In many of the rooms were these superb antique cabinets which I admire more than any other furniture ever invented; only these were of unexampled art and glory, inlaid with precious stones, and with beautiful Florentine mosaics, both of flowers and landscapes—each cabinet worth a lifetime's toil to make it, and the cost a whole palace to pay for it. Many of the rooms were covered with arras, of landscapes, hunting scenes, mythological subjects, or historical scenes, equal to pictures in truth of representation, and possessing an indescribable richness that makes them preferable as a mere adornment of princely halls and chambers. Some of the rooms, as I have said, were laid in mosaic of stone and marble; otherwise in lovely patterns of various woods; others

were covered with carpets, delightful to tread upon, and glowing like the living floor of flowers which my wife saw yesterday. There were tables, too, of Florentine mosaic, the mere materials of which—lapis-lazuli, malachite, pearl and a hundred other precious things—were worth a fortune, and made a thousand times more valuable by the artistic skill of the manufacturer. I toss together brilliant words by the handful, and make a rude sort of patchwork, but can record no adequate idea of what I saw in this suite of rooms; and the taste, the subdued splendour, so that it did not shine too high, but was all tempered into an effect at once grand and soft—this was quite as remarkable as the gorgeous material.—*Hawthorne.*

RAPHAEL IN THE PITTI

Raphael is perhaps overpraised by those admirers of art who are not artists, and who judge of paintings not by their technical merits, but by the effect which they produce; in other words, subjectively and not objectively. All the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture and music, have something in common; something which all persons of sensibility feel, though such airy resemblances are not very patient of the chains of language. In the expression of this common element, Raphael has no rival. Maternal love, purity of feeling, sweetness, refinement and a certain soft ideal happiness, breathe from his canvas like odour from a flower. No painter addresses so wide a circle of sympathies as he. No one speaks a language so intelligible to the common apprehension. . . . The most celebrated of his pictures in this collection is the Madonna della Seggiola, so widely known by engravings. It is a work of great sweetness, purity and tenderness, but not representing all the power of the artist's genius. Its chief charm, and the secret of its world-wide popularity, is its happy blending of the divine and the human elements. Some painters treat this subject in such a way that the spectator sees only a mortal mother caressing her child; while by others, the only ideas awakened are those of the Virgin and the Redeemer. But heaven and earth meet upon Raphael's canvas: the purity of heaven and the tenderness of earth. The round, infantile forms, the fond, clasping arms, the sweetness and the grace, belong to the world that is around us, but the faces—especially that of the infant Saviour, in whose eyes there is a mysterious depth of expression, which no engraving has ever fully caught—

are touched with light from heaven, and suggest something to worship as well as to love.—*G. S. Hillard.*

WAX FIGURES (NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM)

In the Florentine museum is a representation in wax of some of the appalling scenes of the plague, which desolated this city about the middle of the fourteenth century, and which Boccaccio has described with such simplicity and power in the introduction of his *Decamerone*. It is the work of a Sicilian artist, by the name of Zumbo. He must have been a man of the most gloomy and saturnine imagination, and more akin to the worm than most of us, thus to have revelled night and day in the hideous mysteries of death, corruption, and the charnel-house. It is strange how this representation haunts one. It is like a dream of the sepulchre, with its loathsome corpses, with "the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk—the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work." You breathe more freely as you step out into the open air again; and when the bright sunshine, and the crowded, busy streets next meet your eye, you are ready to ask, is this indeed a representation of reality? Can this pure air have been laden with pestilence? Can this gay city have ever been a city of the plague?

The work of the Sicilian artist is admirable as a piece of art: the description of the Florentine prose-poet equally admirable as a piece of eloquence. "How many vast palaces," he exclaims, "how many beautiful houses, how many noble dwellings, aforetime filled with lords and ladies, and trains of servants, were now untenanted even by the lowest menial! How many memorable families, how many ample heritages, how many renowned possessions were left without an heir! How many valiant men, how many beautiful women, how many gentle youths breakfasted in the morning with their relatives, companions, and friends, and when the evening came supped with their ancestors in the other world!"—*Longfellow.*

ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE

SAN MINIATO

A brisk walk of a few minutes out of the Porta San Miniato brings the traveller to the church and convent of that name, a mass of buildings conspicuous from their position and castellated appearance. The church, parts of which belong to the eleventh century, is an imposing structure, and is, to a considerable extent, built of the fragments of ancient Roman edifices, which, when we compare their original destination with their present position, remind us of a palimpsest manuscript from which a hymn to Apollo has been expunged, and a holy legend written in its place. It is well to have Christian churches rather than ruined temples, if the latter must be sacrificed to the former; but, in a country so abounding with accessible building materials as Italy, there is no excuse for the indolence or parsimony which destroys the monuments of antiquity, in order to use their fragments for incongruous modern structures. Here are many curious and interesting works of art, especially by Luca della Robbia, who expended fine powers of invention and design upon the strange material of glazed blue and white terra-cotta. . . . The remains of the fortifications raised around the convent by Michael Angelo, during the last unsuccessful struggles of the citizens of Florence to throw off the rule of the Medici family, may still be traced. . . . At a short distance from the convent is a tower which was used by Galileo as an observatory, and near the tower is a villa in which the illustrious philosopher resided and where Milton is said to have visited him.—*G. S. Hillard.*

FIESOLE

Of all the objects that present themselves in the immediate vicinity of Florence, Fiesole is from its antiquity, its situation and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive. This town, under the appellation of Fæsulæ, was one of the twelve Etrurian cities, and seems to have been distinguished from the others by its skill in the interpretation of omens and prognostics. It submitted with the rest of Etruria to the Roman power and was colonised by Sylla. The species of colonists sent by this tyrant seem to have been of no very favourable description, and are represented afterwards as com-

posing the main body of Catiline's ruffian army. It made no figure in the civil wars or revolutions of the following era, survived the general desolation of Italy during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, and prolonged its existence till the commencement of the eleventh; when, in a contest with Florence, it was destroyed and its inhabitants, or at least a considerable number, transported to that city. However, the cathedral remained, and Fiesole, now a lonely but beautiful village, still retains its episcopal honours, its ancient name, and its delightful situation. Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence, it looks down on the vale of the Arno, and commands Florence with all its domes, towers and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill, at a distance, swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyrised by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo.—*Eustace*.

Fiesole stands on a hill precipitously steep. The front of it cut into a gradation of narrow terraces, which are enclosed in a trellis of vines, and faced with loose-stone walls. Such a facing may perhaps cost less labour, and add more warmth to the plantation than the turf embankments would do; but it gives a hard, dry effect to the immediate picture, which, viewed from Florence, is the most beautiful object in this region of beauty. The top of the hill is conical, and its summit usurped by a convent of Franciscans, whose leave you must ask to view the variegated map of country below you. The corridors command a multiplicity of landscape: > every window presented a different scene, and every minute before sunset changed the whole colouring. . . . The season brought a curious succession of insects into view. On the way to Fiesole my ears were deafened with the hoarse croak of the *cigala*, which Homer, I cannot conceive why, compares to the softness of the lily. On my return the lower air was illuminated with myriads of *luciole* or fire-flies; and I entered Florence at shutting of the gates,

Come la mosca cede alla zanzara.

—*Forsyth*.

PRATOLINO

We went to Pratolino, a villa of the Great Duke, some six miles distant from Florence. Here we saw in the garden excellent grotts, fountains, water-works, shady-walks, groves and the like, all upon the side of a hill. Here you have the Grot of Cupid with the wetting-stools, upon which, sitting down, a great spout of water comes full in your face.¹ The Fountain of the Tritons overtakes you too, and washeth you soundly. Then being led about this garden, where there are store of fountains under the laurel trees, we were carried back to the grotts that are under the stairs and saw there the several *giuochi d'acqua*: as that of Pan striking up a melodious tune upon his mouth-organ at the sight of his mistress, appearing over against him: that where the Angel carries a trumpet to his mouth and soundeth it; and where the Country Clown offers a dish of water to a serpent, who drinks of it and lifteth up his head when he hath drunk: that of the Mill which seems to break and grind olives: the Paper Mill: the Man with the Grinding Stone: the Saracen's Head gaping and spewing out water: the grot of Galatea who comes out of a door in a sea-chariot with two nymphs, and saileth a while upon the water and so returns again in at the same door: the curious Round Table capable of twelve or fifteen men, with a curious fountain playing constantly in the midst of it, and places between every trencher, or person for every man to set his bottle of wine in cold water: the Samaritan Woman coming out of her house with her buckets to fetch water at the fountain, and having filled her buckets, returns back again the same way: in the meantime you see Smiths thumping, Birds chirping in trees, Mills grinding: and all this is done by water, which sets these little inventions awork, and makes them move as it were of themselves: in the meantime an organ plays to you while you dine there in *fresco* at that table, if you have meat. Then the neat bathing place, the pillar of petrified water: and lastly, the great pond and *grotta* before the house, with the huge Giant stooping to catch at a rock, to throw it to heaven. This Giant is so big, that within the very thigh of

¹ This garden was entirely characteristic of the idle humours of an Italy in decadence.

him is a great grot of water, called the Grot of Thetis and the Shell Fishes, all spouting out water.¹—*Lassels*.

GENERAL NOTE ON FLORENCE

The attraction of Florence is evidently less immediate in its appeal than that of Venice, and a certain disappointment was expressed by Montaigne on his first visit, when he remarked: "I do not understand why this city should be called, *par excellence*, the Beautiful: it is handsome, no doubt, but not more so than Bologna, and very little more so than Ferrara; while Venice is, beyond all comparison, superior to it, in this respect. No doubt the view of the city and its suburbs, from the top of the cathedral, has an imposing effect, owing to the immense space which the suburbs occupy, covering, as they do, the sides and summit of all the neighbouring hills for two or three leagues round." On his second visit, however, Montaigne deliberately withdraws his unfavourable opinion and admits the beauty of the town, but he does not care to go into any precise analysis of that beauty. As a matter of fact, Florence is a discovery of the last hundred years. Rome has always had its fame; Venice, as we have shewn, was considered remarkable in the fifteenth century; Florence, if it was admired before modern times, was admired for its political institutions and its men of letters rather than for its monuments.

The difficulty of a complete understanding of the town is that Florence has always been essentially a City of Mystics, and the temper of mysticism has had to wait till our own time for its right appreciation. A mystic is not necessarily devoid of the instincts of action: we may take our own Cromwell for the proof of that. The mystic, indeed, will not seek occasions of quarrel, but when he is involved in them, his action will be swift and unexpected. While a certain moderation of ex-

¹ Other seats of the Medici were Poggio Imperiale and Poggio a Caiano. The former is within a mile of Florence, and is described by Lassels as containing Albert Durer's *Adam and Eve*, a *Pietà* by Perugino (the expression *Pietà* always refers to the subject of the Madonna with the dead Christ on her knees or outstretched before her), and an *Assumption* by Andrea del Sarto. Poggio a Caiano is best described in Horner's *Walks in Florence*; it contains the *Triumph of Cæsar* by Andrea del Sarto. Botticelli's *Primavera* was formerly in the Villa Castello, belonging to Duke Cosimo. But there is some doubt as to the original owner of the work (see Plunkett, *Botticelli*, p. 15).

pression will go with full tenacity of purpose, enormous impulses of hatred or revenge will balance the silent spiritual life of inner reflection. A personal delicacy and sweetness will not be in contradiction to these sources of strength. In the end, no doubt, the mystic is bound to lose the game to the practical man of action who has neither scruples nor inspirations, and the closing scene of mysticism may come very near to the weariness of utter disbelief either in heaven or hell, complete disgust both for the aspirations or the sins of men. When the mystic dies young, he has found his happiest fate, but when he is condemned to live on in a world that grows more callous in seeming, year by year, his lot is not to be envied. Mysticism is in some ways the carrying on of the early innocent visions of youth into mature years, and experience teaches us that such a survival is fraught with much unhappiness.

But we must distinguish between the mystics of Florence. Dante is pre-eminent among them, and his character and his career hardly need explanation, except perhaps that we might call his exile from Florence the best fortune a man of his nature could have had. Leaving the small centre of so much that was kindred with himself he wandered out into a larger world, and possibly learnt the tolerance which no Florentine ever practised at home. In Dante's great work it is to be noticed that the passion of hatred never perturbs the current of the poetry: no vulgarity of style accompanies the most terrific denunciations of human beings that have ever been penned. It is with the clarity of the most intense vision that Dante sees his enemies in torment: the images are so natural, the punishments so appropriate to the crime, that we discern no effort in invention: we are compelled to think that for Dante the existence of the spirit-land was far more real than the rough world of commercial and social intercourse.

What is true of Dante is also true of Michael Angelo, who had been brought to Florence in his third year. If the inherited blood which took him back to the Counts of Canossa was not Florentine, all his artistic training belonged to the city. It would be most gravely to misunderstand Michael Angelo's art—as also that of the Renaissance at its highest—to leave out the mystical inspiration governing it. He himself in his poetical quatrain written for the figure of Night shews us how intimately the sorrow of that allegory is connected with the decay of Italian power. If Dante is the

trumpeter of an Italy first conscious of its strength and hopeful of its unity, Michael Angelo is the builder of the tomb of the great epoch of Catholicism. Michael Angelo's universal message is to be found at Rome in his apotheosis of the Papacy, but most of his work at Florence has the sign-manual of civic patriotism, for Florence was the mother-city he loved, and strove to defend, before he symbolised its servitude in the burial place of the Medici.

If we seek for intermediate masters interpreting Florentine mysticism between Dante and Michael Angelo, we shall find them in Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and Andrea del Sarto. Savonarola was a Ferrarese by birth and education, and certainly not a Florentine by his hysterical obscurantism; the prior of San Marco was perhaps given an exaggerated importance in the nineteenth century owing to a fancied resemblance of his doctrines to religious Liberalism. The Christ-governed state which Savonarola sought to establish would only have become a minor Papacy; and Symonds is probably right in comparing Savonarola to other revivalists like John of Vicenza, Jacopo del Bussolaro, and Jacopo della Marca. We do not claim Savonarola as a mystic, and we would not look upon him as being any more representative of Florence than Paolo Sarpi was of Venice. Raphael is not typically Florentine either, and belongs far more in spirit to Bologna than to any other town. But Giotto, although he is far better to be studied at Assisi or Padua, the Blessed Angelico, Botticelli, and Andrea del Sarto are all of Florence and of no other town. We include Andrea because both Titian and Michael Angelo had the greatest opinion of him, and the *'uom corto* (the "sorry little scrub" of Browning's poem) had the same placid technique, concealing deep passion, which is the character of Giotto and Angelico. In Florentine art we must never ask for the dashing vigour of action, the briny breeze and sunshine of Venetian painting, but rather a repressed life and the pale blossoms of meditation.

In the mystic character of Botticelli's art we have an apparent contradiction, for his greatest work, the *Primavera*, is an idyll of laughter, increase and love. We would suggest that mysticism is not uniformly sorrowful, and the really mystic temper will find as much matter for thought in happiness. We have not found any convincing interpretation of the *Primavera* among our travellers, and we would not hamper the appreciation of such a work by giving an incomplete estimate.

Count Plunkett's study of the painting in his monograph on Botticelli is the best to be found outside the pages of the text-books. He links the picture on to the Platonism of the period, and says "this poetic allegory reminds one of the brilliant festivals, the Calendimaggio, celebrated in song and play and living processional tableaux," which were often seen in contemporary Florence. We might say generally that Botticelli was the mystic of decoration as Ghirlandajo was the mystic of colour.

Masaccio and Donatello might perhaps be taken together as mystics in realism. While in other towns art was always obedient to the dominant power and preponderating life, in Florence there gradually grew up a science of painting for the sake of the art. Of this the greatest exponent was Leonardo (who possibly influenced Giorgione), but that master can only be studied, if studied he can be at all, in Milan. But Leonardo is not a Florentine of Florence as Donatello and Masaccio were; in each of the masters we see the study of life pushed to an extraordinary realism. This is no vulgar realism for the sake of astonishing the multitude, but rather the spirit in which Tennyson looked at the "flower in the crannied wall." Could we but understand the entity of one flower, or one rain drop we should understand the meaning of all existence, and it is from such a mysticism that the realism of Donatello, in sculpture, and Masaccio, in painting, springs. Although Vasari's account of Donatello's life lacks in details, his description of his works in Florence is very full. Donatello, too, like Botticelli, is very ill represented by our travellers. We do not regret this, for the genius of both is rather an individual than a national gift. Leonardo, Giorgione, Botticelli, and Donatello are to be placed apart and studied rather for themselves than for their expression of race. Italian they are as François Villon or John Keats were French or English, but individuality in each case cited seems to claim its own.

The four great artists we have named have exerted a greater influence on those actually engaged in the arts than on the public, but it is necessary to point out that those, who in modern days endeavour to follow their footsteps, are placing their ambitions very high. Few are so presumptuous as to endeavour to compete with the unique masters who have added individuality to the national note. Yet the precious gift possessed by some of expressing beauty is almost as rare; and those who hope to belong to this select class are

hampering their chances of popular success. In the end every craftsman finds his level; but the appreciation of the most subtle form of art is too often confused with the power of achieving it. A painter or sculptor should think well before he endeavours to seek the exquisiteness of quality which must necessarily go with the mysticism we have endeavoured to define.

We will not insist further on this mysticism, which will be better tested by actual study in Florence than by any literary discussion. Generally speaking the Italians are not a mystical race, and the Etruscan factor in the Florentine descent may cause this differentiation, but we know so little about the Etruscans, that any hazard of opinion is dangerous. The scientific ideas of Verrochio or of Machiavelli seem in contradiction to our general argument, but is it so certain that science does not proceed from the mystic temper of searching out hidden meanings which are unseen by the profane? We may pass from this to say one word about the Florentine sense of beauty, which, distinctive as it is, is so delicate that it goes beyond definition. It may be called vaguely the beauty of form and of spiritual expression. The Florentine masterpieces rarely excel in colour like those of Venice; they lack the drama of Leonardo's *Cenacolo* or Velasquez' great canvases; they have not the worldly magnificence of the grand frescoes of Rome. The Florentine, whatever his origins may be, is the most Greek of the moderns: Greek, that is, in realism and its beauty, for Christian he must remain in his aspiration. Florentine art, with Dante, Giotto, and Donatello, has become the origin of a small school of select spirits, and whoever joins the rapt spirit of meditation to the sternness of physical truth must belong to it. Fra Angelico and Michael Angelo each is at an opposite extreme of this rendering of life. We would call Goethe the nearest approach to it in our own era: the English nature with its sturdy love of action and its rich melancholy humour rarely comes within that smaller compass. But so elusive is Florentine beauty that it escapes from the crucible before we can isolate it; most of our travellers see no special quality to describe, and it is only in Hawthorne, the mystic from New England, or in Taine, with his scientific tests, that we see any recognition of a fascination which will be most felt by those who go to the city in the years of dream between youth and maturity.—*Ed.*

PERUGIA¹

Perugia is a wonderful old place. Scarcely one street is level, and all the houses look as if not a brick had been touched since the Cæsars. It is the most consistently ancient city I ever saw. The very latest fashions date back three hundred years; and one feels quite relieved while contemplating something light in the Gothic palaces, after seeing the stupendous antiquity of the Etruscan walls, which certainly must have been raised by the Titans themselves long before their disgrace, somewhere in the time of Deucalion or Nox.

I proceeded from the hotel into the grand piazza, where stands the Duomo, a bold pile of Gothic splendour, raised majestically on a flight of marble steps. In the centre of the piazza is a beautiful marble fountain of exquisite workmanship, whence a perfect river gushes forth, splashing into a spacious basin beneath. Opposite is the Palazzo Comunale—a huge double-fronted Gothic pile, partly standing in the piazza, and partly in the great street that opens from it. Here is an abundance of all the elaborate tracery and luxuriant fancy of that picturesque age. Heavily-groined arched windows, solid, yet graceful, occupy the grand storey; while below, a vast portal, profusely ornamented with every detail of mediæval grotesqueness, opens into gloomy halls and staircases. At the far end of the piazza there is a dark archway, and a descending flight of steps going heaven knows where—down to unknown depths in the lower town. What a brave old square it is! Not a stone but is in keeping.

I ascended the steps and entered the Duomo, where the *coup d'œil* is very imposing, the pervading colour being that warm sunlight tint so charming to the eye. The nave, and,

¹ Among towns of interest to the north of Perugia are Arezzo, Cortona, and Gubbio. Arezzo (the birthplace of Petrarch) can be taken on a trip to La Verna; its cathedral is a fine specimen of Italian Gothic. Cortona has remains of its Etruscan walls, and is described by Forsyth as follows: "Cortona, rising amidst its vineyards on the acclivity of a steep hill with black mountains behind, struck me at a distance like a picture hung on a wall." From Cortona can be seen the lake of Trasimene, the scene of Hannibal's great victory: an interesting reference will be found in Macaulay's *Life*. Symonds describes Gubbio in his sketches, and remarks that its "public palaces belong to the age of the Communes, when Gubbio was a free town, with a policy of its own, and an important part to play in the internecine struggles of Pope and Emperor, Guelf and Ghibelline." This observation also applies to towns like Perugia and Assisi.

in fact, the whole interior, is very graceful. It is one of those buildings one can neither call large nor small, from the admirable proportions of the whole, no inequality betraying the precise scale. Frescoes there are all over the roof, and a few choice pictures; one in particular, a Deposition by Baroccio, in a chapel near the door, painted, it is said, while he was suffering from poison given him, out of envy, at Rome. This picture has the usual visiting-card, common to all good paintings, of having made the journey to Paris.

Here, too, in a chapel, is preserved the veritable wedding-ring of the Virgin, which came, I suppose, flying through the air like her house at Loretto; also various other relics, all more or less fond of locomotion. In the sacristy, or winter choir, is a lovely picture, a Sposalizio by Luca Signorelli: in front of the figures is a tumbler of water with some carnations, painted with a delicacy of which only the old masters were capable.

The more I walked about, the more I was charmed with Perugia. Up and down we went, under old archways, and through narrow streets, each more quaint than the other. Whenever there was any opening, such views appeared—mountains tossed as if by an earthquake, deep valleys, great walls built on rocky heights, massive fortifications—all romantic beyond expression. We reached at last a plateau, called the Frontone, planted with trees, on the very edge of a stupendous cliff. The sun was just dissipating the morning mist¹ over one of the grandest views on which the eye ever rested. Mountains, hills, rocks, of every shape and size, were piled one over the other, terrace-like; while to the right lay the blue Lake of Trasymene, a calm and glassy mirror in the midst of this chaotic confusion. High mountains shut in the view everywhere. In front, the rays of the sun were condensed into a golden mist, obscuring all nearer objects. To the left lay a vast plain, fat and fertile, a land flowing with milk and honey. Before us uprose the city of Assisi, sparkling in the sunshine, seated on a rocky height, and also backed by lofty Apennines.
—*Mrs. Elliot.*

¹ One of the most beautiful landscape effects in Italy is to be seen when the autumn mists fill the Umbrian valley, and the sun shines as on a sea, through which the houses at the foot of the towns are seen as if submerged. Evelyn has described this on the road to Rome.

THE ROMAN GATE

We came to the Porta Augusta, one of the grandest monuments in the world. It is of immense size, and formed of uncemented stones actually gigantic; the walls of Fiesole are nothing to it. I cannot describe the solemn majesty of this portal of unknown antiquity, frowning down on the pigmy erections of later ages. There it stands in a glorious solidity until the day of judgment. Nothing short of a universal convulsion can shake it. Over the arch are the letters "Augusta Perusia," looking at a distance like some cabalistic charm. On the left are an open gallery and two massive towers.—*Mrs. Elliot.*

THE CAMBIO

. . . It is the same thing with Perugino as with Van Eyck: their bodies belong to the Renaissance, their souls to the Middle Ages. This is . . . apparent in the Cambio, a kind of exchange or Guildhall of the merchants. Perugino was entrusted with its decoration in the year 1500; and he has placed here a "Transfiguration," an "Adoration of the Shepherds," Sibyls, Prophets, Leonidas, Socrates, and other pagan heroes and philosophers, a St. John over the altar, and Mars and Jupiter on the archway. Alongside of this is a chapel wainscoted with carved wood, gilded and painted, with the Eternal Father in the centre, and various arabesques of graceful allegoric figures on the cruppers of lions. Can the confluence of two ages be better realised, the intermingling of ideas, the bloom of a new paganism underneath a decrepit Christianity? . . .¹

First comes a "Nativity," under a lofty portico, with a landscape of slender trees. . . . It is a picture of etherial meditation, calculated to make us fall in love with a contemplative life. We cannot too highly commend the modest gravity, the mute nobility of the Virgin kneeling before her infant. Three large serious angels on a cloud are singing from a sheet of music: their simplicity takes the mind back to the age of the mystics. But if we turn we see figures of an altogether different character. The master has been to Florence, and its antiques, its nudes, its figures of imposing action and spirited intention are new to him, revealing another

¹ The text following has been transposed for convenience.

world. Reproducing it with some hesitation, he is enticed away from the paths he first trod. Each of the six prophets, the five sibyls, warriors and pagan philosophers is a masterpiece of power and physical grandeur. He does not imitate Greek types or costumes, for complicated helms, strange head-dresses and chivalric reminiscences are oddly intermingled with the draped or undraped figures; it is the feeling which is antique. These are strong men content with existence, and not pious souls dreaming of heaven. The sibyls are all radiant with beauty and youth; the first of them advancing with a carriage and form of royal grandeur and stateliness. Every whit as noble and grand is the prophet-king who faces them. The seriousness and elevation of these figures is unmatchable. At this dawn of imaginative art, the face, still unclouded, preserves a simplicity and immobility of primitive expression like that of Greek statuary. . . . Man is not broken up into petty, varying and fleeting thoughts; the character is made prominent by unity and repose.

Merchants in long robes used to sit in council on the wooden seats of this narrow hall; before opening their deliberations, they knelt down in the little adjoining chapel to hear mass. There Gian Niccola Manni painted on the two sides of the high altar the delicately animated figures of his "Annunciation," an ample Herodias, with several gracefully erect young women, slight and charming, and making us understand the spiritual health of the painter's youthful vitality. While joining in the droning hum of the responses, or following the sacred gestures of the officiating priest, more than one of the worshippers must have let his eyes wander up to the rosy *torso* of the little chimæras crouching on the ceiling, the work, according to the local tradition, of a young man of great promise, the favourite pupil of the master: Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino.—*Taine*.

ASSISI

There are three churches,¹ one above the other, all of them arranged in connection with the tomb of St. Francis. Over

¹ Italian pointed Gothic begins in this church of San Francesco; but no Gothic architecture such as we see in the northern cathedrals must be sought in Italy. The church at Assisi retains many of the older forms, and before Gothic was much used elsewhere Bramante introduced the newer order. In fact, between Romanesque and early Renaissance there

that venerated body, which the people believe to be ever living and absorbed in prayer at the bottom of an inaccessible cave, the edifice has arisen, gloriously blossoming like an architectural shrine. The lowest is a crypt, dark as a sepulchre, into which visitors go down with torches; pilgrims keep close to the dripping walls and grope along to reach the grating. Here is the tomb, in a pale dim light like that of Limbo. A few brass lamps, scarcely giving light, burn forever like stars lost in mournful gloom. The rising smoke clings to the arches, and the heavy scent of the tapers mingles with that of the cave. The guide trims his torch, and its sudden gleam in this oppressive darkness above the bones of a corpse, is like a Dantesque vision. Here is the mystical grave of a saint, who, in the midst of corruption and the worm devouring has his sorrowful earthly prison filled with the supernatural radiance of the Saviour.

Words cannot give any conception of the middle church, a long, low vault upheld by small rounded arches curving in half-shadow, with a purposed depression which forces us to our knees. A coating of sombre blue and of reddish bands starred with gold, a marvellous embroidery of ornaments, wreaths, delicate scroll-work, leaves and painted figures, covers the arches and ceilings with its harmonious and overwhelming variety. An entire population of figures and colours lives on these walls. . . . There is no Christian monument where pure mediæval ideas reach the mind under so many forms, explaining each other and so many contemporary masterpieces. Over the altar, enclosed with an elaborate iron and bronze railing, Giotto has covered an elliptic arch with grand, calm figures and mystic allegories. There is St. Francis receiving Poverty as spouse from the hands of Christ; Chastity vainly besieged in a crenellated fortress, and adored by angels; Obedience under a canopy, surrounded by saints and kneeling angels; St. Francis, glorified in the gilded mansion of a deacon, and enthroned in the midst of celestial virtues and chanting cherubim. . . .

On the summit, the upper church shoots up as aerially triumphant as the lower is gloomy. Truly, if we sought their meaning, we might say that in these three sanctuaries the architect meant to represent the three worlds: below the gloom

is a very short period in Italy. Of the cathedral (earlier than the San Francesco), of Sta. Chiara and St. Damiano—the nunnery of St. Clare—we have found no sufficient accounts.

of death and the horrors of the sepulchre under the earth ; in the middle, the impassioned struggle of the Christian militant, striving and hoping in this world of probation ; above, the bliss and dazzling glory of Paradise. This latter, soaring in the bright air, tapers its columns, narrows its ogives, refines its arches, mounting upward and on in the glory and full light of its lofty windows, by radiance of its rosaces, of its stained glass, by the gilded stars which flash through arches and vaults that once confined the beatified beings and sacred narratives with which it is painted from floor to ceiling. Time has no doubt undermined them, some of the frescoes are decayed, and their azure is tarnished ; but the mind easily restores what is lost for the eye, and we once more behold their angelic glory as it burst forth six hundred years ago.—*Taine*.

SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

We now turned to contemplate the noble and spacious church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, raised by the faithful over the rustic cell where St. Francis loved to offer up his devotions. Originally it was a solitary cave, where he could retire unseen by every human eye, and abandon himself to those raptures which history scarce knows whether to denominate madness or ecstatic holiness. Here he passed days, nay, even weeks, rapt in the contemplation of heavenly beatitude. On this spot, therefore, uprose the parent church which now lends so noble a feature to the surrounding plain. It is constructed so as to enclose his original chapel and cell within its walls. The interior is perhaps too bare, from the excessive whiteness and simplicity of the massive pillars ; but its size is commanding, and a noble dome rises in the centre. The present building is modern, the original church having been almost entirely destroyed in 1832 by an earthquake ; which, however, respected the altar and cell of St. Francis—a circumstance his followers of course attribute to a miracle. That more sacred portion of the church is railed off and locked up. While waiting for the *sacristano*, who was at dinner, I again fell a victim to some straggling beggars in the church ; especially to a woman in the pretty Romagnesque costume, who pulled my cloak so perseveringly I was forced into attention. She informed me that, at the grand annual festa, ten or twelve thousand persons are frequently present, drawn from all the surrounding country by enthusiasm for the native saint. So immense, indeed, she

said, was the crowd, that persons were frequently suffocated on these anniversaries. What the beggars must be on these solemn occasions I leave to the imagination of my readers ; I confess myself quite at fault. At last the Franciscan brother appeared with the keys, and we entered the *penetralia* behind the screen. The deepest devotion was apparent in this man's deportment, as well as in that of others who chanced to pass us. He never mentioned the saint but in a whisper, at the same time raising his cap ; and looked evidently with an annoyed and jealous eye at our intruding on the sacred precincts, heretics and unclean schismatics as we were. Near the grand altar is a small recess, where, as I understood, St. Francis died : paintings cover the walls, and a lamp burns there perpetually. The brother seemed to look on the spot with such devotion, I could not trouble him by a too impertinent curiosity. But the most interesting portion of the building is St. Francis' cell, outside the church, in a small court at the end of a long stone passage, now converted into a chapel. Under the altar there is a deep narrow hole, visible through bars of iron, where the saint performed his flagellations, and lay as a penance for hours and days without eating or speaking. The legend goes that the instrument of flagellation was the stem of a white rose-bush, growing in a little garden hard by (still existing), and that after his blood had tinged the broken branch the tree ever afterwards blossomed of a deep red.—

Mrs. Elliot.

LE CARCERI

Behind Assisi rises in an immense mass one of the advanced bulwarks of the Apennine chain, called Subasio. . . . On the nearly precipitous face of this mountain, at a distance of about three miles and a half from Assisi, is the Santuario delle Carceri. The walk thither,—or ride if the traveller please, but wheels are out of the question—is a very pleasing one, commanding during its whole length a noble terrace-view of the beautiful vale of Umbria, and the varied outlines of the mountains, which enclose it to the south and south-west. A little stream has eaten many a deep ravine in the rugged front of the mountain, and has deposited soil enough on its sides to favour the growth of a small grove of ilex and other trees, which forms a veritable oasis amid the bleak and stern nakedness of the vast slope of the mountain. This is the site of the little priory of Le Carceri. . . . An overhanging ledge of rock, harder and offer-

ing greater opposition to the action of the weather, than the stratum immediately below it, forms a sort of grotto into which the buildings of the monastery have been niched ; while three or four caverns hollowed out of the rock at different altitudes by the action of the little stream at some period, when its waters were much more abundant and more violent than they are at present, serve for as many little chapels, each more intensely holy than the other and each sanctified by some special anecdote of the saint's presence. A tiny paved court, in front of the main grotto, surrounded by a humble range of little cells, now vacant (for the community is not numerous enough to occupy them) and a picturesque old covered gateway, approached by an ivy-grown bridge across the ravine, completes the *clausura*, and supplies the absolutely essential means of excluding the outside world, or at least the female half of it, from the sacred precincts. At one part of the enclosure of the little court, it should be observed, at a place where a precipitous fall of the hill-side makes more complete enclosure superfluous, the continuity of the *clausura* is maintained only by a low parapet wall on the brink of the precipice, thus admitting air and sunshine into the court, and affording the inmates a view over the lovely valley. In the middle of this court was a picturesque well, with its little antique copper bucket, full of the beautiful cool and clear water of the spring below.—*T. A. Trollope*.

LA VERNA

Nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno
Da Christo prese l' ultimo sigillo ;
Che le sue membra due anne portarno.—*Dante*.

This singular convent which stands on the cliff of a lofty Apennine, was built by Saint Francis himself, and is celebrated for the miracle which the motto records. Here reigns all the terrible of nature : a rocky mountain, a ruin of the elements, broken, sawn and piled in sublime confusion ; precipices crowned with old, gloomy visionary woods ; black chasms in the rock where curiosity shudders to look down ; haunted caverns sanctified by miraculous crosses ; long excavated stairs that restore you to daylight. . . .

On entering the chapel of the Stigmata we caught the religion of the place ; we knelt round the rail, and gazed with

a kind of local devotion at the holy spot where St. Francis received the five wounds of Christ. The whole hill is legendary ground.¹—*Forsyth*.

SIENA

There are many playne brick towers erected for defence when this was a free state. The highest is called the *Mangio*, standing at the foote of the Piazza, which we went first to see after our arrival. At the entrance of this tower is a Chapel, open towards the Piazza, of marble well adorn'd with sculpture.

On the other side is the Signoria, or Court of Justice, well built *a la moderna* of brick; indeed the bricks of Sienna are so well made that they look almost as well as porphyrie itselfe, having a kind of natural polish.

In the Senate House is a very faire halle where they sometimes entertain the people with publiq shews and operas as they call them. Towards the left are the statues of Romulus and Remus with the Wolf, all of brasse, plac'd on a columnne of ophite stone which they report was brought from the renowned Ephesian Temple. These ensignes being the armes of the towne, are set up in divers of the streetes and publiq wayes both within and far without the citty.

The Piazza compasses the faciata of the Court and Chapel, and being made with descending steps, much resembles the figure of an escalop shell. The white ranges of pavement intermix'd with the excellent bricks above mentioned, with which the town is generally well-paved, render it very clean. About this market-place (for so it is) are many faire palaces, though not built with excesse of elegance. There stands an Arch the worke of Baltazar di Sienna, built with wonderfull

¹ Laverna (north-east of Arezzo) is, except for the wonderful Della Robbias, mainly of interest for the Stigmata of St. Francis. It has been described by Eustace, and latterly Mr. Montgomery Carmichael. We now trend back to the west, to Siena. Many travellers, however, went from Assisi to Rome by the road leading through Foligno, Spoleto, and Terni. The Earl of Perth describes the plain of Foligno as "a delightful valley . . . the trees set regularly, full of vines and silk, the ground filled either with clover in flower or wheat, the river Clitumnus of the ancients and brooks winding through the valley and enriching it." Shelley calls Spoleto "the most romantic city I ever saw. There is here an aqueduct of astonishing elevation, which unites two rocky mountains—there is the path of a torrent below." He also describes the cataract of Terni. The famous palace of Caprarola nearer Rome was seen by Montaigne, who writes of it in much the same terms as Lassels does of Pratolino.

ingenuity so that it is not easy to conceive how it is supported, yet it has some imperceptible contignations which do not betray themselves easily to the eye. On the edge of the Piazza is a goodly fountaine beautified with statues, the water issuing out of the wolves mouths, being the worke of Jacobo Quercei, a famous artist. There are divers other publiq fountaines in the Citty, of good designe.

The Sapienza is the University, or rather Colledg, where the High Germans enjoy many particular privileges when they addict themselves to the Civil Law. This place has produced many excellent scholars, besides those three Popes, Alexander, Pius the IInd and the IIIrd of that name, the learned Æneas Sylvius, and both were of the antient house of the Piccolomini.

The chiefe streete is called Strada Romana, in which Pius the IInd has built a most stately Palace of square stone with an incomparable portico joyning neere to it. The town is com'anded by a Castle which hath four bastions and a garison of souldiers. Neere it is a List to ride horses in, much frequented by gallants in summer.

Not far from hence is the Church and Convent of the Dominicans, where in the Chapel of St. Catherine of Sienna¹ they shew her head, the rest of her body being translated to Rome. The Domo or Cathedral, both without and within, is of large square stones of black and white marble polish'd, of inexpressible beauty, as is the front adorn'd with sculpture and rare statues. In the middle is a stately cupola and two columns of sundry streaked colour'd marble. About the body of the Church on a cornice within, are inserted the heads of all the Popes. The pulpit is beautified with marble figures, a piece of exquisite worke; but what exceeds all description is the pavement, where (besides the various emblemes and other figures in the nave) the quire is wrought with the History of the Bible, so artificially express'd in the natural colours of the marbles that few pictures excede it. Here stands a Christo rarely cut in marble, and on the large high Altar is a brasen vessell of admirable invention and art. The organs are exceeding sweete and well tun'd. On the left side of the altar is the Library, where are painted the acts of Æneas Sylvius and others.—*Evelyn*.

¹ The house of St. Catherine has a series of modern pictures of her life, mainly of interest for the fact that such work should still be undertaken.

THE DUOMO

At Siena the great church is one of the finest in Italy. The arms of the town is a shield with one half (the upper part) white and the lower black, so they have built the church without and within of black and white polished marble. . . . I saw all the floor uncovered, and it is the curiousest piece of mosaïque imaginable, and of a new kind, for the pieces that compose it are all very great, and they have only white, dark, and gray marble; but the lights and sheadows are done so as to please the eye very much. There is a jubbé of white marble for reading the Gospell on, in time of high mass, of excellent basso-relievo. In the library (so famous for the painting¹) they have church books done by the antient monks, admirable for the miniatures in them.—*James, Earl of Perth.*

THE FESTA OF THE PALIO²

The Piazza has assumed the appearance of a Roman circus, and is lined with raised benches up to the first floors of the palaces, save on one side where the ground descends and mattresses cover the walls. It is the race of the *Palio*—games held annually, and identified from the earliest times with Siena. During the Spanish rule they saw fit to alter the old fashion of the chariot-race, and inaugurated bull-fights; then the bull-fights lapsed into buffalo-fights, and finally

¹ We are not in accord with the modern opinion which sets down Pinturriccio as a mere journeyman. Considering the large scale of the decorations of the library—hostile to extreme delicacy of treatment like that of the Cambio at Perugia—we doubt if there is any handsomer room in Italy except those in the Vatican. Raphael, who worked with Pinturriccio at Sienna, must have been considerably aided by his example. In the library is the antique statue, it may be remarked, of the *Three Graces* of which his pen-drawing is extant, and which influenced his sense of form considerably. There is a cast of the Pisano pulpit in South Kensington Museum. We have not given a lengthy account of the cathedral itself, because, compared with Pisa or Florence, it has always left us somewhat cold. The Italian-Gothic decoration of the cathedral and the piazza all seem to us mannered, and lacking in the native Italian sense of proportion. The town itself, with its windows with Spanish gratings, and its character as the largest hill-town in Italy, is of great interest.

² We prefer to give this admirable account of the unique survival of an old festival, to giving anything about Sienese art. The art of the town has its own interest for the specialist, but its particular characteristics are not easily described, are not noted by our travellers, and Sodoma is hardly mentioned by them. The best account of Sienese art is to be found in Lord Lindsay.

settled down to what we are now about to see—horse-races. The city, from the earliest days, has been divided into *contrade*, or parishes. Each *contrada* has its special church, generally of great antiquity, and each *contrada* is named after some animal or natural object, these names being symbolical of certain trades or customs. There is the wolf, giraffe, owl, snail, tower, goose, tortoise—in all seventeen. Each has its colours, heralds, pages, music, flags, all the mediæval paraphernalia of republican subdivision. . . .

Each *contrada* runs a horse at the *Palio*, ridden by a *fantino* wearing the colours of the parish; and this horse and this *fantino* are the incarnation of the honour and glory, evil and good passions, of its *contrada*. The enthusiasm is frantic, and the betting desperate.

This is Wednesday, the 16th August, and we are glad it is come, for there have been rehearsals for four days, twice every day, and the din has been deafening. According to custom, flags have been tossed each day as high as the upper windows, in a kind of quaint dance or triumph, very gracefully executed by the pages of the *contrade*. Then, too, are drums beaten and trumpets sounded within each palace *cortile*, to remind the noble marquis or my lord count—each of whom is “protector” of some *contrade*—that the *Palio* is at hand, and to intimate that a little ready cash will be joyfully received for the purchase of a swift and likely horse (an intimation the noble in question is very careful to comply with, if he desires to live peaceably at Siena).

We are awakened to-day by the great bell of the Mangia tower and a complication of military music, approaching as nearly as possible to the confusion of Babel. Later come huge bouquets, borne by four pages in full mediæval costume of rich satin, wearing plumed hats, and accompanied by drums. These bouquets are sent as acknowledgments to those nobles who have contributed to the *Palio*. The more popular the man, the larger and choicer the bouquet, which is always accepted with much ceremony.

At six o'clock, when the broiling August sun had somewhat worn itself out, a large company assembled on the great stone balcony of the Chigi Palace, every window on the immense façade being decorated with magnificent red and yellow damask. All round the Piazza these gay trappings marked the lines of the windows, where in each feudal palace stood the living representatives of many historic names.

An enormous crowd, some thirty thousand in number, gradually fills the Piazza, chattering, quarrelling, laughing, screaming. Every seat in the raised amphitheatre is soon taken; and the palace walls are lined as it were with humanity half-way up. . . . Bells ring incessantly—the great Mangia bell, the audibly beating heart of the city, in long single strokes. The thirty thousand people become impatient; and the hoary palace and the big clock, its nether eye well turned on, keep ward over all. A cannon sounds, and from the Via Casato slowly emerges the procession—the first act in this new-old racing-card. The “Wave” *contrada* comes first—four flag-bearers and four pages in middle-age costume, red and white, the flag-bearers performing as they advance the *gioco* (game) of the flags; quaint and graceful movements, such as you may see figured in Monstrelet; the *fantino*, or jockey, on an unsaddled horse; the racer, on which he is to ride by-and-by following, led by a page; in all ten different attendants for each *contrada*. The *fantino* always wears a striped surcoat, of the two colours of his *contrada*, with its symbolic image embroidered on his back in gold. Last of all comes the *carrocciolo*, embodying the visible republic, that formerly accompanied the troops to battle, and which, if taken or damaged, caused a terrible reproach and shame, such as the death of a great sovereign would now occasion. It is to our cynical eyes but a lumbering old cart, square and awkward, on which are grouped the flags of all the *contrade* in a fraternal union that never exists elsewhere.

Military bands and soldiers follow, exciting the populace to madness, who frantically clap their hands. All these *dramatis personæ*, including the *carrocciolo*, group themselves on an estrade in front of the public palace, and dispose themselves leisurely for enjoyment.

If darkness can be felt, surely silence may, and we all *felt* the pause when every man and every woman drew their breath. Again the cannon thunders, and gaily trotting out from under the dark palace gateway, fifteen little horses with fifteen party-coloured riders appear, and place themselves before a rope stretched across the course—a very necessary precaution, I assure you, for last year the horses pressed against and broke the cord with their chests (and a strong cord too), and floored five men and three horses dead in a heap on the stones.

Now they are marshalled at the rope by a middle-aged

gentleman in full evening dress—a queer contrast to the mediæval jockeys. He shows extraordinary courage in placing the horses and dragooning the riders. He gives the signal like children—*uno, due, trè, e via!*—drops his official staff, and jumps aside with what speed he can for the dear life. They are off like the wind, round the first corner, on to the murderous lamp-post, down the descent—whish! See, that horse has hugged the corner, rushed down the hill, and is safe. But here, look! this second rider is hurled off against the mattresses lining the house-walls at the fatal corner, or his brains would have been infallibly dashed out on the pavement. He falls, but thanks to this protection, is up again, bewildered, but still holding the reins, and so jumps into the saddle, and rides away. Two others just escape; and two provoking horses won't run. Many are thrown; one horse bolts up a street. Three times they rush round the Piazza, at a risk and with a speed horrible to behold; and each time the ranks are thinner. They ride well, but against all rule, for they belabour each other's heads as much as their horses' sides—very uneducated and mediæval jockeys! Down hill—up again—helter-skelter—horses without riders racing also for the fun! The drum sounds, and it is all over, and the Oca (the goose) has won; and every one knew the Oca would win, because it was the best horse; and a howl, a shriek of exultation, comes up from the crowd, which separates and opens like the bursting of a dammed-up river.

Then the Oca horse is seized by, at the very least, thirty men and boys, and the *fantino* by as many more, who lift him from his unsaddled horse; and he and the horse are kissed, and hugged, and patted, and rejoiced over, and led, then and there, to the chapel at the bottom of the Mangia tower, where the Madonna stands on the altar, in a forest of flowers, uncovered in honour of the day. And so, surging up and down among the crowd, man and horse disappear down an alley, to reappear at the church of their own *contrada*, where the priest receives and blesses them both, man and beast, and will hang up the *palio* (or banner) in the sacristy, with the date in gold letters, as a *cosa di devozione*.—Mrs. Elliot.

ORVIETO

THE FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL

Modern sculpture can show nothing which, in variety of imagination and liveliness of rendering, excels these works executed five centuries and a half ago. On the four piers, each of which is about twenty-five feet high by sixteen feet in width, the spiritual history of the human race, according to the scriptural view, is sculptured in direct or typical representations. The first is occupied with bas-reliefs which set forth the Creation and the Fall of Man, and the two great consequences of the Fall, Sin and Labour. On the next pier are sculptured with great fullness and variety, and not always with plain meaning, some of the prophetic visions and historic events in which the Future Redemption of the world was seen or prefigured by the eye of faith, or which awakened longings for the coming of the Messiah. On the third is represented the Advent, the Life and Death of the Saviour, at once the reconciling of God and man and the fulfilment of prophecy. And on the fourth is the completion of the things of the spirit, in the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, Heaven and Hell. Thus were the great facts of his religious creed set before the eyes of him who approached the church, about to pass over its threshold from the outer world. Every eye could read the story on the wall ; and though few might comprehend the full extent of its meaning, and few enter into sympathy with the imagination of the artist, yet the inspiration of faith had given such power to the work, that none could behold it without receiving some measure of its spirit.—*C. E. Norton.*

LUCA SIGNORELLI ¹

While the priest sings, and the people pray to the dance-music of the organ, let us take a quiet seat unseen, and picture to our minds how the chapel looked when Angelico and Signorelli stood before its plastered walls, and thought the thoughts with which they covered them. Four centuries have gone by since those walls were white and even to their brushes ; and now you scarce can see the golden aureoles of

¹ Vasari tells us that he is not surprised that "the works of Luca were ever highly extolled by Michelagnolo," who has imitated some of these conceptions in the Sistine Chapel.

saints, the vast wings of the angels, and the flowing robes of prophets through the gloom. Angelico came first, in monk's dress, kneeling before he climbed the scaffold to paint the angry judge, the Virgin crowned, the white-robed army of the Martyrs, and the glorious company of the Apostles. These he placed upon the roof, expectant of the Judgment. Then he passed away, and Luca Signorelli, the rich man who "lived splendidly and loved to dress himself in noble clothes," the liberal and courteous gentleman, took his place upon the scaffold. For all the worldliness of his attire and the worldliness of his living, his brain teemed with stern and terrible thoughts. He searched the secrets of sin and of the grave, of destruction and of resurrection, of heaven and hell. All these he has painted on the walls beneath the saints of Fra Angelico. First come the troubles of the last days, the preaching of Antichrist and the confusion of the wicked. In the next compartment we see the Resurrection from the tomb, and side by side with that is painted Hell. Paradise occupies another portion of the chapel. On each side of the window, beneath the Christ of Fra Angelico, are delineated scenes from the Judgment. A wilderness of arabesques, enclosing medallion portraits of poets and chiaroscuro episodes selected from Dante and Ovid, occupies the lower portions of the chapel walls beneath the great subjects enumerated above; and here Signorelli has given free rein to his fancy and his mastery over anatomical design, accumulating naked human figures in the most fantastic and audacious variety of pose.¹—*J. A. Symonds.*

¹ Forsyth epitomises the towns near Orvieto and on the road to Rome as follows: "Acquapendente broke fresh upon us, surrounded with ancient oaks, and terraces clad in the greens of a second spring, and hanging vineyards, and cascades and cliffs, and grottoes, screened with pensile foliage. Then the Lake of Bolsena expanding at San Lorenzo displayed its islands and castellated cliffs, and banks crowned with inviolate woods, and ruins built upon ruins, Bolsena mouldering on Volsinii." To continue with Evelyn, next is Montefiascone, "heretofore Falernum" . . . with its Horatian memories, its view of Soracte, and the story of the Dutch bishop who drank its wine. "From hence," continues Evelyn, "we travel a plain and pleasant champain to Viterbo, which presents itself with much state afar off, in regard of her many lofty pinnacles and towers." Here is the famous Pietà of Sebastiano del Piombo, designed by Michael Angelo.

ROME

THE APPROACH TO ROME

WE set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico ; its waters of a deep ultramarine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St. Peter's upon descending the mountains beyond Viterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible.

At length they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of Apennines, and on the other side, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was upon this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here was space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments. Levels for martial games, and room for that variety of roads and causeways that led from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements ! how many captive kings ! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface ! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa ; and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate !

During many ages, this eminence commanded almost every day such illustrious scenes ; but all are vanished : the splendid tumult is passed away ; silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then we passed a few black ill-favoured sheep feeding by the wayside, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the Manes. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke

the general stillness, and observed the shepherds' huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. . . . Heath and furze were the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewn with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls and coins, are frequently dug up together.

Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced upon slowly descending the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Tiber; when I entered an avenue between terraces and ornamented gates of villas, which leads to the Porto del Popolo, and beheld the square, the domes, the obelisk, the long perspective of streets and palaces opening beyond, all glowing with the vivid red of sunset?—*Beckford*.

We entered on the Campagna Romana; an undulating flat (as you know), where few people can live; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villainous-looking shepherd: with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy-brown mantle, tending his sheep. At the end of that distance, we stopped to refresh the horses, and to get some lunch, in a common malaria-shaken, despondent little public-house, whose every inch of wall and beam, inside, was (according to custom) painted and decorated in a way so miserable that every room looked like the wrong side of another room, and, with its wretched imitation of drapery, and lop-sided little daubs of lyres, seemed to have been plundered from behind the scenes of some travelling circus.

When we were fairly going off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal city appeared, at length, in the distance; it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses, rising

up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.—*Dickens*.

THE ANTIQUITIES

A GENERAL IMPRESSION¹

The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stones are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries: the copsewood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains—it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day. . . .

The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert full of heaps of stones and pits; and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with

¹ Shelley's account, it need hardly be said, was written when very little had been done in the way of excavation; but he saw Rome as the travellers had seen it for three hundred years.

sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. . . .

I

The next most considerable relic of antiquity, considered as a ruin, is the Thermæ of Caracalla. These consist of six enormous chambers, above 200 feet in height, and each enclosing a vast space like that of a field. There are, in addition, a number of towers and labyrinthine recesses, hidden and woven over by the wild growth of weeds and ivy. Never was any desolation more sublime and lovely. The perpendicular wall of ruin is cloven into steep ravines filled up with flowering shrubs, whose thick twisted roots are knotted in the rifts of the stones. At every stop the aerial pinnacles of shattered stone group into new combinations of effect, and tower above the lofty yet level walls, as the distant mountains change their aspect to one travelling rapidly along the plain. The perpendicular walls resemble nothing more than that cliff of Bisham wood, that is overgrown with wood, and yet is stony and precipitous—you know the one I mean; not the chalk-pit, but the spot that has the pretty copse of fir-trees and privet-bushes at its base, and where H—— and I scrambled up, and you, to my infinite discontent, would go home. These walls surround green and level spaces of lawn, on which some elms have grown, and which are interspersed towards their skirts by masses of the fallen ruin, overtwin-

with the broad leaves of the creeping weeds. The blue sky canopies it, and is as the everlasting roof of these enormous halls.

But the most interesting effect remains. In one of the buttresses, that supports an immense and lofty arch, "which bridges the very winds of heaven," are the crumbling remains of an antique winding staircase, whose sides are open in many places to the precipice. This you ascend, and arrive on the summit of these piles. There grow on every side thick entangled wildernesses of myrtle, and the myrletus, and bay, and the flowering laurestinus, whose white blossoms are just developed, the white fig, and a thousand nameless plants sown by the wandering winds. These woods are intersected on every side by paths, like sheep-tracks through the copse-wood of steep mountains, which wind to every part of the immense labyrinth. From the midst rise those pinnacles and masses, themselves like mountains, which have been seen from below. In one place you wind along a narrow strip of weed-grown ruin; on one side is the immensity of earth and sky, on the other a narrow chasm, which is bounded by an arch of enormous size, fringed by the many-coloured foliage and blossoms, and supporting a lofty and irregular pyramid, overgrown like itself with the all-prevailing vegetation. Around rise other crags and other peaks, all arrayed, and the deformity of their vast desolation softened down, by the undecaying investiture of nature. Come to Rome. It is a scene by which expression is overpowered; which words cannot convey. Still further, winding up one half of the shattered pyramids, by the path through the blooming copse-wood, you come to a little mossy lawn, surrounded by the wild shrubs; it is overgrown with anemonies, wall-flowers, and violets, whose stalks pierce the starry moss, and with radiant blue flowers, whose names I know not, and which scatter through the air the divinest odour, which, as you recline under the shade of the ruin, produces sensations of voluptuous faintness, like the combinations of sweet music. The paths still wind on, threading the perplexed windings, other labyrinths, other lawns, and deep dells of wood, and lofty rocks, and terrific chasms. When I tell you that these ruins cover several acres, and that the paths above penetrate at least half their extent, your imagination will fill up all that I am unable to express of this astonishing scene.

II

I speak of these things not in the order in which I visited them, but in that of the impression which they made on me, or perhaps chance directs. The ruins of the ancient Forum are so far fortunate that they have not been walled up in the modern city. They stand in an open, lonesome place, bounded on one side by the modern city, and the other by the Palatine Mount, covered with shapeless masses of ruin. The tourists tell you all about these things, and I am afraid of stumbling on their language when I enumerate what is so well known. There remain eight granite columns of the Ionic order, with their entablature, of the temple of Concord, founded by Camillus. I fear that the immense expanse demanded by these columns forbids us to hope that they are the remains of any edifice dedicated by that most perfect and virtuous of men. It is supposed to have been repaired under the Eastern Emperors; alas, what a contrast of recollections! Near them stand those Corinthian fluted columns, which supported the angle of a temple; the architrave and entablature are worked with delicate sculpture. Beyond, to the south, is another solitary column; and still more distant, three more, supporting the wreck of an entablature. Descending from the Capitol to the Forum, is the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, less perfect than that of Constantine, though from its proportions and magnitude a most impressive monument. That of Constantine, or rather of Titus (for the relief and sculpture, and even the colossal images of Dacian captives, were torn by a decree of the senate from an arch dedicated to the latter, to adorn that of this stupid and wicked monster, Constantine, one of whose chief merits consists in establishing a religion, the destroyer of those arts which would have rendered so base a spoliation unnecessary), is the most perfect. It is an admirable work of art. It is built of the finest marble, and the outline of the reliefs is in many parts as perfect as if just finished. Four Corinthian fluted columns support, on each side, a bold entablature, whose bases are loaded with reliefs of captives in every attitude of humiliation and slavery. The compartments above express, in bolder relief, the enjoyment of success; the conqueror on his throne, or in his chariot, or nodding over the crushed multitudes, who writhe under his horses' hoofs,

as those below express the torture and abjectness of defeat. There are three arches, whose roofs are paneled with fret-work, and their sides adorned with similar reliefs. The keystone of these arches is supported each by two winged figures of Victory, whose hair floats on the wind of their own speed, and whose arms are outstretched, bearing trophies, as if impatient to meet. They look, as it were, borne from the subject extremities of the earth, on the breath which is the exhalation of that battle and desolation, which it is their mission to commemorate. Never were monuments so completely fitted to the purpose for which they were designed, of expressing that mixture of energy and error which is called a triumph.

III

I walk forth in the purple and golden light of an Italian evening, and return by star or moonlight, through this scene. The elms are just budding, and the warm spring winds bring unknown odours, all sweet from the country. I see the radiant Orion through the mighty columns of the temple of Concord, and the mellow fading light softens down the modern buildings of the capitol, the only ones that interfere with the sublime desolation of the scene. On the steps of the capitol itself, stand two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, each with his horse, finely executed, though far inferior to those of Monte Cavallo. I ought to have observed that the central arch of the triumphal Arch of Titus yet subsists, more perfect in its proportions, they say, than any of a later date. This I did not remark. The figures of Victory, with unfolded wings, and each spurning back a globe with outstretched feet, are, perhaps, more beautiful than those on either of the others. Their lips are parted : a delicate mode of indicating the fervour of their desire to arrive at the destined resting-place, and to express the eager respiration of their speed. Indeed, so essential to beauty were the forms expressive of the exercise of the imagination and the affections considered by *Greek* artists, that no ideal figure of antiquity, not destined to some representation directly exclusive of such a character, is to be found with closed lips. Within this arch are two paneled alto-relievos, one representing a train of people bearing in procession the instruments of Jewish worship, among which is the holy candlestick with seven branches ; on the other, Titus standing on a quadriga, with a winged Victory. The grouping

of the horses, and the beauty, correctness, and energy of their delineation, is remarkable, though they are much destroyed.—*Shelley*.

THE ANCIENT CAPITOL

The Capitol was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary—a fortress surrounded with precipices, bidding defiance to all the means of attack employed in ancient times; a sanctuary, crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the *fatal* oracles, the seat of the tutelar deities of the empire. Romulus began the grand work, by erecting the temple of Jupiter Feretrius; Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus continued, and the consul Horatius Pulvillus, a few years after the expulsion of the kings, completed it, with a solidity and magnificence, says Tacitus, which the riches of succeeding ages might adorn, but could not increase. It was burned during the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, and rebuilt shortly after; but again destroyed by fire in the dreadful contest that took place in the very Forum itself, and on the sides of the Capitoline Mount, between the partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian. This event Tacitus laments, with the spirit and indignation of a Roman, as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen the city. And, indeed, if we consider that the public archives, and of course the most valuable records of its history, were deposited there, we must allow that the catastrophe was peculiarly unfortunate, not to Rome only, but to the world at large.

However, the Capitol rose once more from its ashes with redoubled splendour, and received, from the munificence of Vespasian, and of Domitian, his son, its last and most glorious embellishments. The edifices were probably, in sight and destination, nearly the same as before the conflagration; but more attention was paid to symmetry, to costliness, and, above all, to grandeur and magnificence. The northern entrance led under a triumphal arch to the centre of the hill, and to the sacred grove, the asylum opened by Romulus, and almost the cradle of Roman power. On the right, on the eastern summit, stood the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. On the left, on the western summit, was that of Jupiter Custos (Jupiter the Guardian); near each of these temples were the fanes of inferior Divinities, that of Fortune, and that of Fides (Fide-

lity), alluded to by Cicero. In the midst, to crown the pyramid formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, rose the residence of the guardian of the empire, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left, and Minerva on his right side, the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and in the other wielding the sceptre of the universe.

Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and to implore the favour of the gods before they marched to battle. Hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph, in order to suspend the spoils of conquered nations, to present captive monarchs, and to offer up hecatombs to Tarpeian Jove. Here, in cases of danger and distress, the senate was assembled, and the magistrates convened to deliberate in the presence, and under the immediate influence, of the tutelar gods of Rome. Here the laws were exhibited to public inspection, as if under the sanction of the divinity; and here also they were deposited, as if entrusted to his guardian care. Hither Cicero turned his hands and eyes, when he closed his first oration against Catiline, with that noble address to Jupiter, presiding in the Capitol over the destinies of the empire, and dooming its enemies to destruction.

In the midst of these magnificent structures, of this wonderful display of art and opulence, stood for ages the humble straw-roofed palace of Romulus, a monument of primitive simplicity, dear and venerable in the eyes of the Romans.—*Eustace*.

THE COLOSSEUM ¹

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest truth, to say : so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour : that, for a moment—

¹ Nothing delighted the nineteenth-century travellers more than the Colosseum by moonlight. Byron sang it in *Manfred*, and Goethe has written : "Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having witnessed it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three several days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the

actually in passing in—they who will, may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger the next moment, like a softened sorrow ; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year ; its walls and arches overgrown with green ; its corridors open to the day ; the long grass growing in its porches ; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit : chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies ; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the centre ; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it ; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius Severus, and Titus ; the Roman Forum ; the Palace of the Cæsars ; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone ; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. GOD be thanked : a ruin !—*Dickens.*

THE FORUM

It is an awful and a solemn thing to visit the valley of the Forum by night ; the darkness of ages and the dimness of decay are imaged by the heavy gloom that then hangs around these mysterious precincts—precincts haunted by the mighty

Coliseum. At night it is always closed ; a hermit dwells in a little shrine within its range, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches : the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it, while above the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to contemplate the scene through the iron gratings, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud."

dead, whose shadows seem yet to linger about the habitations they loved so well when living. Yonder stood that venerable Forum, the hearth and home of early as of imperial Rome; the market, the exchange, the judgment-seat, the promenade, the parliament, where lived, and moved, and loved and fought that iron nation predestined to possess the earth, founded (in the fabulous days when the world was young, and the gods loved "the daughters of men") by Romulus on the field where he waged battle with the Sabine forces. Finding that his troops were flying before the enemy, and that no one would face about to fight, Romulus knelt down in the midst of this terrified soldiers, and lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed "Father Jupiter" to defend and rally his people, now in extreme peril. Jupiter, it was believed, heard and granted his prayer; for the fugitives, struck with sudden reverence for their king, turned, re-formed their broken lines, and repulsed the advancing Sabines. But the daughters of the Sabines, who had previously been forcibly carried off from the Great Circus, rushed down from the Aventine between the opposing armies, with their infants in their arms, calling now on a Roman husband, now on a Sabine father or brother to desist, and so stayed the fight by their cries, lamentations, and entreaties. Peace was then concluded between the two nations, and Tatius, the Sabine king, offered sacrifices and joined in eternal friendship with Romulus—burying the wrongs done to the Sabine women in the foundations of the common Forum. Tarquinius Priscus erected spacious porticoes around it to screen and temper the halls from the sun and wind, and built shops for the foreign wares that came from Ostia, Antium, and Etruria: those shops for ever famous as the spot where perished the girl Virginia by her father's hand.

I

I endeavoured to rebuild the fallen walls of the Forum such as they afterwards appeared—a vast and noble enclosure—surrounded by many ranges of marble columns, open arcades, and majestic porticoes, stretching away in long lines towards the Capitoline Mount. Between these stately colonnades rose a wall of division, hung, in the time of Cæsar, with splendid drapery, to shelter the togaed senators, tribunes, and patricians, who paced up and down on brilliant mosaic floors, or sat in judgment in the senate-house, or gave laws to the

universe. Innumerable statues, modelled by the best sculptors of Greece and Rome, broke the lines of the pillars, while brilliant paintings decorated the internal walls, within whose ample enclosure rose three great basilicas—the Optima, the Æmilian, and the Julian, besides the Comitium, where the Curiae met. The rostra also stood within the Forum, containing the orator's pulpit, where Rome so often hung enchanted over the eloquence of Cicero; where Mark Antony fired the populace to revenge "great Cæsar's fall," the mutilated body lying on a bier exposed before him; where Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience; and where Manlius sought to suspend the fatal sentence hanging over him as he pointed to the Capitol and bade his countrymen remember how his arm alone had sustained it. Close at hand was the tribunal where the magistrates sat on ivory chairs, whence came the decree of Brutus condemning his own sons to die, and that other of Titus Manlius, who preferred his son's death at his tribunal rather than, living, know him disobedient to the consular power, then vested in himself—barbarous rigour, that afterwards wrought such grief and woe, when power and injustice went hand in hand in Rome! Near here grew the Ruminalis—that mysterious fig tree whose shade sheltered Romulus and Remus while the wolf suckled them. In the time of Augustus it was enclosed in a temple. The sanctuary of Vesta, with its roof of bronze, stood near the Comitium, circular in shape, chaste, and pure in design, where the sacred virgins, clad in long white vestments bordered with imperial purple, tended the sacred fire that burned under the image of the goddess, and guarded the Palladium—a golden shield, on whose preservation it was said Rome's existence depended. Behind the temple, at the foot of the Palatine, stretches a wood of evergreen oaks devoted to silence and repose, where the dark branches waved over the tombs of departed vestals, whose spirits it was believed passed at once to the delights of the Elysian Fields. Under the Palatine Hill, and near the shrine of Vesta, a pure fountain of freshest water broke into a magnificent marble basin close to the portico of a temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux. It was said, and believed, that after the battle of Lake Regillus, the great twin brethren, mounted on snow-white horses and radiant in celestial beauty, suddenly appeared in the Forum, and announced to the anxious and expectant multitude the victory gained by their fellow-citizens over the Etruscans. At this fountain they

stopped and refreshed their horses, and when asked whence they came and by what name men called them, they suddenly disappeared. So the Romans raised a temple to their honour by the spring where they had rested on mortal earth.

II

Where now the moon lights up a barren space, the Gulf of Curtius once yawned in the very midst of the Forum, to the horror and astonishment of the superstitious senators, who judged the omen so awful, that the anger of the gods could only be allayed by the sacrifice of what Rome deemed most precious—a bold and noble warrior, armed *cap-à-pie*, who flung himself headlong into the abyss.

Afterwards Domitian raised, as it were in derision, a colossal statue of himself over this spot hallowed by patriotic recollections. Beside it stands the single column of Phocas, once crowned by his gilded statue; while, to the right, the massive pile of the triumphant Arch of Severus flings down black shadows on the marble stairs descending from the Capitol.

The Capitol, the heart of Rome, the sanctuary of the pagan world, stood forth in my fancy radiant and glorious, piled with glittering temples, superb porticoes, and lofty arches, the abodes of the gods on earth. Here, amidst statues, monuments and columns, rose sumptuous fanes consecrated to Peace, to Vespasian, Jupiter Feretrius and Saturn; while crowning the hill and overlooking the Forum, is the Tabularium, surrounded by long ranges of open porticoes, within whose walls hang recorded, on tables of brass, the treaties Rome concluded with friends or enemies.

Around is an open space called the Intermontium, between the rising peaks of the hill, where grew a few shattered time-worn oaks, endeared to the plebs by the recollection that Romulus made this spot at all times the most sacred and inviolable asylum to those who sought the hospitality of his new city. All crimes, all treasons safely harboured here! To the right, high above the rest, uprose the awful temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, at once a fortress and a sanctuary—the most venerable and the most gorgeous pile that the imagination of man can conceive, adorned with all that art could invent, and blazing with the plunder of the world. Here came the consuls to assume the military dress, and to offer

sacrifices before proceeding to battle. Here, in special seasons of danger, the senate assembled before the statue of the god who presided, as it were, over the destinies of the people ; here the tables of the law were displayed to the citizens, and the most splendid religious rites performed. The façade, turned towards the south and east, consisted of a gigantic portico supported by six ranges of columns ; statues of gilt bronze alternated with the pillars, on which were suspended countless trophies of victory, magnificent shields and plates of gold, glittering arms won from barbarian enemies, together with swords, axes, and shields worn by generals who had returned victorious to Rome, and who had enjoyed the honours of a military triumph. Statues of gilt bronze were ranged along the roof, covered in with tiles of gilt brass, all save the cupola, which was open, disdaining any other roofing than that of the eternal heavens. Superb basso-relievi decorated the entablature and frieze, and vast colonnades of the most precious marbles extended on either side of the central temple, linking together two side porticoes of almost equal splendour. That to the right was dedicated to Juno ; that to the left to Minerva, the wife and daughter of the terrible god who sat enthroned within the gilded walls of the central sanctuary, crowned with a golden diadem, wearing a toga of purple, and holding in his hand the awful thunder destined to destroy the enemies of imperial Rome. Jupiter, "supremely great and good," had never, according to the Romans, condescended to inhabit any other earthly abode, and was particularly propitious when approached in his great temple on the Capitol, where his altars burned with perpetual incense spread by imperial hands, and generals, Cæsars, kings, and potentates came from the far ends of the earth to offer costly sacrifices and worship.—*Mrs. Elliot.*

THE PALATINE

Augustus was the founder of the Palace of the Cæsars. He comprised within his own habitation the house of Hortensius, of Cicero, and of some other of the victims of that bloody proscription which sealed the last Triumvirate. . . . Not satisfied with the splendid dwelling of his predecessor, Tiberius built himself a house on the north side of the Palatine, looking into the Velabrum. Caligula, though he had the two houses of the two preceding emperors, built himself two more ; one on the north-east corner of the Palatine, fronting the Capitol,

and the other on the Capitoline hill itself; and these he connected by a bridge thrown across the Forum, which Claudius, though not very wise himself, had sense enough to pull down, as well as the house on the Capitol.

Then came Nero, and built himself a house, which he called *Transitoria*, and burnt it down, and Rome along with it; and erected the *Domus Aurea*, a palace such as the world never saw. Not only was the whole of its interior covered with gold and with gems . . . but it was adorned with the finest paintings and statues the world could furnish—the most exquisite productions of Greek art. We read, too, of triple porticoes a mile in length; of a circular banqueting room, that perpetually turned round night and day, in imitation of the motion of the sun; of vaulted ceilings of ivory, which opened of themselves and scattered flowers upon the guests, and golden pipes that shed over them showers of soft perfumes. Not content with covering the whole of the Palatine with his “Golden House,” Nero extended its gardens and pleasure-grounds over the whole plain south of the Forum, and even upon the Esquiline and Cælian hills. The Colosseum occupies the site of the largest of these lakes Nero made in his gardens, which Tacitus describes in such glowing colours. . . . But we must remember that the word *lacus* was applied by the Romans to every piece of still water, however small. . . . The principal one . . . was drained to make way for the immense circumference of the Flavian Amphitheatre. . . . It is said that Vespasian, at the same time that he drained the lake, pulled down all that Nero had erected beyond the Palatine, reducing the Imperial Palace to the hill that once contained Rome. . . . Domitian began to build up what his predecessors had pulled down, and added to the palace the *Adonea*, or halls and gardens of Adonis, the surpassing splendour of which excited the astonishment even of that age of magnificence. This celebrated building was still standing in the time of Severus.—*Mrs. Eaton.*

CAMPUS MARTIUS

From the hills we descended to the Campus Martius, in the early ages of the Republic an open field devoted to military exercises and well calculated for that purpose by its level grassy surface, and the neighbourhood of the river winding along its border. In process of time some edifices of public utility

were erected upon it ; but their number was small during the Republic ; while under the Emperors they were increased to such a degree, that the Campus Martius became another city composed of theatres, porticoes, baths and temples. These edifices were not only magnificent in themselves, but surrounded with groves and walks, and arranged with a due regard to perspective beauty. Such is the idea which we must naturally form of buildings erected by Consuls and Emperors, each endeavouring to rival or surpass his predecessor in magnificence ; and such is the description which Strabo gives of the Campus in his time, that is, nearly in the time of its greatest glory. This superb theatre of glorious edifices, when beheld from the Janiculum, bordered in front by the Tiber, and closed behind by the Capitol, the Viminal, the Quirinal, and the Pincian hills, with temples, palaces and gardens lining their sides and swelling from their summits, must have formed a picture of astonishing beauty, splendour and variety, and have justified the proud appellation so often bestowed on Rome of “the temple and abode of the gods.” But of all the pompous fabrics that formed this assemblage of wonders how few remain ! and of the remaining few how small the numbers of those which retain any features of their ancient majesty ! Among these latter can hardly be reckoned Augustus’ tomb, the vast vaults and substructions of which indeed exist, but its pyramidal form and pillars are no more ; or Marcellus’ theatre half buried under the superstructure raised upon its vaulted galleries ; or the portico of Octavia lost with its surviving arch and a few shattered pillars in the *Pescheria*. Of such surviving edifices the principal indeed is the Pantheon itself.—*Eustace*.

THE PANTHEON¹

The square of the Pantheon, or Piazza della Rotonda, is adorned with a fountain and an obelisk, and terminated by the portico of Agrippa. This noble colonnade consists of a double range of Corinthian pillars of red granite. Between the middle columns, which are a little farther removed from each other than the others, a passage opens to the brazen portals which, as they unfold, expose to view a circular hall of immense extent, crowned with a lofty dome, and lighted

¹ Michael Angelo made very few changes in converting this temple into the church of S. Maria Rotunda. Among the tombs are those of Raphael, Annibale Caracci, and of Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert.

solely from above. It is paved and lined with marble. Its cornice of white marble is supported by sixteen columns and as many pilasters of *giallo antico* (antique yellow); in the circumference there are eight niches, and between these niches are eight altars adorned each with two pillars of less size but of the same materials. The niches were anciently occupied by statues of the great deities; the intermediate altars served as pedestals for the inferior powers. The proportions of this temple are admirable for the effect intended to be produced; its height being equal to its diameter, and its dome not an oval but an exact hemisphere.

Such is the Pantheon, the most noble and perfect specimen of Roman art and magnificence that time has spared, or the ancients could have wished to transmit to posterity. It has served in fact as a lesson and a model to succeeding generations; and to it Constantinople is indebted for Santa Sophia, and to it Rome, or rather the world, owes the unrivalled dome of the Vatican.—*Eustace*.

THE MOLE OF HADRIAN

The Emperor Hadrian, who delighted in architecture and magnificence, determined to rival, or more probably to surpass, the splendour of Augustus's tomb, and erected a mausoleum, which, from its size and solidity, was called *Moles Hadriani* (Hadrian's Mole).¹ As the Campus Martius was already crowned with tombs, temples, and theatres, he selected for its site a spot on the opposite bank of the river, at the foot of the Vatican Mount; where, on a vast quadrangular platform of solid stone, he raised a lofty circular edifice surrounded by a Corinthian portico, supported by twenty-four pillars of a beautiful kind of white marble tinged with purple. The *tholus*, or continuation of the inner wall, formed a second story adorned with Ionic pilasters; a dome surmounted by a cone of brass crowned the whole fabric, and gave to it the appearance of a most majestic temple. To increase its splendour, four statues occupied the four corners of the platform, twenty-four adorned the portico, and occupied the intervals between the columns; an equal number rose above the entablature; and a proportional series occupied the niches of the second story between the pilasters. It is superfluous to observe that the whole fabric was cased with marble, or that the statues

¹ It afterwards became the Castle of St. Angelo.

were the works of the best masters ; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that this monument was considered as the noblest sepulchral edifice ever erected, and one of the proudest ornaments of Rome, even when she shone in all her imperial magnificence.

Yet the glory of this mausoleum was transitory ; its matchless beauty claimed in vain the attention of absent emperors ; the genius of Hadrian, the manes of the virtuous Antonini, names so dear to the Roman world, pleaded in vain for its preservation. The hand of time daily defaced its ornaments, the zeal of Honorius stripped it of its pillars, and the military skill of Belisarius turned it into a temporary fortress.—*Eustace*.

THE CIRCUS OF CARACALLA

This circus, about two miles from the gates of Rome, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a clear notion of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. A considerable portion of the exterior, and in many places the vault that supported the seats, remain. The foundation of the two obelisks that terminated the *spina* (a sort of separation that ran lengthwise through the circus) and formed the goals, still exists. Near the principal goal on one side, behind the benches, stands a sort of tower where the judges sat. One of the extremities supported a gallery which contained a band of musicians, and is flanked by two towers, whence the signal for starting was given. Its length is one thousand six hundred and two feet, its breadth two hundred and sixty : the length of the *spina* is nine hundred and twenty-two. The distance from the *carcer* or end, whence they started to the first *meta* or goal, was five hundred and fifty feet. There were seven ranges of seats, which contained about twenty-seven thousand spectators. As jostling and every exertion of skill, strength, or cunning were allowed, the chariots were occasionally overturned, and as the drivers had the reins tied round their bodies, several melancholy accidents took place. To remove the bodies of charioteers bruised or killed in such exertions, a large gate was open in the side of the circus near the first *meta*, where such accidents were likeliest to take place on account of the narrowness of the space ; and this precaution was necessary, as the ancients deemed it a most portentous omen to go through a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body. On the end opposite the *carcer*

was a triumphal arch, or grand gate, through which the victorious charioteer drove amidst the shouts and acclamations of the spectators. There were originally four sets of drivers, named from the colours which they wore—*Albati* (White), *Russati* (Red), *Prasini* (Green), and *Veneti* (Blue). To these four Domitian added two more, *Aurei* (Yellow), and *Purpurei* (Purple). Each colour drove five rounds with fresh horses. There are stables, therefore, close to the circus; and in the centre of these stables a circular fabric of at least seventy-two feet diameter, with an open space around inclosed by a high wall. This building was probably a riding-school, and is supposed to have been crowned with a temple.—*Eustace*.

ISOLA TIBERINA

The Isola Tiberina, called during the middle ages Isola di S. Bartolomeo, the island of S. Bartholomew,¹ is situated in the middle of the Tiber, a little below the Ponte Sisto. . . . The communication from the city to the Isola and thence to the Trastevere is preserved by two bridges, one on, the other off the island, the first called the Ponte di Quattro Capi, and the second the Ponte S. Bartolomeo. . . . Without troubling ourselves with the uncertain causes that led to the island's first appearance, . . . an event connected with its early history, and referred to by Livy, which occurred about 62 years after its supposed origin, or 291 years before the Christian era; and first led to its being occupied by houses and buildings as it is at present, . . . is related as follows:

At the period above stated Rome was visited by a severe plague, that ravaged both town and country, to use the identical expression of the writer, like a burning pestilence, and caused so violent a sensation among the authorities, that the Senate determined, after having duly consulted the Sibylline books in the Capitol, to despatch an embassy to the celebrated god of medicine, Esculapius whose principal temple was in the town of Epidaurus, in the Peloponnesus. The expedition was necessarily postponed for a considerable period in consequence of military operations at that time in progress; but eventually, after the priests had made propitiatory sacrifices, and the people had offered up a general supplication to the deity, it departed. The ship that conveyed the deputation

¹ With a church containing the body of St. Bartholomew deposited, if the tradition be accurate, in 938.

having arrived at Epidaurus, the high priest of [Esculapius presented to the members of that body as a remedy for the contagious distemper that prevailed, a sacred snake or serpent, of which creatures there were it appears several kept alive in the temple. . . . The Esculapian snake in question was safely conveyed on the way homeward across the Mediterranean and up the Tiber, but in the process of disembarkation the reptile somehow or other made its escape, and slipping through its keeper's fingers got to island; which accident it would seem was considered a miraculous indication on the part of the deity of the spot whereon to build him a temple; and a temple dedicated to Esculapius was built there accordingly. At the same time, in commemoration of the expedition to Epidaurus, the island, naturally of a narrow oval form, lying with its longer axis in the direction of the stream, was fashioned at its southern extremity into the form of the bow of a ship, and covered with an encasement of stone formed of blocks of travertino; and, in addition, an obelisk of granite was erected in the middle in imitation of a mast.

The island at the present day, from its oval form, is easily reconcilable with the tale related of it, and is about 1200 feet in length, 400 feet across the middle, and contains, notwithstanding the limited area, a church, a convent, an hospital, and a considerable number of small dwelling-houses. . . . Upon the eastern side there is a descent by a very steep flight of steps, that may be compared to a ship's rope ladder, to the beach, which, whenever the river happens to be tolerably low, affords a sufficient footing of dry land to stand upon and inspect the artificial formation of the bank above alluded to. The form, corresponding with the bow of a ship, may be distinctly recognised, and the encasement of solid blocks of travertino,¹ reduced to a smooth face, is surmounted by a frieze sculptured in bas-relief with appropriate emblems of the Epidaurian embassy, where the serpent may be very clearly distinguished.—*Sir G. Head.*

THE ENVIRONS OF ANCIENT ROME

Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum, lined with solitary columns, and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount, encumbered with the substructions

¹ Very rarely used before the first century B.C.

of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo; and farther on, ascended the Celian Mount with the Temple of Faunus on its summit. On the right was the Aventine, spotted with heaps of stone swelling amidst its lonely vineyards. To the left, the Esquiline, with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts; and in the same line, the Viminal, and the Quirinal supporting the once magnificent Baths of Diocletian. The Baths of Antoninus, the Temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric bearing on its shattered form the traces of destruction, as well as the furrows of age, lay scattered up and down the vast field; while the superb temples of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce, arose with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments, amidst the extensive waste of time and of desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, formed a frame of venerable aspect, well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, *Romani bustum populi*.

Beyond the walls the eye ranged over the storied plain of Latium, now the deserted Campagna, and rested on the Alban Mount, which rose before us to the south, shelving downwards on the west towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards the Latin vale. Here, it presents Tusculum in white lines on its declivity; there, it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake, once the site of Alba Longa, and towering boldly in the centre with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward, we beheld the Tiburtine hills, with Tibur reclining on their side; and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines, which at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles swept round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The *Montes Cimini* (the Ciminian Mountains), and several lesser hills, diverging from the great parent ridge, the *Pater Apenninus* (Father Apennine), continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea and forms a perfect theatre. Mount Soracte, thirty miles to the north, lifts his head, an insulated and striking feature. While the Tiber, enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain; and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls, like the Po, a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer.

The tract now expanded before us was the country of the Etrurians, Veientes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci,

Aequi and Hernici, and of course the scene of the wars and the exertions of the victories and the triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly four hundred years of her history.—*Eustace.*

THE APOSTLES IN ROME

I wish to note down the traditionary footsteps of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, having visited the various spots connected with their supposed residence here with great interest. . . . While St. Peter was still unmolested and residing at the house of Pudens—now the spot where stands the interesting and most ancient church of Santa Pudenziana, near Santa Maria Maggiore—he again exhibited an example of that weakness of character which led him basely to deny the Divine Lord he loved. A persecution against the Christians was again threatened; he became alarmed for his personal safety, and his friends strongly urged his flight. Peter listened to them, and allowing himself to be influenced by their persuasions, he fled from Rome, passing out of the Porta San Sebastiano, under the massive arch of Drusus, spanning the Appian Way—now called the Street of Tombs.

He proceeded a mile, to a spot where the road separates, forming a fork, leading in one direction towards the Fountain of Egeria, and by the other to the church of San Sebastiano, built over the most practicable entrance into the catacombs, beside the tomb of Cecilia Metella. St. Peter, says ecclesiastical tradition, had reached this precise fork where the road separates, when he beheld advancing towards him his Divine Master. Astonished at the sight, he exclaimed, “Lord, where goest thou?” (*Domine quo vadis?*) To which question the glorified form replied, “I go to Rome, to be again crucified;” and disappeared.

This vision explained to the Apostle what were the intentions of his Divine Master respecting himself, and the meaning of that prophecy—“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou art old thou shalt stretch forth thine hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.” He instantly retraced his steps, and returned to Rome, where shortly the deepest dungeons of the Mamertine prisons opened to receive him.

The actual church of *Domine quo Vadis* has nothing but its beautifully suggestive legend to recommend it, otherwise it is a

miserable little place ; indeed, there is a vulgar, tawdry look about the interior quite painful to the feelings of those who arrive eager to behold the scene of one, if not the most touching, of the Church's early legends. A stone, bearing the impress of what is said to have been the Divine foot, but which measures some thirty inches at least in length, and is singularly "out of drawing" in every way, stands just at the entrance to the nave.

When the Apostles quitted the Mamertine prisons, tradition leads them to the Ostian Way, where they were separated previous to undergoing martyrdom. A stone marks the spot, engraven with their parting words : "Peace be with thee, thou founder of the Church"—(St. Paul is supposed to say to St. Peter)—"thou shepherd of the universal flock of Jesus Christ." To which St. Peter replied, "God be with thee, thou mighty preacher, who guidest the just in the living way." St. Paul was then led on to a deserted plain three miles from the city, to which I shall return, first following the footsteps of St. Peter through the busy streets, and over the Tiber, to the steep heights of the Janiculum, where, in sight of great pagan Rome, he suffered crucifixion—begging of his executioners to be reversed on the cruel tree, as a last and crowning act of humiliation, declaring himself unworthy to die in the same upright attitude as his Divine Master.

Where he expired, and on the spot where the cross was erected, now stands the church of San Pietro in Montorio. It was selected by Rome's republican defenders as a barrack—showing how little Papal teaching for the last eighteen centuries had profited the lower population of its own capital.

. . . I must now take up the traditionary footsteps of St. Paul from the same point as those of St. Peter, namely, before his entrance into the Mamertine prisons. On first arriving in the Eternal City, St. Paul remained for two years unmolested. During that period he resided in a house situated where now stands the church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, next door to the sumptuous palace of the Dorias. . . . After the imprisonment of St. Paul, and his separation from St. Peter, he was led out about three miles from Rome—on the Ostian Way—to a desolate place in the Campagna, where he was beheaded.—*Mrs. Elliot.*

THE PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS

When I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground¹ is there ; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young ; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment ; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey ; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him ; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets ; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land ; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourself : and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed ; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.—*Rogers*.

¹ “The English burying-place,” wrote Shelley, of the spot where his ashes were to lie, “is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion.” The modest grave of Keats (with that of the faithful Severn by it) is in the larger cemetery by a trench. Shelley’s memorial is in the smaller cemetery with a wall dividing it from the pyramid. There are cypress trees, and roses grow near the keeper’s lodge. A heavy odour of mortality makes the place dangerous except for the briefest visit.

THE CATACOMBS

AN EARLY ACCOUNT

The Catacombs . . . running many miles under ground, made anciently a Christian Rome under the Heathen. There were divers of these catacombs in the primitive times, and they were called diversely: Arenaria, Cryptæ, Areae, Concilia Martyrum, Poliandria, but most frequently Cemeteria, that is, *dormitaria*, because here reposed the bodies of the holy Martyrs and Saints *qui obdormiverunt in domino*. But the greatest of all these *coemeterie* was this of Calixtus. In these catacombs during the persecutions raised against the Christians by ten heathen emperors, the faithful believers, together with their popes and pastors, used privately¹ to meet to exercise their religion, and steal their devotions; that is, to hear mass in little round chapels painted overhead poorly; minister the sacraments; bury the dead martyrs and confessors in the walls of the long alleys, preach, hold conferences; and even celebrate councils too sometimes. I descended several times into several parts of the catacombs with a good experienced guide (which you must be sure of) and with wax lights (torches being too stifling) and wandered in them up and down with extraordinary satisfaction of mind. The streets underground are cut out with men's hands and mattocks. They are as high as a man, for the most part, and no broader than for two men to meet. All the way long, the sides of these alleys are full of holes, as long as a man, and sometimes there are three rows, one over another, in which they buried their martyrs and confessors: and that posterity might afterwards know which were martyrs, which confessors, they engraved upon the stone which mured them up, or upon one of the bricks, a palm branch in sign of a martyr, and a *Pro Christo* in cyphers for a confessor. It is recorded that during the foresaid persecutions,² a hundred and seventy-four thousand martyrs were

¹ Recent opinion has modified this, if the word is used in the sense of absolute secrecy.

² The diminution of the number of the martyrs by Gibbon is perhaps no more accurate than the excessive estimate of this account. Dr. Arnold (of Rugby) in describing S. Stefano Rotondo on the Cœlian, with its series of pictures of the persecutions, observes: "Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty—by fifty if you will—but after all you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments for conscience' sake and for Christ's."

buried here in this cemetery of Calixtus : among whom were nineteen popes martyrs. Hence these catacombs have always been esteemed as a place of great devotion, and much frequented by devout persons. The words over the door, as you descend into them from the church of S. Sebastian, tell you, how S. Jerome confesseth that he used every Sunday and holiday during his stay in Rome, to go to these catacombs. And a picture hung over the same door sheweth how S. Philip Neri used to frequent these holy places in the night.—*Lassels*.

De Rossi is at the present time the most distinguished antiquarian of Rome, because he two years ago discovered the Christian Catacomb of the first century, which was unknown, or had been forgotten, ever since the fifth century ; and he has arrived at this discovery by having, in the first place, discovered the so-called Calixti Catacomb, with the graves of Fabianus, and Saint Cecilia and many other of the ancient martyrs. This last-mentioned catacomb, of which much is said in the writings of the oldest pilgrims of the sixth and seventh centuries, has been considered in latter times to exist in a totally different place to that in which De Rossi found it. New and very careful examinations in the district of the church of San Sebastiano led to his discovering that a cow-house, in a vineyard, contained a Christian basilica of the oldest date. Broken pieces of marble with burial inscriptions, which were found under the stones and rubbish, led to the supposition in his mind that the actual Calixti Catacomb would be found under his church. He communicated his discovery and his suppositions to the Pope, Pio Nono, who encouraged him, and furnished him with means to purchase the cow-house and vineyard, and to undertake the excavation. The results of all this were rich beyond description. The actual Calixti Catacomb, with the martyrs' graves, was not only discovered, the descent being found near the little and extremely ancient church, but in connection therewith the very most ancient catacomb where the Christians during the first and second centuries congregated, as well as interred their dead. The entrance to this had been again walled up, and, if I am not mistaken, not opened until by De Rossi.

It was with a beaming countenance that the fortunate discoverer led us to those subterranean chambers, by the very way which the most ancient pilgrims had descended. This was a handsome convenient flight of white marble steps. We went down, each of us bearing a lighted candle—two guides

going in advance with torches. We reached the Catacomb of Calixtus. The chapels, the graves, and the passages are in many places ornamented with marble columns, bas-reliefs and paintings. The number and character of the tombs show that this catacomb belonged, after the fourth century, to a poor and insignificant mass of people no longer, but to one sufficiently powerful to make itself regarded and feared by a politically wise prince and ruler. It had, in fact, taken possession of the realm, in order to retain which, Constantine, called the Great, was obliged to adopt, or at least protect, its doctrines. The most interesting of the mausoleums was that in which the most ancient Bishops of Rome, Popes Sixtus, Fabianus, and many other martyrs, were buried. The inscriptions on the marble tablets above the niches in the walls, which contain the dead, are perfectly well preserved, but consist merely of the names of the dead and the short addition, "*Martyr*." One inscription in this chamber, not upon a tomb, by Archbishop Damas, of the fourth century, excellently restored by De Rossi, praises "the men and women who are here interred because they died for their faith." "In this chamber," adds the pious bishop, "should I, Damas, have wished to sleep, but I would not disturb the repose of the martyrs!"

In the mausoleum of Saint Cecilia you see the empty space of the sarcophagus, which is now to be found in the church of Santa Cecilia di Trastevere, together with a painting representing her with a glory and uplifted supplicating hands. Other paintings also of Christian martyrs are here; amongst these, one of the bishop who interred Saint Cecilia, and whose name, Urbanus, may be easily spelled out in letters which surround his head like a frame. The pictures are all in the stiff Byzantine style, with rich costumes and gilding. The countenances are nothing less than beautiful. This mausoleum, like the one we had just left, is spacious and beautifully proportioned. Smoke on the walls, as of a lamp, shows that people had there watched and prayed. The whole of this Catacomb is lighted by circular openings, which admit light and air into the subterranean burial-place. After about an hour's wandering along innumerable passages, through many chapels resembling the last mentioned, we arrived at the Catacomb of the first century. Before we descended into it, De Rossi called our attention to an inscription, which is found often repeated by the same hand, upon the walls all the way from the mausoleums in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, to

the entrance into this of the earlier Christians. A pilgrim who had wandered through these chambers whilst he prayed for a friend, and he has inscribed his prayer on the walls in these words :—

“Sophronia! Live thou in God!”

He appears then to have paused at the door of the oldest catacomb, and the prayer now expresses itself in words which show that he knew his prayer was heard. Here, in Roman letters, one can plainly decipher—*“Sophronia dulcis, vive in Deo! Tu vivis in Deo!”* (Sophronia, sweet one, live in God! Thou dost live in God!) The letters are dark red, as if written in blood. Who can avoid thinking here—“Love is stronger than death?”

We entered the Catacomb of the first century. Here there is no splendour, no marble pillars, or pictures; narrow streets and passages, in which are niches, low openings or stages in the walls, three stories high, and bones, chalk-like dust, lying everywhere. Here, no light, no atmosphere is admitted from without, but still the air is as wonderfully good, warm, and pure as if it were that of a tranquil sleeping-chamber, where it is good to rest. Here had a poor and persecuted people sought shelter for their dead, as well as for their preaching of the resurrection of the dead. Neither yet were the monuments of the earliest Christians here deficient in culture or art. Many fresco paintings in the mausoleums exhibited both these, and they far excelled in style and artistic value the Byzantine pictures in the catacombs of the fourth century. At the end of one little chapel was a well-preserved humorous painting, representing a shepherd who preaches to his flock. Some listen attentively, others wander away from him, others feed on the meadow, one ram bleats toward the preacher, with a horrible grimace. In the meantime, you see that a heavy shower of rain is falling. Another painting, also good and well-preserved, represents Moses, who with his staff, opens the bosom of the rock, and the water gushes forth. Here you see the place where the altar has stood; you see the smoke on the walls, and the smoke of the lamp on the ceiling. The symbols of the Holy Communion are represented in more than one of the chambers, as a glass with wine, above which is laid a fish, and also a plate with the holy wafer. I approached my candle to the wine in the glass; it shone as red and as fresh as if it had been painted yesterday, and not nearly two thousand years ago.—*Frederika Bremer.*

PERSONAL ACCOUNTS

ROME IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

. . . On the 2nd of December we hired apartments at the house of a Spaniard, opposite the church of Santa Lucia della Tinta. We were here provided with three handsome bed-rooms, a dining-room, closet, stable and kitchen, for twenty crowns a month, for which sum the landlord agreed to include a cook, and fire for the kitchen. The apartments at Rome are generally furnished better than those at Paris, the people here having great quantities of gilt leather, with which the higher class of rooms are lined. For the same price we gave for these lodgings, we might have had some at the Golden Vase, close by, hung with cloth of gold and silk, quite like a royal palace, but, besides that the rooms here were less independent of one another than those we took, M. de Montaigne was of opinion that all this magnificence was not only quite superfluous, but that we should find it very troublesome, with reference to taking care of the furniture, for there was not a bed in the place which was not of the estimated value of four or five hundred crowns. At our lodgings we bargained for a supply of linen—much the same as in France—a necessary precaution in a place where they are somewhat chary of this article.

M. de Montaigne was annoyed at finding so many Frenchmen here; he hardly met a person in the street who did not salute him in his own language. He was very much struck with the sight of so crowded a court, so peopled with prelates and churchmen; it appeared to him that there were more rich men and more rich equipages here, by far, than in any other court he had ever been at. He said that the appearance of the streets, especially from the number of people thronging them, reminded him more of Paris than any town he had ever seen. The modern city lies along the river Tiber, on both sides. The hilly quarter, where the ancient town stood, and to which he daily made visits, is cut up with the gardens of the cardinals, and the grounds attached to various churches and private houses. He judged, from manifest appearances, and from the height of the ruins, that the form of the hills and their slopes had altogether changed from what it was in the old time, and he felt certain that in several places the modern Romans walked on the top of the houses of their ancestors.

It is easy to calculate from the Arch of Severus, that we are now-a-days more than two pikes' length above the ancient roofs ; and in point of fact almost everywhere you see beneath your feet the tops of ancient walls which the rain and the coaches have laid bare. . . .

CEREMONIES AND PAGEANTS

On Christmas-day we went to hear mass performed by the pope at St. Peter's, where he got a place, whence he could see all the ceremonies at his ease. There are several special forms observed on these occasions ; first, the gospel and the epistle are said in Latin, and then in Greek, as is also done on Easter Sunday and St. Peter's day. The pope then administered the sacrament to a number of persons, associating with him in this service the Cardinals Farnese, Medici, Caraffa and Gonzaga. They use a certain instrument for this purpose, from which they drink from the chalice, in order to provide against poison. Monsieur de Montaigne was somewhat surprised to remark at this and other masses which he attended, the pope, the cardinals and other prelates were seated during the whole mass, with their caps on, talking and chatting together. These ceremonies appeared to him altogether to partake more of magnificence than devotion. . . .

On the 3rd January, 1581, the pope rode in procession before our house. Before him rode about two hundred persons, belonging to the court, churchmen and laymen. At his side rode the Cardinal de Medici, with whom he was going to dine, and who was conversing with him ; his eminence was uncovered. The pope, who was dressed in his usual costume of red cap, white robes, and red velvet hood, was mounted on a white palfrey, the harness of which was red velvet, with gold fringe and gold lace-work. He gets on his horse without assistance, though he is in his eighty-first year. Every fifteen yards or so, he stops and gives his benediction to the assembled people. After him came three cardinals, and then about a hundred men-at-arms, lance on thigh and armed at all points, except the head ; there was another palfrey, of the same colour and with the same harness as he rode, following him, together with a mule, a handsome white charger, a litter and two grooms, who carried portmanteaus at their saddle-bow. . . .

The carnival at Rome this year was, by the pope's permission, more unrestricted than has been known for several

years past, but it did not appear to us any great thing. Along the Corso, which is one of the largest streets here, and which takes its name from the circumstance, they have races, sometimes between four or five children, sometimes between Jews, sometimes between old men stripped naked, who run the whole length of the street. The only amusing thing is to see them run past the place where you are. They have races also with horses, which are ridden by little boys, who urge them on with incessant whipping; and there are ass-races, and exhibitions of buffaloes, which are driven along at full speed by men on horseback, armed with long goads. There is a prize assigned for each race, which they call *elpalo*;¹ it consists generally of a piece of velvet or cloth. In one part of the street, where there is more room for the ladies to look on, the gentlemen run at the quintain, mounted upon splendid horses, in the management of which they exhibit much grace; for there is nothing in which the nobility here more excel than in equestrian exercises. The scaffolding which M. de Montaigne had set up for himself and his friends cost them three crowns; but then it was situated in one of the best parts of the street.²

THE DEMONIAK

On the 16th of February, as I was returning from a walk, I saw in a small chapel a priest in his robes, busied in curing a demoniak; the patient seemed a man overwhelmed, and as it were, half dead with melancholy. They were holding him on his knees before the altar, with some cloth or other round his neck, by which he was secured. The priest first read out of his breviary a vast number of prayers and exorcisms, commanding the devil to quit that afflicted body. Then speaking to the patient, addressing first himself and then the devil which possessed him, he repeated his commands to the devil to withdraw, and attack the poor patient with his fists and spat on his face by way of assailing the demon. The demoniak every now and then returned some unmeaning answer to the priest's questions, replying, sometimes for himself, to explain what were the symptoms of the malady, and sometimes for the demon, to express how the said devil feared God, and how he

¹ Montaigne's Italian is generally copied from what he has heard rather than read.

² The remainder of Montaigne's journal is written without the aid of an amanuensis.

dreaded the exorcisms which were being denounced against him.

After this had gone on for some time, the priest, as a last effort, went to the altar, and taking the pyx, which held the *Corpus Domini*, in his left hand, and a lighted taper in the other, which he held down so that it might burn away, he said several prayers and at the end of them pronounced a fierce anathema against the devil, with as loud and authoritative a voice as he could assume. When the first taper was burnt down nearly to his fingers, he took a second and afterwards a third. Then he replaced the pyx, and came back to the patient, whom, after addressing a few words to him simply as a man, he caused to be untied, and directed his friends to take him home. . . . The man . . . did nothing but grind his teeth and make faces when they presented the *Corpus Domini* to him ; every now and then he muttered *si fata volent*, for he was a notary and knew a little Latin. . . .

On Palm-Sunday, at vespers, I saw in one of the churches, a boy, seated on a chair at the side of the altar, clothed in a large robe of new blue taffeta, with a crown of olive round his head, and holding in his hand a lighted white wax taper. It was a lad of about fifteen, who had that day, by the pope's order, been liberated from the prison, to which he had been committed for killing another boy of his own age. . . .

POPE AND PEOPLE

On Maundy-Thursday, in the morning, the pope, in full pontificals, placed himself in the first portico of St. Peter's, on the second flight, with the cardinals round him, and holding a torch in his hand. A canon of St. Peter's, who stood on one side, then read at the pitch of his voice a bull in the Latin language, excommunicating an infinite variety of people and among others the Huguenots, by that term, and all the princes who detained any of the estates belonging to that church ; at which last article, the Cardinals de Medici and Caraffa, who stood close by the pope, laughed heartily. The reading of this anathema takes up a full hour and a half ; for every article that the clerk reads in Latin, the Cardinal Gonzaga, who stands on the other side with his hat off, repeats in Italian. When the excommunication is finished, the pope throws the lighted torch down among the people ; and whether in jest or otherwise, the Cardinal Gonzaga threw another ; for there were

three of them lighted. Hereupon ensues a tremendous struggle among the people below, to get even the smallest piece of this torch ; and not a few hard blows with stick and fist are given and returned in the contest. While the curse is read, a large piece of black taffeta hangs over the rails of the portico before the pope ; and when the reading is over, they take up this black taffeta, and exhibit one of another colour under it ; and the pope then pronounces his public blessing on all the faithful members of the church.

This same day, they shew the Veronica,¹ the *Vera Effigies*, the representation of a face, worked in sombre colours, and enclosed in a frame like a large mirror ; this is shewn to the people, with much ceremony, from the top of a pulpit, about five or six paces wide. The priest who holds it, has his hands covered with red gloves, and there are two or three other priests assisting him. There is nothing regarded with so much reverence as this ; the people prostrate themselves on the earth before it, most of them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and all uttering cries of commiseration. A woman who was present, and who, they said, was a demoniac, got into a tremendous fury on seeing this effigy, yelling and throwing herself into infinite contortions. The priests take the effigy round the pulpit, and at every step or two, present it to the people who are standing in that particular direction, and on each of these occasions, the crowd raises a huge cry. They also shew at the same time and with the same ceremonies, the head of the lance, enclosed in a crystal bottle. This exhibition takes place several times during the day, and the assemblage of people is so vast, that outside the church, so far as the eye can reach down the streets, you can see nothing but the heads of men and women, so close together that it seems as though you could walk upon them. 'Tis a truly papal court ; the splendour and the principal grandeur of the court of Rome consists in these devotional exhibitions. And indeed it is a very striking sight to witness, on these occasions, the infinite religious fervour of this people. . . .

On Low Sunday, I saw the ceremony of the Virgins' alms.²

¹ The formerly accepted derivation from *vera*, true, and *ikon*, an image, meant an impossible mixture of Latin and Greek. St. Veronica was supposed to have wiped the Saviour's face on the way to Calvary ; and the name Veronica is the same as that of Berenice, the woman cured of an issue of the blood.

² We transpose this passage which in the original follows that concerning the Flagellants.

The pope, on this occasion, besides his usual train, has twenty-five horses led before him, richly caparisoned in cloth of gold, and ten or twelve mules decorated with crimson velvet; each of these animals being led by one of the pope's lackeys on foot. His own litter was also covered with crimson velvet. He was immediately preceded by four men on horseback, each bearing, at the end of a truncheon, also covered with red velvet, and profusely ornamented with gold, a red hat: he himself rode on a mule, as did the cardinals who followed him, all apparelled in their robes of state: the tails of which were fastened with tags to their mule's bridle.

The virgins were a hundred and seven in number, and each was accompanied by an elderly female relation. After mass, they left the church, and forming in procession filed off. As they left the church of Minerva, where this ceremony takes place, each kisses the pope's feet, and he, after blessing them, gives to each with his own hand, a purse of white damask, containing an order upon his banker for the amount of her dowry. It is understood that all the girls who present themselves are about to be married, and they come here for their marriage dowry, which is thirty-five crowns a head, besides a white dress, which each has presented to her on the occasion and which is worth five crowns more. Their faces are covered with white linen veils, which have only an opening for them to see out at.

PROCESSION OF FLAGELLANTS

In Rome there are more than a hundred religious societies, with one or other of which almost every person of quality is connected. Some of these establishments are appropriated to foreigners. Our own kings belong to the Society of the Gon-sanon. All these private fraternities perform various religious ceremonies, though for the most part only in Lent. On this particular occasion, they all walk in procession, clothed in linen robes, each company having a different colour, some black, some white, some red, some blue, some green, and so on; they nearly all cover their faces with their cowls. The most impressive sight I ever saw, here or elsewhere, was the incredible number of people who thronged every square and street, all taking an earnest part in the devotions of the day. They were flocking up towards St. Peter's all day long, and on the approach of night the whole city seemed in flames;

for every man who took part in the procession of each religious community, as it marched up in its order towards the church, bore a lighted flambeau, almost universally of white wax. I am persuaded, that there passed before me not fewer than twelve thousand of these torches, at the very least, for, from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight, the street was constantly full of this moving pageantry, marshalled in such excellent order, with everything so well-timed, that though the entire procession, as I have said, was composed of a great number of different societies, coming from different parts, yet not for one moment did I observe any stoppage, or gap, or interruption.

Each company was attended by a band of music, and chaunted sacred songs as they went along. Between the ranks walked a file of penitents, who every other minute whipped themselves with cords; there were five hundred of these at least, whose backs were torn and bleeding in a frightful manner. This part of the exhibition is a mystery I have not yet been able to make out; they are unquestionably most terribly mangled and wounded, yet, from the tranquillity of their countenances, the steadiness of their motion and of their tongue (for I heard several of them speaking) you would have formed no idea they were engaged in a serious occupation, to say nothing of a very painful one, and yet many of them were lads of but twelve or thirteen years old. As one of them, a mere child, with an exceedingly agreeable and unmoved countenance, was passing just close to where I stood, a young woman near me uttered an exclamation of pity at the wounds he had inflicted on himself, on which he turned round and said with a laugh: "*Basta, disse che fo questo per li lui peccati, non per li miei*" (Pshaw: tell her I'm not doing this for my own sins, but for hers). Not only do they exhibit no appearance of pain, nor of being reluctant thus to mangle themselves, but on the contrary, they seem to delight in it; or, at all events, they treat it with such indifference that you hear them chatting together about other matters, laughing, running, jumping and joining in the shouts of the rest of the crowd, as if nothing ailed them. At certain distances, there are men walking with them, and carrying wine which they every now and then present to the penitents; some of whom take a mouthful. They also give them sugar-plums. The men who carry the wine, at certain intervals, moisten with it the ends of the penitents' whips which are of cord, and yet so clotted

with gore that they require to be wetted before they can be untwisted. Sometimes the wine is applied to the sufferer's wounds. From the shoes and the breeches worn by these penitents, it is easy to perceive that they are persons quite of the lowest class, who, at all events the greater number of them, let themselves out for this particular service. I was told, indeed, that the shoulders were protected by some flesh-coloured covering, and that the appearance of the blood and wounds was artificial; but I was near enough to see that the cuts and wounds were quite real, and I am sure that the pain must have been very severe.—*Montaigne*.

ROME IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

I came to Rome on the 4th November 1644, about 5 at night, and being perplexed for a convenient lodging wandered up and down on horseback, till at last one conducted us to Mons. Petit's, a Frenchman, near the Piazza Spagnola. Here I alighted, and having bargained with my host for 20 crownes a month I caused a good fire to be made in my chamber and went to bed, being so very wet. The next morning (for I was resolved to spend no time idly here) I got acquainted with several persons who had long lived in Rome. I was especially recommended to Father John, a Benedictine monk and superior of his Order for the English college of Douay, a person of singular learning, religion and humanity; also to Mr. Patrick Carey, an Abbot, brother to our Lord Falkland, a witty young priest who afterwards came over to our church; Dr. Bacon and Dr. Gibbs, physicians who had dependence on Cardinal Caponi, the latter being an excellent poet; Father Courtnee, the chief of the Jesuits in the English college; my lord of Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester, and some others, from whom I received instructions as to how to behave in town, with directions to masters and books. . . .

A PAPAL PROCESSION

There was the solemn and greatest ceremony of all the Ecclesiastical States, *viz.* the procession of the Pope (Innocent X.) to St. John de Lateran. Standing on the steps of Ara Celi, neere the Capitol, I saw it passe in this manner:—First went a guard of Swisssers to make way, and divers of the avant guard of horse carrying lances. Next follow'd those who

carried the robes of the Cardinals, two and two ; then the Cardinals Mace-bearers ; the Caudatari on mules ; the Masters of their Horse ; the Pope's Barber, Taylor, Baker, Gardner, and other domestic officers, all on horseback in rich liveries ; the Squires belonging to the guard ; 5 men in rich liveries led 5 noble Neapolitan horses white as snow cover'd to the ground with trappings richly embroidered, which is a service paid by the King of Spaine for the kingdomes of Naples and Sicily, pretended feudatorys to the Pope ; 3 mules of exquisite beauty and price, trapp'd in crimson velvet ; 3 rich litters with mules, the litters empty ; the Master of the Horse alone, with his Squires ; 5 Trumpeters ; the Amerieri *estra muros* ; the Fiscale and Consistorial Advocates ; Capelani, Camerieri de honore, Cubiculari and Chamberlaines, call'd *Secreti* ; 4 other Camerieri with 4 capps of the dignity Pontifical, which were Cardinals' hatts carried on staffs ; 4 Trumpets : after them a number of noble Romans and gentlemen of quality very rich, followed by innumerable Staffieri and Pages ; the Secretaries of the Chancellaria, Abbreviatori-Acoliti in their long robes and on mules ; Auditori di Rota ; the Deane of the Roti and Master of the sacred Palace on mules, with grave but rich foote clothes, and in flat episcopal hatts ; then went more of the Roman and other Nobility and Courtiers, with divers Pages in most rich liveries on horseback ; 14 Drums belonging to the Capitol ; the Marshalls with their staves ; the 2 Sindics ; the Conservators of the City in robes of crimson damask ; the Knight Gonfalonier and Prior of the R. R. in velvet toques ; 6 of his holynesses Mace-bearers ; then the Captaine or Governor of the Castle of St. Angelo upon a brave prancer ; the Governor of the City ; on both sides of these 2 long ranks of Swissers ; the Masters of the Ceremonies ; the Crosse-bearer on horseback, with two Priests at each hand on foote ; Pages, Footmen, and Guards in abundance ; then came the Pope himselfe, carried in a litter or rather open chaire of crimson velvet richly embrodred, and borne by two stately mules ; as he went he held up two fingers, blessing the multitude who were on their knees or looking out of their windows and houses, with loud *viva's* and acclamations of felicity to their new Prince. This was follow'd by the Master of his Chamber, Cupp-bearer, Secretary, and Physitian ; then came the Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, Cardinal Deacons, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, all in their several and distinct habits, some in red, others in

greene flat hatts with tassells, all on gallant mules richly trapp'd with velvet and lead by their servants in great state and multitudes ; then came the Apostolical Protonotari, Auditor, Treasurer, and Referendaries ; lastly, the Trumpets of the reare-guard, 2 Pages of Armes in helmets with feathers and carrying launces ; 2 Captaines ; the Pontifical Standard of the Church ; the two Alfieri or Cornets of the Pope's Light Horse, which all follow'd in armor and carrying launces ; which, with innumerable rich coaches, litters, and people, made up the procession. What they did at St. John di Laterano I could not see by reason of the prodigious crowd ; so I spent most of the day in viewing the two triumphal arches which had been purposely erected a few days before, and till now covered ; the one by the Duke of Parma in the Foro Romano, the other by the Jewes in the Capitol, with flattering inscriptions. They were of excellent architecture, decorated with statues and abundance of ornaments proper for the occasion, since they were but temporary, and made up of boards, cloath, &c. painted and fram'd on the suddaine, but as to outward appearance solid and very stately. The night ended with fire-workes. That which I saw was that which was built before the Spanish Ambassadors house in the Piazza del Trinita, and another of the French. The first appeared to be a mighty rock, bearing the Pope's arms, a dragon, and divers figures, which being set on fire by one who flung a roquet at it, tooke fire immediately, yet preserving the figure of the rock and statues a very long time, insomuch as it was deemed ten thousand reports of squibbs and crackers spent themselves in order. That before the French Ambassadors Palace was a Diana drawne in a chariot by her dogs, with abundance of other figures as large as the life, which played with fire in the same manner. In the meantime the windows of the whole city were set with tapers put into lanterns or sconces of several coloured oiled paper, that the wind might not annoy them ; this rendered a most glorious shew. Besides there were at least twenty other fire-workes of vast charge and rare art for their invention before divers ambassadors', princes' and cardinals' palaces, especially that on the castle of St. Angelo, being a pyramid of lights, of great height, fastened to the ropes and cables which support the standard-pole. The streets were this night as light as day, full of bonfires, cannon roaring, music playing, fountains running wine, in all excess of joy and triumph.

VISITS AND CEREMONIES

I went to the Jesuit college. . . . Here I heard Father Athanasius Kercher upon a part of Euclid, which he expounded. . . . Hence I went to the house of Hippolito Vitellesco (afterwards Bibliothecary of the Vatican Library) who shewed us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences and verses, sometimes kissing them and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus scarred by order of the senate for killing Julius; this is much esteemed. . . . This gentleman not long since purchased land in the kingdom of Naples, in hope by digging the ground to find more statues; which it seems so far succeeded as to be much more worth than the purchase. . . .

On Christmas Eve I went not to bed, being desirous of seeing the many extraordinary ceremonies performed then in their Churches, as midnight masses and sermons. I went from Church to Church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of sceanes and pageantry which the Friars had with much industry and craft set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessell set on purpose; but especialy observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity. I thence went and heard a sermon at the Apollinare, by which time it was morning. On Christmas Day his Holinesse saing Masse, the artillerie at St. Angelo went off, and all this day was expos'd the cradle of our Lord.

. . . We were invited by the English Jesuites to dinner, being their greates feast of Thomas [à Becket] of Canterbury. We dined in their common Refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian Comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals.

. . . A Sermon was preach'd to the Jewes at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the houre is don; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, hum'ing, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should heare a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare.

. . . I went to the Ghetto, where the Jewes dwell as in a suburbe by themselves; being invited by a Jew of my acquaintance to see a circumcision. I passed by the Piazza Judea, where their Seraglio begins; for being inviron'd with walls, they are lock'd up every night. In this place remains

yet part of a stately fabric, which my Jew told me had been a palace of theirs for the ambassador of their nation when their country was subject to the Romans. Being led through the Synagogue into a privat house, I found a world of people in a chamber: by and by came an old man, who prepared and layd in order divers instruments brought by a little child of about 7 yeares old in a box. These the man lay'd in a silver bason; the knife was much like a short razor to shut into the haft. Then they burnt some incense in a censer, which perfum'd the rome all the while the ceremony was performing. . . .

A ROMAN HOSPITAL

We went to see Dr. Gibbs, a famous poet and countryman of ours, who had some intendency in an Hospital built on the Via Triumphalis, called Christ's Hospital, which he shew'd us. The Infirmary where the sick lay was paved with various colour'd marbles, and the walls hung with noble pieces; the beds are very faire; in the middle is a stately cupola, under which is an altar decked with divers marble statues, all in sight of the sick, who may both see and heare masse as they lye in their beds. The organs are very fine, and frequently play'd on to recreate the people in paine. To this joyns an apartment destined for the orphans; and there is a schoole; the children weare blew like ours in London at an Hospital of the same appellation. Here are 40 nurses who give suck to such children as are accidentally found expos'd and abandon'd. In another quarter are children of bigger growth, 450 in number, who are taught letters. In another, 500 girles under the tuition of divers religious matrons, in a Monastery, as it were, by itselfe. I was assur'd there were at least 2000 more maintain'd in other places. I think one appartement had in it neere 1000 beds; these are in a very long rome having an inner passage for those who attend, with as much care, sweetnesse, and conveniency as can be imagin'd, the Italians being generaly very neate. Under the portico the sick may walke out and take the ayre. Opposite to this are other chambers for such as are sick of maladies of a more rare and difficult cure, and they have romes apart. At the end of the long corridore is an apothecary's shop, fair and very well stor'd; neere which are chambers for persons of better quality who are yet necessitous. Whatever the poore bring is at their coming in deliver'd to a treasurer, who makes an inventory

and is accountable to them, or their representatives if they dye. To this building joynes the house of the com'endator, who with his officers attending the sick make up 90 persons; besides a convent and an ample church for the friers and priests who daily attend. The church is extreamely neate, and the sacristia very rich. Indeede 'tis altogether one of the most pious and worthy foundations I ever saw: nor is the benefit small which divers young physitians and chirurgeons reape by the experience they learne here amongst the sick, to whom those students have free accesse.

THE PIAZZA NAVONA

I went (as was my usual costome) and spent an afternoone in Piazza Navona, as well to see what antiquities I could purchase among the people who hold mercat there for medaills, pictures, and such curiosities, as to heare the Montebanks prate and distribute their medicines. This was formerly the Circus or *Agonales*, dedicated to sports and pastimes, and is now the greatest mercat of the Citty, having three most noble fountaines, and the stately Palaces of the Pamfilij, St. Giacomade Spagnoli belonging to that nation, to which add two Convents for Friers and Nuns, all Spanish. In this Church was erected a most stately Catafalco, or *Capella ardente*, for the death of the Queene of Spaine; the Church was hung with black, and heare I heard a Spanish sermon or funebral oration, and observed the statues, devises, and impreses hung about the walls, the Church and Pyramid stuck with thousands of lights and tapers, which made a glorious shew. . . . Returning home I pass'd by the stumps of old Pasquin at the corner of a streete call'd Strada Pontificia; here they still past up their drolling lampoons and scurrilous papers:—*Evelyn*.

ROME IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The special days set apart for receiving in each house are very convenient for foreigners, who know every day of the week where they can go and pass the evening. We meet at eight or nine in the evening till eleven or midnight, the supper-hour generally for those who take supper; but many people have not the custom, and in most places the supper is very light, so I think that if we were here long we should fall out of the habit, as in this climate one meal is quite sufficient.

Any one of a certain position can easily have the run of the salons in a week or a fortnight, and have the acquaintance of the greater part of the society of the town. The Romans are most cordial in this respect. . . . The house where we go most is that of the princess Borghese, sister of the Constable Colonna ; it is also the meeting place of the English. . . .

THE DEATH OF A POPE

I have just seen in the pontifical palace a sorrowful commentary on mortal greatness. All the halls were open and deserted, and I crossed them without seeing even a cat till I came to the room of the Pope, whose body I found reposing in the bed used during his lifetime, guarded by four Jesuits of the Penitentiary, who recited or appeared to recite the prayers for the dead. The Cardinal Chamberlain had come at nine o'clock to perform his office, and rapped his small hammer several times on the brow of the dead,¹ calling him by his name Lorenzo Corsini. There being no reply, he then said : "This is why your daughter is dumb," and taking from his finger the fisher's ring, he broke it according to the custom. Apparently every one then followed the chamberlain as he went out ; and immediately afterwards, as the body of the pope has to lie in state no little time, the chin was shaved and rouge was placed on the cheeks to soften the great paleness of death. . . . Immediately in the town begin the busy preparations for the obsequies, the monument, and the conclave. The cardinal chamberlain has sovereign powers during the interregnum ; during several days he has the right to coin money in his name and to his advantage, and he has just sent word to the master of the mint that he would hang him, if during the three days following he did not coin up to a certain considerable sum. . . . I saw the funeral from the house of the Duc de Saint-Aignan, and it is only the translation of the body to St. Peter's. The dead Pope was borne on an open litter of embroidered velvet fringed with gold, surrounded by the Swiss guard of halbadiers, and preceded by the light horse and some other troops, by trumpeters and artillery with the muzzle reversed on the gun-carriage ; there were some heralds and some torch-bearers, for it was at eight o'clock at night. I thought at first that it was some military general, killed in battle and brought back from his camp, for there was little to be seen in the way of clergy. . . .

¹ This well-authenticated custom has fallen into disuse.

THE CONCLAVE PREPARATIONS

It is amusing to watch all the town excited about the beginning of the conclave. You must know that it is erected in the interior of the Vatican; to explain it in a word, a small town is built in the palace, and small houses are built in the large rooms, from which it will be seen that no town in the world is so much inhabited and so stuffy. The masons are first called in to brick up all the outer doors of the palace, the porticoes of the loggias or hanging galleries, the windows even, leaving only two or three panes of glass open at the top of each, to let a little light filter into the gloom. The rooms being very wide and lofty, can be divided into cabins built with planks and rooms over them, leaving a corridor for passage by the chambers. The rooms with the finest paintings are not used, for fear of damaging them. The grand peristyle just above the door of St. Peter's forms a spacious gallery, where cells can be built on both sides, leaving a passage between them; this peristyle alone contains seventeen rooms, and the most adaptable ones. All the building has to be completed within twelve days; and for the entry of workmen, scaffolding, wood, furniture, utensils and so forth, there is nothing save a narrow, but lofty door or balconied window, which is reached from the street by a ladder for that purpose. You will understand the tumult and bother of building in this way and at the same time, seventy houses in one hall. . . .

CONCLAVE CEREMONIES

However wearisome and inconvenient the life of the cardinals in this odious prison, it goes swiftly nevertheless, so many are the efforts, intrigues and labours necessary. Morning and evening the cardinals assemble in the Sistine Chapel to proceed to the election. They sit in their seats, each having by him a list of the Sacred College to be marked with the number of votes given to each as the voting goes forward. Three cardinals taken in each order of bishop, priest, and deacon, are each day chosen to conduct the voting, open the papers and declare the election. Each cardinal after having sworn before the altar that he proceeds without interest or consideration and secretly, but in his conscience, and for the greater glory of God, and the prosperity of the church (the

formula is every time repeated), places his voting paper in the presence of the three inspectors in an urn on a small table in the middle of the chapel. The paper contains the name of the nominator and the nominee, and furthermore a certain particular motto taken from some passage in Scripture. The paper is folded and sealed at each fold; the lowest fold is opened first, so that only the name of the person voted for is seen; but the number of the papers is carefully counted before anything is opened. If this number is found to be less than that of the cardinals present, the papers are burnt and everything is begun anew. If none of the cardinals have a sufficient number for election, that is: two thirds of the entire votes, the papers are burnt without further examination, so that the nominators may remain unknown. If the sufficient number of votes is given, then the interior folds of the voting papers are unsealed to verify the nominators and the motto, of which each one doubtless keeps a copy. As matters might never end with the system of voting, there is another called the *accessit*, which is the adhesion to a cardinal already voted for, and if the votes and accessions make a sufficient number, the election is good canonically.—*De Brassés*.

THOUGHTS FROM GOETHE

I have now been here seven days, and by degrees have formed in my mind a general plan of the city. We go diligently backwards and forwards. While I am thus making myself acquainted with the plan of old and new Rome, viewing the ruins and the buildings, visiting this and that villa, the grandest and most remarkable objects are slowly and leisurely contemplated. I do but keep my eyes open and see, and then go and come again, for it is only in Rome one can duly prepare oneself for Rome. . . . We meet with traces both of majesty and ruin, which alike surpass all conception. . . . This vastness has a strangely tranquillising effect upon you in Rome, while you pass from place to place, in order to visit the most remarkable objects. In other places one has to search for what is important; here one is oppressed and borne down by numberless phenomena. Wherever one goes and casts a look around, the eye is at once struck with some landscape—forms of every kind and style; palaces and ruins, gardens and statuary, distant views of villas, cottages and stables, triumphal

arches and columns, often crowded so close together that they might all be sketched on a single sheet of paper. . . .

I frequently stand still a moment to survey, as it were, the heights I have already won. With much delight I look back to Venice, that grand creation that sprang out of the bosom of the sea, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter. In Rome, the Rotunda, both by its exterior and interior, has moved me to offer a willing homage to its magnificence. In St. Peter's I learned to understand how art, no less than nature, annihilates the artificial measures and dimensions of man. . . .

Yesterday I visited the nymph Egeria, and then the Hippodrome of Caracalla, the ruined tombs along the Via Appia, and the tomb of Metella which is the first to give one a true idea of what solid masonry is. These men worked for eternity—all causes of decay were calculated, except the rage of the spoiler, which nothing can resist. . . . In the evening we came upon the Coliseum, when it was already twilight. When one looks at it, all else seems little; the edifice is so vast, that one cannot hold the image of it in one's soul—in memory we think it smaller, and then return to it again to find it every time greater than before. . . .

Of the people I can say nothing more than that they are fine children of nature, who amidst pomp and honours of all kinds, religion and the arts, are not one jot different from what they would be in caves and forests. What strikes the stranger most, and what to-day is making the whole city talk, but only *talk*, is the common occurrence of assassination. . . .

I wish to see Rome in its abiding and permanent features, and not as it passes and changes with every ten years. Had I time, I might wish to employ it better. Above all, one may study history here quite differently from what one can on any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read oneself into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards: all arranges itself around you, and seems to proceed from you. All this holds good not only of Roman history, but also of that of the whole world. From Rome I can accompany the conquerors on their march to the Weser or to the Euphrates; or if I wish to be a sight-seer, I can wait in the Via Sacra for the triumphant generals. . . .

It becomes every day more difficult to fix the termination of my stay in Rome; just as one finds the sea continually deeper the further one sails on it, so it is also with the examination of this city.—*Goethe*.

ROMAN LIFE

THE OLD GHETTO

The existence of a colony of Jews so near to the Apostolic seat was a curious anomaly. . . . Hebrew blood was not shed in the middle ages in Rome, when it was being shed abundantly in Spain and France. The Popes preserved the Jews as specimens of a race accursed, which had to drag out its wretched existence till the end of the world: it was enough to keep the Jews at a distance, to humiliate and plunder them. They were first herded in the valley of Egeria, more than two miles 'from the San Lorenzo gate, and more than a league from the actual town. It was far enough and in the fourteenth century, the measure of severity was relaxed and they were allowed to live on the Transtevere. Between 1555 and 1559, they came nearer and Paul IV. settled them in the Ghetto. The gates of their quarter were shut every night, at half past ten in summer and half past nine in winter; if any one was shut out, he could not enter without bribing the soldiers of the guard. The lessors of the houses were either good Catholics, or religious communities, and they thought it a work of piety to exact the highest rents possible. This abuse excited the pity of Urban VIII. He thought it only just and foreseeing to fix the amount of the rentals once and for all. . . . Urban VIII. is dead . . . but his imprudent Bull still remained in force. Rents were increased all the world over, with the exception of the Ghetto. . . .

Since 1847, the gates of the Ghetto have been demolished, and no visible barrier separates Jews from Christians. They have the legal right, if not the moral right, to settle and live where they please. . . . It was also under the rule of Pius IX. that Israel ceased to provide the expenses of the carnival. In the middle ages the Jews paid in person, for the town gave the citizens the festival of the Jews' race. Benedict XIV. replaced them by horses, which made infinitely better sport, but the Jews had to pay ransom in a yearly sum of 800 crowns.—*E. About.*

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO

Since the reputation of the famous *Pasquin* makes you desirous to be informed more particularly concerning him and

his companion *Marforio*, I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity. The first is a mangled and disfigured statue, which, some think, was made for a Roman soldier; it stands leaning against the wall of a house, at the corner of a place where several streets meet. I know not whether you have heard of that pleasant answer which Alexander VI. is said to have given to those who advised him to throw *Pasquin* into the Tiber, because of the continual satires which that critical statue made against him:—"I should be afraid," said he, "lest it should be turned to a frog and trouble me both night and day with its croaking."

Marforio is another maimed figure, by some said to have been a statue of Jupiter, or, according to others, of the Rhine, or of the Nera, which passes by Terni; but all this is uncertain, as well as the etymology of the names of our two censors. 'Tis very probable that it was formerly the mode to affix the pasquinades on the statue of Pasquin, but that custom is laid aside, and all the satirical invectives are still fathered on Pasquin, though they never come near him. 'Tis usual to make him answer the questions that are proposed to him by *Marforio*.—*Misson*.

THE FEAST OF S. ANTONY

Yesterday, which was the festival of the Holy Abbot S. Antony, we had a merry day; the weather was the finest in the world; though there had been a hard frost during the night, the day was bright and warm. One may remark, that all religions which enlarge their worship or their speculations must at last come to this, of making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favours. S. Antony,—Abbot or Bishop,—is the patron Saint of all four-footed creatures. . . . All the gentry must on this day either remain at home, or else be content to travel on foot. And there are no lack of fearful stories, which tell how unbelieving masters, who forced the coachmen to drive them on this day, were punished by suffering great calamities.

The church of the Saint lies in so wide and open a district, that it might almost be called a desert. On this day, however, it is full of life and fun. Horses and mules, with their manes and tails prettily, not to say gorgeously, decked out with ribbons, are brought before the little chapel, (which stands at some distance from the church,) where a priest, armed

with a brush, and not sparing of the holy water, which stands before him in buckets and tubs, goes on sprinkling the lively creatures, and often plays them a roguish trick, in order to make them start and frisk. Pious coachmen offer their wax-tapers, of larger or smaller size; the masters send alms and presents, in order that the valuable and useful animals may go safely through the coming year without hurt or accidents. The donkeys and horned cattle, no less valuable and useful to their owners, have, likewise, their modest share in this blessing.
—*Goethe.*

LETTERS TO A SAINT

The modern Romans are a very devout people. The Princess Doria washes the pilgrims' feet in Holy Week; every evening, foul or fair, the whole year round, there is a rosary sung before an image of the Virgin, within a stone's throw of my window; and the young ladies write letters to St. Louis Gonzaga, who, in all paintings and sculpture, is represented as young and angelically beautiful. I saw a large pile of these letters a few weeks ago in Gonzaga's chapel, at the Church of St. Ignatius. They were lying at the foot of the altar, prettily written on smooth paper, and tied with silken ribands of various colours. Leaning over the marble balustrade, I read the following superscription upon one of them:—"Al' Angelico Giovane S. Luigi Gonzaga,—Paradiso."—To the angelic youth St. Lewis Gonzaga, Paradise. A soldier with a musket kept guard over this treasure, and I had the audacity to ask him at what hour the mail went out.—*Longfellow.*

CARNIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Corso is a street a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza. These are verandahs and balconies of all shapes and sizes to almost every house. . . . This is the great fountain-head and focus of the carnival. . . . From all the innumerable balconies: from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest: hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white and gold, were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colours, and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the streets. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned

inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shining theatre. . . . Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. . . .

Carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love on the discovery of any particularly old lady at the window; long strings of Polichinelli laying about them with blown bladders at the end of sticks; a waggonfull of madmen screaming and tearing to the life; a coachful of grave mamelukes, with their horsetail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces, and lion's tails, carried under their arms or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. . . .

How it ever *is* cleared for the race that takes place at five, or how the horses ever go through the race, without going over the people, is more than I can say. But the carriages get out into the by-streets, or up into the Piazza del Popolo, and some people sit in temporary galleries in the latter place, and tens of thousands line the Corso on both sides, when the horses are brought out into the Piazza—to the foot of the same column which for centuries looked down upon the games and chariot-races in the Circus Maximus. At a given signal they are started off. Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind, riderless, as all the world knows, with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their plaited manes, and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes, dangling at their sides to goad them on. The jingling of these trappings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones; the dash and fury of their speed along the echoing street; nay, the very cannon that are fired, these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitudes: their shouts; the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon shake the town. The horses have plunged into the

carpets put across the street to stop them; the goal is reached. . . .

But if the scene be bright, and gay and crowded, on the last day but one, it attains, on the concluding day, to such a height of glittering colour, swarming life and frolicsome uproar, that the bare recollection of it makes me giddy at this moment. The same diversions, greatly heightened, and intensified in the ardour with which they are pursued, go on till the same hour. . . . The diversion of the Moccoletti, the last gay madness of the carnival, is now at hand; the sellers of little tapers, like what are called Christmas candles in England, are shouting lustily on every side, "Moccoli, Moccoli! Ecco Moccoli!" a new item in the tumult; quite abolishing that other item of "Ecco Fiór! Ecco Fiór—r—r!" . . . As the bright hangings and dresses are all fading into one dull, heavy, uniform colour in the decline of the day, lights begin flashing here and there in the windows, on the house-tops, in the balconies, in the carriages, in the hands of the foot-passengers: little by little, gradually, more and more, until the whole long street is one great glare and blaze of fire. Then everybody present has but one engrossing object, that is, to extinguish other people's candles, and to keep his own alight; and everybody, man, woman or child, gentleman or lady, prince or peasant, native or foreigner, yells and screams and roars incessantly, as a taunt to the subdued, "Senza Moccolo, Senza Moccolo!" (without a light, without a light!) until nothing is heard but a gigantic chorus of those two words. . . .

In the wildest enthusiasm of the cry, and fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the Carnival is over in an instant—put out like a taper, with a breath.—*Dickens*.

LYING IN STATE

Three days ago the old Prince Corsini died, and to-day his body has been lying in state in the great palace of his family. It was in this palace that Christina, Queen of Sweden and the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus died. To-day the doors have been open, and every one who desired has been admitted to see the state apartments and the dead Prince. All sorts of persons have been going up the magnificent double flight of stairs,—ladies and gentlemen, poor women with their babies in their arms, priests, soldiers, ragged workmen, boys and girls,

and strangers of all kinds. There were no signs of mourning about the house, but in the first great saloon sat two men in black gowns, busily employed in writing, as if making inventories; and in each of the next two rooms were two priests in their showy robes, performing separate masses, while many people knelt on the floors, and others streamed through to the apartment in which the corpse was laid out. Here, on a black and yellow carpet, in the middle of the floor, surrounded by benches which were covered with a black cloth on which was a faded yellow skeleton of a scythe, lay the body of the old man. He was eighty-nine years old; but here was nothing of the dignity of age, or the repose of death. The corpse was dressed in full court-costume—in a bright blue coat, with gold laces and orders upon the breast, white silk stockings and varnished pumps. It had on a wig, and its lips and cheeks were rouged. At its feet and at its head was a candle burning; two hired mourners sat at each side, and two soldiers kept the crowd from pressing too near or lingering too long. The room, which was not darkened, was hung with damask and purple and gold, and the high ceiling was painted with gay frescoes of some story of the gods. It was a fit scene for the grave-digger's grim jokes and Hamlet's philosophy.—*C. E. Norton.*

ARCHITECTURE AND ART

ST. PETER'S

I visited St. Peter's, that most stupendous and incomparable Basilicum, far surpassing any now extant in the world, and perhaps, Solomon's Temple excepted, any that was ever built. The largeness of the piazza¹ before the portico is worth observing, because it affords a noble prospect of the Church,

¹ Shelley gives us a curious picture of Papal Rome in the following: "In the Square of St. Peter's there are about three hundred fettered criminals at work, hoeing out the weeds that grow between the stones of the pavement. Their legs are heavily ironed, and some are chained two by two. They sit in long rows, hoeing out the weeds, dressed in parti-coloured clothes. Near them sit or saunter groups of soldiers, armed with loaded muskets. The iron discord of those innumerable chains clanks up into the sonorous air, and produces, contrasted with the musical dashing of the fountains, and the deep azure beauty of the sky, and the magnificence of the architecture around, a conflict of sensations allied to madness. It is the emblem of Italy—moral degradation contrasted with the glory of nature and the arts."

not crowded up as for the most part is the case in other places where greate churches are erected. In this is a fountaine out of which gushes a river rather than a streeme, which ascending a good height breakes upon a round embosse of marble into millions of pearles that fall into the subjacent basons with greate noise ; I esteeme this one of the goodliest fountaines I ever saw.

Next is the Obelisq transported out of Egypt and dedicated by Octavius Augustus to Julius Cæsar, whose ashes it formerly bore on the sumit ; but being since overturn'd by the Barbarians, was re-erected with vast cost and a most stupendious invention by Domenico Fontana, architect to Sixtus V. The Obelisk consists of one intire square stone without hieroglyphic, in height 72 foote, but comprehending the base and all 'tis 108 foote high. It rests on 4 lyons of gilded copper. You may see through the base of the Obelisq and plinth of the pedestal. . . . It is reported to have taken a year in erecting, to have cost 37,975 crowns, the labour of 907 men and 75 horses. . . .

Before the faciata of the church is an ample pavement. The church was first begun by St. Anacletus when rather a chapel, on a foundation as they give out of Constantine the Great, who in honour of the Apostles carried 12 baskets full of sand to the work. After him Julius II. took it in hand, to which all his successors have contributed more or less. The front is supposed to be the largest and best studied piece of architecture in the world ; to this we went up by four steps of marble. The first entrance is supported by huge pilasters ; the volto within is the richest in the world, overlaid with gold. Between the five large antiports are columns of enormous weight and compass, with as many gates of brass, the work of Pallaiulo the Florentine, full of cast figures and histories in a deep relievo. Over this runs a terrace of like amplitude and ornament, where the Pope at solemn times bestowes his benediction on the vulgar. On each side of this portico are two campaniles, or towers, whereof there was but one perfected, of admirable art. On the top of all runs a balustrade, which edges it quite round, and upon this at equal distances are Christ and the twelve disciples of gigantic size and stature, yet shewing no greater than the life. Entering the church, admirable is the breadth of the volto or roof which is all carved with foliage and roses overlaid with gold in nature of a deep bass relievo, *a l'antique*. The nave, or body is in the form of a cross, whereof the foot part is the longest ; and at the

internodium of the transept rises the cupola, which being all of stone and of prodigious height is more in compass than the Pantheon (which was the largest amongst the old Romans, and is yet entire) or any other in the world. The inside or concave is covered with most exquisite mosaics representing the Celestial Hierarchy, by Giuseppe d'Arpino, full of stars of gold; the convex or outside expos'd to the aire, is cover'd with lead with great ribs of metall double gilt (as are also the ten other lesser cupolas, for no fewer adorn this gl'orious structure) which gives a great and admirable splendor in all parts of the Citty. On the sum'it of this is fix'd a brasen globe gilt, capable of receiving 35 persons. This I entered and engrav'd my name amongst other travellers. Lastly is the crosse, the access to which is betweene the leaden covering and the stone convex or archworke, a most truly astonishing piece of art. On the battlements of the Church, also all overlayd with lead and marble, you would imagine yourself in a town, so many are the cupolas, pinnacles, towers, juttings, and not a few houses inhabited by men who dwell there, and have enough to do to looke after the vast reparations which continually employ them.

We descended into the body of the Church, which is full of collaterall Chapells and large Oratories, most of them exceeding the size of ordinary Churches; but the principal are fowre incrusted with most precious marbles and stones of various colours, adorn'd with an infinity of statues, pictures, stately altars, and innumerable reliques. The altar-piece of St. Michael being of Mosaiq I could not passe without particular note, as one of the best of that kind. The Chapel of Gregory XIII. where he is buried, is most splendid. Under the cupola, and in the center of the Church, stands the high altar, consecrated first by Clement VIII. adorn'd by Paul V. and lately cover'd by Pope Urban VIII. with that stupendous canopy of Corinthian brasse which heretofore was brought from the Pantheon; it consists of 4 wreath'd columns partly channel'd and incircl'd with vines, on which hang little putti, birds and bees (the armes of the Barbarini), sustaining a baldachino of the same mettall. The 4 columns weigh an hundred and ten thousand pounds, all over richly gilt; this with the pedestalls, crowne, and statues about it, form a thing of that art, vastness, and magnificence, as is beyond all that man's industry has produced of the kind: it is the work of Bernini, a Florentine sculptor, architect, painter, and poet, who, a little before my coming to the Citty, gave a publiq

Opera (for so they call shews of that kind) wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, compos'd the musiq, writ the comedy, and built the theatre. Opposite to either of these pillars, under those niches which with their columns support the weighty cupola, are placed 4 exquisite statues of Parian marble, to which are 4 altars; that of St. Veronica made by Fra. Mochi, has over it the Reliquary, where they shew'd us the miraculous Sudarium indued with the picture of our Saviour's face, with this inscription: "*Salvatoris imaginem Veronicæ Sudario excepta ut loci majestas decenter custodiret, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. Marmoreum signum et Altare addidit, Conditorium extruxit et ornavit.*"

Right against this is that of Longinus, of a Colossean magnitude, also by Bernini, and over him the Conservatory of the iron lance inserted in a most precious chrystal, with this epigraph: "*Longini Lanceam quam Innocentius VIII. a Basagete Turcarum Tyranno accepit, Urbanus VIII. statuâ appositâ et Sacello substructo, in exornatum Conditorium transtulit.*"

The third Chapel has over the altar the statue of our countrywoman St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, the worke of Boggi, an excellent sculptor; and here is preserved a greate piece of the pretended wood of the holy crosse, which she is said to have first detected miraculously in the Holy Land. It was placed here by the late Pope with this inscription: "*Partem Crucis quam Helena Imperatrix è Calvario in Urbem adduxit, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. è Sissorianâ Basilicâ desumptam, additis arâ et statuâ, hic in Vaticano collocavit.*"

The 4th hath over the altar, and opposite to that of St. Veronica, the statue of St. Andrew, the work of Fiamingo, admirable above all the other; above is preserv'd the head of that Apostle richly inchas'd. It is said that this excellent sculptor died mad to see his statue placed in a disadvantageous light by Bernini the chiefe architect, who found himselfe out-done by this artist. The inscription over it is this:

"*St. Andreæ caput quod Pius II. ex Achaiâ in Vaticanum asportam dum curavit, Urbanus VIII. novis hic ornamentis decoratum sacrisq' statuæ, ac Sacelli honoribus coli voluit.*"

The Reliques shew'd and kept in this Church are without number, as are also the precious vessels of gold, silver, and gems, with the vests and services to be seene in the Sacristy, which they shew'd us. Under the high altar is an ample grot

inlaid with Pietra Com'essa, wherein half of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserv'd; before hang divers greate lamps of the richest plate burning continually. About this and contiguous to the altar runs a balustrade in forme of a theatre, of black marble. Towards the left as you goe out of the Church by the portico, a little beneath the high altar is an old brasse statue of St. Peter sitting, under the soles of whose feete many devout persons rub their heads and touch their chaplets. This was formerly cast from a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. In another place stands a columnne grated about with yron, whereon they report that our Bl. Saviour was often wont to leane as he preached in the Temple. In the work of the reliquary under the cupola there are 8 wreathed columns which were brought from the Temple of Solomon. In another Chapell they shew'd us the chayre of St. Peter, or as they name it, the Apostolical Throne; but amongst all the Chapells the one most glorious has for an altar-piece, a Madona bearing a dead Christ on her knees in white marble, the work of M. Angelo. At the upper end of the Cathedral are several stately monuments, especially that of Urban VIII. Round the cupola and in many other places in the Church are confession-seates for all languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, Irish, Welsh, Sclavonian, Dutch, etc., as it is written on their friezes in golden capitals, and there are still at confessions some of the nations. Towards the lower end of the Church and on the side of a vast pillar sustaining a weighty roof, is the depositum and statue of the Countess Matilda, a rare piece, with basso-relievos about it of white marble, the work of Bernini. Here are also those of Sixtus IV. and Paulus III., etc. Amongst the exquisite pieces in this sumptuous fabric is that of the Ship¹ with St. Peter held up from sinking by our Saviour. . . . Nor is the pavement under

¹ Kugler wrote as follows: "For the ancient basilica of S. Peter, Giotto executed his celebrated mosaic of the Navicella, which has an allegorical foundation. It represents a ship, with the disciples, on an agitated sea; the winds, personified as demons, storm against it; above appear the Fathers of the Old Testament speaking comfort to the sufferers. According to the early Christian symbolisation, the ship denoted the Church. Nearer, and on the right, in a firm attitude, stands Christ, the Rock of the Church, raising Peter from the waves. Opposite sits a fisherman in tranquil expectation, denoting the hope of the believer. The mosaic has frequently changed its place, and has undergone so many restorations that the composition alone can be attributed to Giotto. The fisherman and the figures hovering in the air are, in their present form, the work of Marcello Provenzale."

the cupola to be passed over without observation, which with the rest of the body and walls of the whole Church, are all inlaid with the richest of Pietra Com'essa, in the most splendid colours of polished marbles, agates, serpentine, porphyry, chalcedony, etc., wholly incrusting to the very roof. Coming out by the portico at which we entered, we were shewn the Porto Santo, never opened but at the year of Jubilee.—*Evelyn.*

DETAILS OF ST. PETER'S

THE TOMB OF ST. PETER.—We descended by a double marble staircase, to the brazen doors of the Confession, or Tomb of St. Peter, illuminated by more than a hundred never-dying lamps, twinkling unnecessarily in the eye of day; but within the sepulchre all is dark, and the tapers of our guides revealed its splendour very imperfectly to view. We entered one large, and four smaller subterranean chapels. Pavements of beautiful inlaid marble . . . laborious gilt paintings . . . and a profusion of other ornaments, richly adorn the interior; while marble sculpture, and bronze bassi-relievi, on the splendid shrine of the apostles, represent the great miracles of their lives. . . . This holy sepulchre is surrounded by a circular vault, which is lined with the tombs of popes, saints and emperors, besides a long list of deposed or abdicated princes. The last representatives of our own unfortunate Stuarts, the Emperor Otho, and a Queen of Jerusalem, are buried here. . . . Emerging from those gloomy, magnificent sepulchral regions of darkness and death, to upper day, we stopped to survey the great altar which stands above the Confession of St. Peter. . . . Above it rises the *baldacchino*, a gilded and brazen canopy, made from the bronze . . . plundered from the Pantheon by Urban VIII.—*Mrs. Eaton.*

THE IMAGE OF ST. PETER.—The grand object of adoration is, however, the image of St. Peter himself. It is pretended that he is no other than old Jupiter Capitolinus transformed into the saint;¹ at all events he was, undoubtedly and confessedly, an ancient bronze statue—either a god or a consul—

¹ Mr. Lowrie (*Christian Archaeology*) voices the opinion of many inquirers who believe the statue to be an early Christian work and not an ancient Roman one. Mrs. Eaton is certainly too positive. There is an alternative view that the statue was an Italian work of the thirteenth century.

and here he sits in state with the modern additions of a glory on his head and a couple of keys in his hand, holding out his toe to be kissed by the pious multitude who continually crowd around it for that purpose. . . . If I were to name a point from which the church is seen to the best advantage, it should be nearly from this very statue of St. Peter. The magnificent arches and crossing aisles, falling into beautiful perspective, the tombs, the statues, the altars, retiring into shadowy distance more powerfully touch the imagination.—*Mrs. Eaton.*

MAUSOLEUM OF MATILDA.—Among the number of its splendid mausoleums, all raised to the memory of pontiffs and princes of the Church, or to enshrine the ashes of kings and queens, there is one which affords a striking commentary on the text of this mighty edifice. It is the tomb of the famous Countess Matilda, the most powerful ally the Church ever knew; and her defence of the Popes and their system, and the bequest of her valuable patrimony to the Church, have obtained for her a monument in St. Peter's, to which her ashes were conveyed from Mantua by Pope Urban the Eighth. Her effigy represents a stern and dogged-looking woman, one whose strong volition might have passed for genius—she holds the papal sceptre and tiara in one hand, and in the other the keys of the Church! At her feet lies her sarcophagus, and its relievos form the precious part of the monument. They represent the Emperor Henry the Fourth at the feet of Pope Gregory the Seventh, where Matilda had assisted to place him. The abject, prostrate, half-naked Emperor, surrounded by Italian Princes and ecclesiastical Barons, the witnesses of his shame and degradation, forms a fine contrast to the haughty and all-powerful Pope.—*Lady Morgan.*

THE INTERIOR.—The chief monuments are placed against the pillars in the nave. These monuments are of great magnificence, especially those of Gregory XIII., of Queen Christina, Leo XI., Innocent XI. and those of Paul III. and Urban VIII. The floor is all of inlaid marbles. The roof is of stucco and golden mosaic. The arches under the dome are larger than a half circle, and bend in slightly towards the spring of the arch, an effect which some approve of and others blame. The four large supports of the central dome are lined with fluted white marble. The Evangelists are placed in the angle above the cornice beneath the dome. Below . . . runs a great circular frieze on which the words "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram," etc. etc., are written in mosaic on a gilt

ground. These letters are four and a half feet high. Above the frieze the dome begins to rise. It is entirely covered with mosaics. At the top is a circular opening, above which is the lantern; this is terminated by a high brazen ball surmounted by a cross.—*De Broses*.

PAPAL MINISTRATIONS.—When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter and St. Paul, etc., the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession formed, . . . preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself seated in a chair of state¹ supported by twenty valets half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service.—*Eustace*.

GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCES.—To-day I am just come from paying my adoration at St. Peter's to three extraordinary relics, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came one after another, I believe, thirty processions, all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over, only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black, others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shewn from a balcony, at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know, the head of the spear

¹ There is an admirable sketch of a papal procession by Raphael in the Louvre.

that wounded Christ ; St. Veronica's handkerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it ; and a piece of the true cross.—*T. Gray.*

CEREMONIES.—Of all the Roman ceremonies the pontifical service at St. Peter's is without doubt the most majestic ; and if we add to it the procession on *Corpus Christi*, in which the Pope bears the holy sacrament in solemn pomp along the colonnade then hung according to the ancient fashion with tapestry and graced with garlands, we shall have mentioned the two most splendid exhibitions perhaps to be seen in the universe.—*Eustace.*

CONFESSIONALS.—Confessionals in every living language stand in St. Peter's. Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, Germans, Hungarians, Dutch, Swedes, Greeks and Armenians, here find a ghostly counsellor ready to hear and absolve in their native tongue. At stated times the confessors attend. . . . All had long wands, like fishing-rods, sticking out of the box. The people passing kneel down opposite the confessor, who touches their head with his wand.—*Mrs. Eaton.*

THE VATICAN PALACE

The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's by the Scala Regia, the most superb staircase perhaps in the world, consisting of four flights of marble steps adorned with a double row of marble Ionic pillars. This staircase springs from the equestrian statue of Constantine which terminates the portico on one side ; and whether seen thence, or viewed from the gallery leading on the same side to the colonnade, forms a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur. The Scala Regia conducts to the Sala Regia. . . . The battle of Lepanto, in which the united fleet of the Italian powers under the command of Don John of Austria and under the auspices of Pius V. defeated the Turks, and utterly broke their naval power . . . forms a most appropriate ornament to the Sala Regia. . . . At one end of the Sala Regia is the Cappella Paolina, so called, because rebuilt by Paul III. The altar is supported by porphyry pillars and bears a tabernacle of rock crystal ; the walls are adorned with various paintings.¹ . . .

Towards the other end of the hall, on the left, a door opens into the Cappella Sistina built by Sixtus IV. and celebrated

¹ Among them two frescoes by Michael Angelo, much blackened, however, with the smoke of candles.

for its paintings in fresco by Michael Angelo and his scholars. These paintings which cover the walls and vaulted ceilings, are its only ornaments. . . . Opposite the Cappella Sistina folding doors open into the Sala Ducale remarkable only for its size and simplicity. Hence we pass to the Loggie di Raffaello, a series of open galleries in three stories, lining the three sides of the court of St. Damasus. . . . In the thirteen arcades that compose this wing of the gallery is represented the History of the Old and part of the New Testament, beginning with the Creation and concluding with the Last Supper. . . . The Camere de Raffaello are a range of halls totally unfurnished and uninhabited. . . . Two antichambers large and painted by great masters, lead to the first hall called the Sala di Costantino, because adorned with the grand achievements of that Christian hero; and thence to the second Camera, where the story of Heliodorus from the Maccabees, the interview of Pope Leo and Attila, the miracle of Bolsena, and above all, the deliverance of St. Peter from prison, attract and charm the eye. Then follow the third Camera with the School of the Philosophers, the Debate of the Holy Sacrament, the Judgment of Solomon, and Parnassus with its groves of bays, Apollo, the Muses and the poets whom they inspired: and the fourth with the Incendio del Borgo, the triumph of Pope Leo over the Saracens at Ostia, and the Coronation of Charlemagne. All these are the works of Raffaello.¹

After having traversed the court of St. Damasus and its adjoining halls and chapels, which may be considered as the state apartments of the Vatican, the traveller passes to that part of the palace which is called the Belvidere from its elevation and prospect, and proceeding along an immeasurable gallery comes to an iron door on the left that opens into the library of the Vatican. . . . A double gallery of two hundred and twenty feet long opening into another of eight hundred, with various rooms, cabinets and apartments annexed, form the receptacle of this noble collection. . . . The books are kept in cases; and in the Vatican the traveller seeks in vain for that pompous display of volumes, which he may have seen and admired in other libraries. . . . The grand gallery which leads to the library terminates in the Museum Pio-Clementinum. Clement XVI. has the merit of having first conceived the idea of this museum and began to put it in execution. The late

¹ The art is described in our extracts from Taine.

Pope Pius VI. continued it on a much larger scale. . . . It consists of several apartments . . . some lined with marbles, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabras, tombs and altars.—*Eustace*.

EVOLUTION OF ROMAN CHURCHES

The ancient Roman basilica, used for the purpose of their law-courts and as a rendez-vous for merchants and the people, is the prototype of the Christian churches: accordingly the seven principal cathedrals in Rome, S. Peter, S. John Lateran, S. Maria Maggiore, S. Croce in Gerusalemme, S. Paolo fuori le Mura, S. Lorenzo, and S. Sebastiano are called Basilicas. The area of the interior was an oblong, terminating with a small portion elevated a few steps above the lower level; and at the extremity was a large niche or absis, in the centre of which the prætor or presiding magistrate sat in his chair surrounded by the public functionaries. The larger portion of the area towards the entrance consisted either of a single nave, or three naves, or five naves, divided in both the latter cases by columns supporting a continuous entablature; and above was a flat ceiling. . . . The Roman churches however may perhaps owe a more ancient origin to the Pagan temples. . . . At all events the circular temples such as the Pantheon and the Temple of Vesta, the former of which was adapted to the offices of the Roman Catholic church, literally without any change at all, having evidently furnished the model of the numerous circular, oval and octagonal churches at present existing, . . . the altars too of the Pagan temples have been adopted in the Roman churches with little alteration. These may be said to be of two varieties, such as may be seen existing in their original state on the circumference of the Pantheon: one, the *ædicula*, a term indicating the station where the ancients used to place the statues of their deities, and consisting of an altar-table upon the wall, protected by a pediment supported on a pair of columns; and the other similarly protected by a pediment and its columns, but contained within an arched or rectangular recess, or within an absis. Another and a modern variety of altar also in use in the modern churches is merely an altar-table appended to the wall, without any other ornament than the altar picture, with which altars of every description in Rome are almost invariably surmounted. . . .

Among the various appendages which (notwithstanding the above-mentioned characteristics retained) the forms and ceremonies of the early Christian worship rendered necessary to engraft upon the basilica, the first was the atrium or quadrangle in front of the principal entrance and gable. The quadrangle with a fountain in the middle, of which the receptacle was called the *cantharus*, was surrounded by a portico for the convenience of those penitents or neophytes whose state of probation was not sufficient to be permitted to advance nearer to the sanctuary. Immediately within the entrance of the church there was also a portico, called the *narthex*, appropriated to the reception of the neophyte or catachumen more advanced in the order of privileges; and upon the walls of the church above, encompassing one, two or three sides of the building, was another portico, or rather gallery, for the convenience of women exclusively. The choir or presbytery, perhaps for the purpose of removing it from the position previously occupied by the *Θαλαμος*¹ in the pagan temples, was at first constructed on a quadrangular area in the middle of the nave, and enclosed by a low marble balustrade, outside of which upon the two angles towards the entrance of the church, were a pair of marble pulpits, called *ambones*, from one of which was read the epistle, and from the other, distinguished by the paschal candlestick, the gospel. The practice, therefore, of having two pulpits, which has grown into use of late years in our English churches, proceeds evidently from this origin. Of the above-mentioned distinctive features of the primary Christian churches, though all have generally disappeared for many centuries, some one or more specimen or specimens of each are yet in existence. For instance, in the church of S. Clemente, the most perfect model existing as well of the early Christian church as of the ancient Roman basilica, supposed to have been built by S. Clement, third bishop of Rome in succession after Peter the Apostle, in the ninety-first year of the Christian era, there is to be seen in perfect preservation the atrium outside the building. In the church of S. Clemente also, enclosed in the middle of the nave by a low balustrade of marble, is the choir or presbytery in the position above referred to; and also outside the balustrade a pair of marble ambones, and in front of the one on the left-hand side, a small column representing the paschal candlestick. The present is the only specimen in Rome of such a choir or

¹ The elevated portion reserved to the priests.

presbytery, though there are several of the ambones, of which the two finest pair are—one in the church of Aracoeli, and the other in the church of S. Nereo ed Achilleo, near the baths of Caracalla. . . . There is also in the church of S. Clemente, upon the gable wall above the entrance, one of the ancient galleries above-referred to, which was used to be appropriated to the female congregation. A better specimen of such a gallery is to be seen in the church of S. Agnese fuori le Mura, where it encompasses three sides instead of, as here, one side of the building only. In the church of S. Clemente also, in the absis at the extremity, may be seen, as well as in many others of the early churches, an episcopal chair of marble. In the church of S. Clemente there is not the *narthex* or inner portico, though specimens of these also may be seen in the churches of S. Silvestro in Capite, S. Maria in Acquiro, S. Agnese fuori le Mura, S. Anastasia, and S. Lorenzo in Damaso, all, with the exception of S. Anastasia, the date of which is unknown, belonging to the third and fourth centuries.

An important alteration in church architecture, the addition of the square brick tower or belfry to the front gable of the basilica, took place in the year 772, when Adrian I. annexed the first of these towers ever constructed to the church of S. Francesca Romana, in the Forum; and such appendages, built, as appears by several that remain at the present day, on a uniform model of extraordinary solidity, were applied to the Roman churches for several centuries afterwards, until superseded by the dome. The first dome of the modern prolate form was erected by Sixtus IV. in the year 1483, upon the church of S. Agostino, and the model has since been adopted all over Europe.¹—*Sir G. Head.*

ST. JOHN LATERAN (*Basilica and Baptistery*)

This church is the regular cathedral of the bishop of Rome, and as such assumes the priority of all others, and the

¹ Any scientific classification of Roman churches is impossible. We have first taken the basilicas, then in succession those whose main interest is their mosaic work, or their mediæval or Renaissance influence. In this arrangement St. Peter's itself would come very late, though many of the earlier churches were restored after its completion. The ecclesiastical classification was, we believe: (1) chapels and charitable foundations; (2) national—served by officials of other states; (3) parish churches; (4) stational churches, generally built on some martyr's tomb; (5) cardinalist churches.

pompous title of the Parent and Mother of all Churches, "*Ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater et caput.*" It was founded by Constantine, but it has been burnt, ruined, rebuilt and frequently repaired, since that period. Its magnitude corresponds with its rank and antiquity, and the richness of its decorations are equal to both. The Basilica, like that of Santa Maria Maggiore, has two porticoes. That which presents itself to the traveller coming from the latter church, consists of a double gallery one above the other, adorned with pilasters; the lower range Doric, the higher Corinthian. On the square before this portico rises a noble obelisk, the most elevated of its kind. From its pedestal bursts an abundant stream that supplies all the neighbouring streets with water. The principal portico faces the south; it consists of four lofty columns and six pilasters. The order is Composite; the attic is adorned with a balustrade, and that balustrade with statues. A double order is introduced in the intervals and behind this frontispiece, to support the gallery destined to receive the pontiff when he gives his solemn benediction; though it is formed of very beautiful pillars, yet it breaks the symmetry and weakens the effect of the whole. Other defects have been observed in this front, and the height of the pedestals, the heavy attic with its balustrade, and the colossal statues that encumber it, have been frequently and justly criticised. Yet with all these defects it presents a very noble and majestic appearance.

The vestibulum is a long and lofty gallery. It is paved and adorned with various marbles. Five doors open from it into the church, the body of which is divided into a nave, and two aisles on each side. The nave is intersected by a transept, and terminated as is usual by a semicircular sanctuary. There are no rails nor partitions; all is open, and a few steps form the only division between the clergy and the people: thus the size and proportions of this noble hall appear to the best advantage. Its decorations are rich in the extreme, and scattered with profusion, but unfortunately with little taste. The nave was renewed or repaired by Borromini, and is disfigured by endless breaks and curves, as well as overloaded with cumbersome masses.

The church was anciently supported by more than three hundred antique pillars, and had the same plan of decoration been adopted in its reparation as was afterwards employed at Santa Maria Maggiore, it would probably have exhibited the

grandest display of pillared scenery now in existence. But the architect it seems had an antipathy to pillars ; he walled them up in the buttresses, and adorned the buttresses with groups of pilasters ; he raised the windows, and in order to crown them with pediments, broke the architrave and frieze, and even removed the cornice : he made niches for statues, and topped them with crowns and pediments of every contorted form ; in short he has broken every straight line in the edifice, and filled it with semicircles, spirals, and triangles. The roof formed of wood, though adorned with gilding in profusion, yet from too many and dissimilar compartments appears heavy and confused. The altar is small and covered with a Gothic sort of tower, said to be very rich, and certainly very ugly. The statues of the twelve apostles, that occupy the niches on each side of the nave with their graceful pillars of *verde antico* (antique green), are much admired. There are several columns also that merit particular attention ; among these we may rank the antique bronze fluted pillars that support the canopy over the altar in the chapel of the Santissimo Sacramento. Some suppose that these pillars belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus ; others fancy that they were brought from the temple of Jerusalem : be these conjectures as they may, the columns are extremely beautiful.

The various chapels of this church deserve attention, either for their form or for their embellishments ; but the Corsini chapel is entitled to particular consideration, and may be regarded as one of the most perfect buildings of the kind existing. Inferior perhaps in size, and more so in splendour, to the Borghese Chapel, it has more simplicity in its form and more purity in its decoration. This chapel is in the form of a Greek Cross. The entrance occupies the lower, the altar the upper part ; a superb mausoleum terminates each end of the transept ; the rail that separates the chapel from the aisle of the church is gilt brass ; the pavement is the finest marble ; the walls are incrustated with alabaster and jasper, and adorned with basso rilievo ; six pillars adorn the recesses, the two on each side of the altar are *verde antico* ; the four others are porphyry, their bases and capitals are burnished bronze. The picture over the altar is a mosaic, the original by Guido. The tombs with their statues are much admired, particularly that of Clement XII., the Corsini pontiff, whose body reposes in a large and finely proportioned antique sarcophagus of porphyry. Four corresponding niches are occupied by as

many statues, representing the Cardinal Virtues, and over each niche is an appropriate *basso rilievo*. The dome that canopies this chapel, in itself airy and well lighted, receives an additional lustre from its golden panels, and sheds a soft but rich glow on the marble scenery beneath it. On the whole, though the Corsini chapel has not escaped criticism, yet it struck me as the most beautiful edifice of the kind ; splendid without gaudiness ; the valuable materials that form its pavement, line its walls and adorn its vaults, are so disposed as to mix together their varied hues into soft and delicate tints ; while the size and symmetry of its form enable the eye to contain it with ease, and contemplate its unity, its proportions, and its ornaments, without effort.

The Baptistery of St. John Lateran, which according to the custom of the early ages still observed in almost all the cathedrals of Italy, though near is yet detached from the church, is called S. Giovanni in Fonte, and is the most ancient of the kind in the Christian world. It was erected by Constantine, and is at the same time a monument of the magnificence of that emperor and the bad taste of the age. A small portico leads into an octagonal edifice, in the centre of which there is a large basin about three feet deep, lined and paved with marble. This basin is of the same form as the building itself ; at its corners stand eight beautiful pillars, which support eight others of white marble. . . . There are two chapels, one on each side of the Baptistery, formerly destined for the instruction and accommodation of the catechumens. In this chapel only, and only upon the eves of Easter and Pentecost, was public baptism administered anciently in Rome.¹—*Eustace*.

SCALA SANTA

Opposite to the great entrance of the palace of the Lateran, stands the venerable chapel of the Scala Santa (holy steps)

¹ In his well-known book, the *Holy Roman Empire*, Bryce has made special reference to the copy of the mosaic Lateran triclinium now over the façade of St. John Lateran. This mosaic Bryce considers as typical of the theory of the mediæval empire as the fresco in S. M. Novella. The mosaic represents Christ giving their mission to the apostles, and again Christ with Pope Sylvester, and Christ with the Emperor Constantine. To one he gives the key of heaven, the other the banner surmounted by a cross. The mosaic is of particular interest when we remember Dante's theory of the proper limits of the power of Empire and Papacy respectively.

once a part of the ancient building. This chapel is the shrine of daily pilgrimage to the peasantry, many of whom were ascending its holy steps on their knees, on the several days that we passed by it. The veneration paid to this flight of stairs arises from the five centre steps (said to be part of the staircase of Pontius Pilate's house) which were sanctified by the blood of Christ. None can ascend it but on their knees; and lateral steps are provided for those whose piety may not lead them to this painful genuflexion.—*Lady Morgan*.

STA. MARIA MAGGIORE

The Basilica Liberiana, or church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which derives its former appellation from Pope Liberius, in whose time it was erected, its latter, from its size and magnificence, as being the first that bears the appellation of the Blessed Virgin. It is said to have been founded about the year 350, and has undergone many repairs and alterations since that period. It is one of the noblest churches in the world, and well deserves an epithet of distinction. It stands by itself on the highest swell of the Esquiline hill, in the midst of two great squares which terminate two streets of near two miles in length. To these squares the Basilica presents two fronts of modern architecture and of different decorations. The principal front consists of a double colonnade, one over the other, the lower Ionic, the other Corinthian; before it on a lofty pedestal rises a Corinthian pillar supporting a brazen image of the Blessed Virgin. On the other side, a bold semi-circular front adorned with pilasters and crowned with two domes, fills the eye and raises the expectation. Before it, on a pedestal of more than twenty feet in height, stands an Egyptian obelisk of a single piece of granite of fifty, terminating in a cross of bronze. These accompaniments on each side give the Basilica an air of unusual grandeur, and it must be allowed that the interior is by no means unworthy of this external magnificence.

The principal entrance is, as usual in all the ancient churches, through a portico; this portico is supported by eight pillars of granite, and adorned with corresponding marble pilasters. The traveller on his entrance is instantly struck with the two magnificent colonnades that line the nave and separate it from the aisle. They are supported each by more than twenty pillars, of which eighteen on each side are of white marble.

The order is Ionic with its regular entablature, the elevation of the pillars is thirty-eight feet, the length of the colonnade about two hundred and fifty. The sanctuary forms a semicircle behind the altar. The altar is a large slab of marble covering an ancient sarcophagus of porphyry, in which the body of the founder formerly reposed. It is overshadowed by a canopy of bronze, supported by four lofty Corinthian pillars of porphyry. This canopy, though perhaps of too great a magnitude for its situation, as it nearly touches the roof, is the most beautiful and best proportioned ornament of the kind which I ever beheld. The side walls supported by the pillars are divided by pilasters, between which are alternately windows and mosaics; the pavement is variegated, and the ceiling divided into square panels, double gilt and rich in the extreme. There is no transept, but instead of it two noble chapels open on either side. The one on the right as you advance from the great entrance towards the altar, was built by Sixtus Quintus, and contains his tomb: it would be considered as rich and beautiful, were it not infinitely surpassed in both these respects by the opposite chapel belonging to the Borghese family, erected by Paul V. Both these chapels are adorned with domes and decorated with nearly the same architectural ornaments. But in the latter, the spectator is astonished at the profusion with which not bronze and marble only, but lapis-lazuli, jasper, and the more precious stones are employed.—*Eustace.*

STA. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME

Remarkable only for its antique shape, and for the eight noble columns of granite that support its nave. Its front is modern, of rich materials, but of very indifferent architecture. The semicircular vault of the sanctuary is adorned with paintings in fresco, which, though very defective in the essential parts, yet charm the eye by the beauty of some of the figures and the exquisite freshness of the colouring. The lonely situation of this antique basilica amidst groves, gardens and vineyards, and the number of mouldering monuments and tottering arches that surround it, give it a solemn and affecting appearance.—*Eustace.*

It was originally built, within the limits of the gardens of Heliogabalus, called the Horti Variani, by S. Helena, the mother of Constantine, for the especial purpose of preserving

a sacred relique, said to be a portion of our Saviour's cross brought from Jerusalem; and the site was hallowed by earth transported from Mount Calvary, and sprinkled under the church's foundations. . . . It may seem extraordinary, considering the importance naturally belonging to the building under the above circumstances, that from the time of its consecration by S. Silvester, about the year 306, the accounts relating to it for many centuries afterwards are far more imperfect than of very many ordinary Roman churches; all that I find recorded of it is in fact, with the exception of vague and general allusions to various restorations, that it was rebuilt by Gregory II. about the year 715, and again by Lucius II. in 1144, and finally, that having been conceded by Pius VI., about the year 1560 to the congregation of Cistercian monks, whose convent is annexed to the building . . . it was put in the condition it appears in at present. . . . The basilica is constructed in the form of a triple nave, divided by compound piers faced with pilasters, and planted so as to comprise three intercolumnial spaces, of which the central is considerably narrower than the two others. . . . The choir or tribune is in the form of a spacious absis, of which the semidome is painted in fresco by Pinturicchio, on a subject relating to the discovery of our Saviour's cross at Jerusalem by Sta. Helena, and in colours, among which sky-blue predominates, all exceedingly vivid. . . . On each side of the tribune a door leads from the transept to a crypt under the basilica, where the so-called fragment of our Saviour's cross, from which the title "*Santa Croce*" is derived, is deposited, though no person is permitted to see the relique without the Pope's special authority.—*Sir G. Head.*

SAN PAOLO FUORI¹

The patriarchal Basilica of St. Paul, called S. Paolo fuori delle Mura, at some distance from the *Porta Ostiensis*. . . . It was finished by Theodosius and his son Honorius, and afterwards, when shattered by earthquakes and time, it was repaired first by Leo III., and again, after a long interval, by Sixtus Quintus. Such was the respect which the public entertained for this church, and so great the crowds that flocked to it, that the emperors above-mentioned thought it necessary (if we may believe Procopius) to build a portico from the gate to the Basilica, a distance of near a mile. The magnificence

¹ *Fuori*, i.e. outside the city.

of this portico seems to have equalled the most celebrated works of the ancient Romans, as it was supported by marble pillars and covered with gilt copper. But whatsoever may have been its former glory, it has long since yielded to the depredations of age or barbarism, and sunk into dust without leaving even a trace to ascertain its former existence. The road is now unfrequented, and the church itself, with the adjoining abbey belonging to the Benedictine monks, is almost abandoned during the summer months on account of the real or imaginary unwholesomeness of the air.

The exterior of this edifice, like that of the Pantheon, being of ancient brick, looks dismal and ruinous. The portico is supported by twelve pillars, and forms a gallery or vestibulum lofty and spacious. The principal door is of bronze; the nave and double aisles are supported by four rows of Corinthian pillars, amounting in all to the number of eighty. Of these columns, four-and-twenty of that beautiful marble called *pavonazzo* (because white tinged with a delicate purple), and the most exquisite workmanship and proportions, were taken from the tomb of Adrian (*Castel S. Angelo*). The transept, or rather the walls and arches of the sanctuary, rest upon ten other columns, and thirty more are employed in the decoration of the tomb of the Apostle and of the altars. These pillars are in general of porphyry, and the four that support the central arches are of vast magnitude. Two flights of marble steps lead from the nave to the sanctuary: the pavement of this latter part is of fine marble; that of the former, of shattered fragments of ancient tombs marked with inscriptions. The altar stands under a canopy terminated by an awkward Gothic pyramid; the circumference of the sanctuary is adorned with some very ancient mosaics. The walls of the nave and centre rest on arches carried from pillar to pillar; those of the nave are high and covered with faded paintings. The length of the church is about three hundred feet, its breadth about one hundred and fifty, and from its magnitude, proportions, and materials, it undoubtedly furnishes all the means requisite, if properly managed, of rendering it one of the most noble, and perhaps one of the most beautiful, churches in the world. As it is, it presents a very exact copy of its ancient state, for it seems to have suffered considerable damage almost as soon as finished, from the wars, alarms, and devastations that commenced in the reign of Honorius, and continued during several successive centuries.—*Eustace*.

SAN LORENZO FUORI

Constantine the Great erected this basilica above the tomb of the martyred San Lorenzo, who, you will remember, was broiled to death upon a gridiron at Rome, and of St. Stephen, the first martyr, who was stoned to death at Jerusalem ; though how his body, which was buried at that place by devout men, came to be deposited here, is not clearly explained. This basilica was for the most part rebuilt in the sixth and it is believed, in the eighth century also ; and the internal part, containing the confession, or tomb of the saint, alone remains of the original erection. It is distinguished by ten magnificent columns of pavonazetto marble, buried nearly to the top of their shafts below the pavement of this vile old church. The capitals of two of them are composite, adorned with sculptured trophies, instead of foliage ; the rest are Corinthian. They support a second order of mean little columns ; and a gallery, which was customary in all the earliest churches, as well as in the Roman Basilica. The marble pulpits or reading-desks stand on each side of the church. On the right-hand side, in walking up the nave, is the Ionic column with a frog and a lizard sculptured on the capital, which Winckelmann and all the critics after him, declare to be the identical column that Pliny says was so marked by the two Spartan architects, Battocus and Saurus, to perpetuate their names ; and consequently it must have been brought here from the Temple of Jove, in the Portico of Octavia.

There are two Christian tombs in this church, adorned with Bacchanalian images ; one is behind the altar, and another, representing the vintage, is near the door. Immediately on the right of the door, on entering, there is, however, a far more beautiful sarcophagus, which contains the bones of an old cardinal, adorned with a Roman Marriage, sculptured in bas-relief. You see the propitiatory sacrifice—the bridegroom and the bride, attended by her train of *paranymphæ* or bride-maids, united by the Genius of Love ; and above all, the assembled deities that bless or prosper the marriage state. By way of a specimen of the fine arts of a later and lower period, in the mosaic pavements in the middle of the church, you will see two Roman soldiers, of the barbarous ages, on horseback—most extraordinary figures !—or better still, admire in the external portico of the church some fresco paint-

ings nearly washed out, representing, amongst other things, the Pope and Cardinals, apparently warming themselves by the flames of purgatory, and the souls burning in them, some of which are lifted up by the hair of the heads, by black angels in red petticoats, looking thoroughly singed. This exquisite composition is in commemoration of the privilege enjoyed by one particular subterranean chapel in this church, of liberating the souls in purgatory—for money.—*Mrs. Eaton.*

SAN SEBASTIANO FUORI

Some say it was built by Constantine, and it is supposed at all events to have had its origin in the third or the beginning of the fourth century, and to be situated on the site of the cemetery constructed by the Bishop of Rome, Callixtus I., about the year 218, in which cemetery S. Sebastian was buried. . . . With regard to the exterior appearance, though holding rank among the seven Roman basilicas, it is inferior to some of the ordinary churches in magnitude, and the frontage hardly exceeds the breadth of sixty feet. The entrance is through a portico supported by three round-topped arches springing from columns, of which two pairs are of red granite and one pair granito del foro. The interior is constructed in the form of a single nave, the only instance of a single nave among the seven basilicas. . . .

From the nave of the basilica, by a portal from either side, there is a descent to the catacombs of S. Callixtus, who is said to be the first of the bishops of Rome who, at the commencement of the reign of Alexander Severus, converted to the purpose of public cemeteries these extraordinary subterraneous passages, which are supposed to have been excavated in the first instance by the early Romans for the purpose of digging pozzolana for their buildings. . . . The catacombs on the present spot are considered the most extensive of all others in the neighbourhood of Rome, comprehending a regular series of underground passages communicating one with another, it is said, to the extraordinary and even incredible distance of six miles; it is moreover generally affirmed by the church authorities that no less than fourteen bishops and one hundred and seventy thousand martyrs were buried here at different periods. By traditional accounts of the Roman Catholic Church the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were also originally deposited here, though removed after-

wards, one to the celebrated sepulchre under the dome of St. Peter's, and the other to the cemetery of a Roman matron, St. Lucina, adjacent to the Basilica di St. Paolo on the banks of the Tiber.—*Sir G. Head.*

SAN CLEMENTE

The church of St. Clement, in the great street that leads to St. John Lateran, is the most ancient church in Rome. It was built on the site, and was probably at first one of the great apartments of the house of the holy bishop whose name it bears. It is mentioned as ancient by authors of the fourth century (St. Jerome, Pope Zozimus, etc.), and is justly considered as one of the best models that now exist of the original form of Christian churches. It has frequently been repaired and decorated, but always with a religious respect for its primitive shape and fashion. In front of it is a court with galleries, supported by eighteen granite pillars, and paved with pieces of shattered marbles, among which I observed several fragments of beautiful *verde antico*. The portico of the church is formed of four columns of the same materials as the pillars of the gallery, and its interior is divided into a nave and aisles by twenty pillars of various marbles. The choir commences about the centre of the nave, and extends to the steps of the sanctuary; there are two pulpits, called anciently *Ambones*, one on each side of the choir. A flight of steps leads to the sanctuary or chancel, which is terminated by a semicircle, in the middle of which stands the episcopal chair, and on each side of it two marble ranges of seats border the walls for the accommodation of the priests; the inferior clergy with the singers occupied the choir. In front of the episcopal throne, and between it and the choir, just above the steps of the sanctuary, rises the altar unencumbered by screens and conspicuous on all sides. The aisles terminated in two recesses now used as chapels, called anciently *Exedrae* or *Cellae*, and appropriated to private devotion in prayer or meditation. Such is the form of St. Clement's, which though not originally a basilica, is evidently modelled upon such buildings; as may be seen not only by the description given of them by Vitruvius, but also by several other churches in Rome, which having actually been basilicae, still retain their original form with slight modifications. The same form has been retained or imitated in all the great Roman churches, and indeed in

almost all the cathedral and abbey churches in Italy ; a form without doubt far better calculated both for the beauty of perspective and for the convenience of public worship than the arrangement of Gothic fabrics, divided by screens, insulated by partitions, and terminating in gloomy chapels.—*Eustace*.

STA. AGNESE

The Church of St. Agnes was built on the level of the Catacombs in which the body of the saint was found, consequently a considerable depth below the surface of the earth ; and you descend into it by a marble staircase. . . . The interior of the Church of St. Agnes, more than any other, preserves the form of the ancient civil basilica. The three naves, separated by sixteen ancient marble columns, and the form of the tribune at the top, beneath which the great altar now stands and the judge formerly sat, may be distinctly seen in most of the old Roman churches ; but the peculiarity of this is the gallery, which was occupied by the audience in the Pagan Basilica, and by the women in the religious assemblies of the early Christians,—a custom, by the way, still in use among the Jews ; at least in the only one of their synagogues I ever entered, that at Rome.—*Mrs. Eaton*.

SS. COSMO E DAMIANO

The church was erected in the year 521, by Pope Felix IV. . . . there are, however, no subsequent accounts of the church till the reign of Urban VIII., who about the year 1630 rebuilt it, at the same time raising the pavement on account of the humidity of the spot. . . . The entrance from the vestibule to the church is through a circular arch of very considerable depth, on each of the plain and whitewashed sides of which is engrafted an object which . . . is of ordinary occurrence in the Roman churches, called a martyr's weight, or *Lapis Martyrum*. . . . Those in question, in size about twice the bigness of a man's head, are supposed to have been fastened to the necks of Saints Cosmus and Damianus, when both the martyrs were thrown into the Tiber in the reign of Maximian. . . .

At the extremity of the church, the choir immediately at the entrance of which stands the isolated high altar, is represented by a broad and magnificent absis, an original

portion of the church built by Pope Felix IV., of which the semidome is lined with curious mosaic of the sixth century, executed in a coarse style, indicative of the state of the arts at the period, but which, notwithstanding the apparently careless mechanical arrangement of the mosaic fragments is extraordinarily effective. The subject is Our Saviour, the Good Shepherd and the Apostles, the latter represented by twelve sheep the size of nature, and thrown into such bold relief that they seem like living ones. . . . On the left-hand side of the high altar is a door leading by a flight of steps to the crypt. . . . Here, not far from the entrance, the body of Pope Felix, the founder of the church, or St. Felix as is his designation, was discovered.—*Sir G. Head.*

STA. MARIA IN TRASTEVERE

The church is supposed to have been originally built in the form of a small oratory, about the year 222, by the Bishop of Rome, Callixtus I., on ground conceded by Alexander Severus for the especial use of the Christians, a spot where an ancient hospital for invalided soldiers, called the Taberna Meritoria, had stood previously. The building of Callixtus, at all events, was the first place of *public* worship ever established in Rome by the Christians. It was rebuilt in the year 340 by the bishop, Julius I., and restored in 707 by John VII.; also between the years 715 and 741 by Gregory II. and Gregory III.; by Adrian I. about the year 772, and by Benedict III. about the year 855; by Innocent II. in the year 1139; and about the year 1447 Nicholas V. put it in the form it bears at present, after the designs of the architect Bernardino Rossellini, with the exception, however, of the portico, which was added, about the year 1700, by Clement XI. With regard to the exterior, the portico is supported by five round-topped arches that spring from four columns of granito del foro, and its flat roof is protected by a balcony. The façade of the church that rises in the rear of the portico is a remarkably low gable, to which is annexed a square brick tower of the middle ages; the entablature of the gable is covered with mosaics executed in the time of Innocent II., in the twelfth century, representing the five wise virgins, together with the Madonna and the infant Saviour. The portico in its interior is broad and spacious, and upon the walls are engrafted a considerable number of interesting ancient inscriptions.

The church is constructed in the form of a triple nave, divided by ancient granite columns. . . . The capitals, with the exception of four Corinthian, are Grecian Ionic, supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Isis and Serapis, inasmuch as there are to be observed interpolated in the volutes, which are extremely highly wrought, figures of Isis, Serapis and Harpocrates. . . . The transept is elevated by a flight of seven steps. . . . In front of the main arch . . . is a monument, of which the principal objects are a marble bas-relief representing the annunciation of the Holy Virgin, surmounted by a curious piece of mosaic executed in the ancient style in very small pieces representing a marine landscape, including fishing-vessels, water-fowls.—*Sir G. Head.*

S. GREGORIO

The spot where the church and convent now stand was originally the site of the paternal domicile of Gregory the Great. . . . Gregory having become a monk . . . and subsequently having been raised to the papal chair in the year 590, the church originally dedicated to him under the present title was built after his death, at a period not precisely defined. . . . The first restoration that is recorded is the rebuilding of the portico in the year 1633 by the architect Gio. Battista Soria, at the private expense of Cardinal Scipio Borghese. Afterwards the church was thoroughly restored in the year 1734 by the architect Francesco Ferrari, at the expense of the monks who at that time inhabited the convent. . . . The paintings, chiefly relating to circumstances in the life of Gregory the Great comprise an interesting display of costume at their early period of the Christian church. . . . The original cell that Gregory the Great occupied is . . . a very small cell, of which the dimensions are about 6 feet by 10 feet in area, and of height corresponding. There is also to be observed . . . the original pontifical chair of Gregory.—*Sir G. Head.*

STA. SABINA

The church . . . supposed to stand on the site of the temple of Juno Regina . . . occupies also the spot where the paternal residence of the saint to whom it is dedicated was situated. It was originally built by an Illyrian priest . . .

in the reign of the Bishop of Rome, Celestine. In the year 824 it was restored by Eugenius II., and was afterwards rebuilt and reconsecrated in 1238 by Gregory IX. In 1541 it was again restored and embellished by Cardinal Cesarini, and further redecorated by Sixtus V. in 1587. . . . The interior is constructed in the form of a triple nave, divided by remarkably fine Corinthian columns of Hymettian marble, supposed to have belonged to the ancient Temple. . . . The pavement is composed partly of red tiles, partly of stripes of marble. . . . There is to be observed in the middle of the area a short spirally fluted column of white marble three or four feet in height, on which is placed a martyr's weight of the ordinary form and material; and at the foot of the column is a slab of marble containing an inscription that serves to mark the spot where S. Dominic, the founder of the order of Dominicans, used to kneel down and pray. . . . The original cell of St. Dominic in the annexed convent of Dominicans is . . . about ten feet square, the ceiling flat and composed of unpainted board and rafters, and the side walls on the right and on the left plain and unwashed. Opposite the entrance is a small primitive-looking altar, faced with marble inlaid in an arabesque pattern, with the exception of a circular tablet of seme santo for a central ornament. The altar-picture is a portrait of S. Dominic.¹—*Sir G. Head.*

STA. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

The church . . . was originally constructed about the year 1560 by Pius IV., who employed Michael Angelo, then in the eighty-sixth year of his age, to appropriate to the purpose the magnificent oblong chamber belonging to the baths, called the Pinnacotheka, then remaining covered with its original roof in excellent preservation. The present appearance of the church, however, although the plan of a Greek cross adopted by Michael Angelo has been adhered to, is to be attributed principally to the architect Vanvitelli, who, in the year 1749, in the reign of Benedict XIV., made very considerable improvements. . . . The frontage of the whole exterior . . . is so exceedingly plain and unpretending, notwithstanding that the church is the most beautiful perhaps

¹ The carved wood doors of Sta. Sabina are of the fifth century and shew the transition from the emblematic art of the catacombs to the more living art of the basilicas.

of any of the Roman churches in the interior, that hardly any resemblance to the form of a church can be said to belong to it, but it rather resembles a very ordinary façade of a private dwelling. . . .

Passing through the segment arch, whose ample span forms a most imposing entrance from the nave of the church into the transept, we enter at once, at the middle of the western flank, into the pinnacotheca of the baths of Dioclesian, metamorphosed, it is true, into a Christian place of worship, but still retaining, without any material alteration or infringement, its original character. This celebrated chamber, taken as at present, is in length, from altar to altar at each extremity, 406 palms, or 296½ feet; in breadth, 90 feet; and in height, to the centre of the vaulted ceiling, 90 feet. The original ceiling, of Dioclesian, which has already existed for sixteen centuries, . . . is still capable, as far as human eye can perceive, of enduring many more. . . . The pavement, of inlaid marble, is the finest to be seen in Rome, with the exception of the new pavement of St. Paolo fuori le Mura, and of St. Peter's, though the latter, owing to the continual traffic in the Basilica, is in appearance much inferior. The whole vast area presents to the eye one splendid polished surface of marble of various descriptions and brilliant colours, disposed in all manner of figures and forms, curvilinear and rectilinear, all subsidiary and contributing to the main design, which, like a colossal carpet is surrounded by a broad border.¹—*Sir G. Head.*

STA. PRASSEDE

The titular saint of the church, S. Praxides or Prassede, was the daughter of the senator Pudens, in whose house, according to the traditions of the Roman church, the apostle S. Peter lived as a lodger, and the sister of S. Pudentiana. . . . The church was originally built about the year 822, by Paschal I., after which period I find no account of the restorations until the reign of Nicholas V., who repaired it about the year 1450; and it was afterwards embellished and put in the form and condition it is in at present by the celebrated cardinal more commonly known by the title of S. Carlo Borromeo. . . . Within is a wooden figure painted in natural colours,

¹ The church also contains Domenichino's *Martyrdom of S. Sebastian*, originally painted in fresco in St. Peter's, but removed hither by the architect Zabaglia.

representing S. Prassede on her knees in the act of squeezing a sponge saturated with the blood of Christian martyrs into a basin, in allusion to the practice by which S. Prassede, together with her sister Pudentiana, according to the tradition of the Roman Church, used to collect the bodies of all the Christians they could find who had suffered martyrdom, and having consigned the remains to the earth, mingle the blood of the faithful all together in the holy well. . . . On the southern gable wall, on the right hand of the entrance, there is to be observed an . . . inscription on a marble tablet, relating to the remains of no less than 10,300 martyrs, deposited underneath the church at the beginning of the ninth century by Paschal I.¹—*Sir G. Head.*

S. STEFANO ROTUNDO

The church of S. Stefano Rotundo, though mistaken by the antiquaries . . . for several different ancient buildings, is generally believed, principally on the authority of Anastatius, to have been built about the year 470 by Pope Simplicius, though there are no accounts of its history subsequently until Nicholas V., finding it in an extremely dilapidated state, restored it about the year 1450, since which period, propped up rather than rebuilt, the form and condition at all events in which it was then left has never been altered. As regards its present appearance, and first of the exterior, which, as the name imports, is circular, the building consists of two concentric circular brick walls of exceedingly inferior masonry which the inner one, covered by a modern mushroom-formed roof of red tiles, slanting from the apex to the circumference, is three times as high as the outer one, which latter is connected with the other by a tiled pent-house roof slanting downwards from the inner periphery. . . . The fresco paintings² . . . are the joint performance of Pomerancio and Tempesta . . . comprising in minute detail the unspeakable sufferings inflicted on the early Christians in the days of their persecution. . . . To recite a few of the principal foreground subjects, there may be seen the most graphic representations that the

¹ The church also contains a mosaic of the period of this pope, and over the head of one figure is a square aureole as seen in mosaic-work of the eighth and ninth centuries. Head (vol. ii. p. 242) names the only five other examples of the square aureole in Rome.

² In the interior.

imagination can conceive of a martyr immersed in a caldron of boiling oil ; of another bound by cords, and extended on his side, while molten lead is being poured into his ears ; of another being broiled to death within the body of a brazen bull ; of another cast into a yawning abyss swarming with scorpions and serpents ; of martyrs torn in pieces by lions, tigers and panthers, on the arena of the Colosseum.—*Sir G. Head.*

STA. MARIA DI ARA CÆLI

I went to the church of the Ara Coeli¹ . . . up that long flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps overtopping the Capitol, the site of the Temple of Jupiter Ferretrius, to see the Santo Bambino. As I was in the company of a devout Catholic, I put on my gravest face—which, however, I found it a hard matter to maintain. We were ushered into a side chapel off the sacristia, where, after waiting some time, one of the monks appeared. We intimated our wish to be presented, whereupon he straightway proceeded to light four candles on the altar, and to unlock the front panel, out of which he took a large gilt box. The box was covered with common, wearable-looking baby-clothes, which he put on one side. He then placed it on the altar, and unfastened the lid ; several layers of white silk, edged with gold, were then removed, and at last appeared the Bambino, in the shape of an ugly painted doll, some two feet in length. A more complete little monster I never beheld—the face painted a violent red ; the hair, also wooden, in rigid curls ; altogether very like one of the acting troop in Punch's theatre. There was a gold and jewelled crown on its head, and the body—swathed in white silk, like an Italian baby—was covered with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, but of no great size or value ; the little feet were hollow, and of gold. Of all sights in the world, the Bambino *ought* to be the most humiliating to a Catholic. The monk said the Bambino was of *cinque-cento* workmanship, which they always do say, *faute de mieux*, and added, with a devout look, "*Ma e molto prodigioso.*" When he goes to the sick, he rides in a coach sent for him, and is held up at the window to be adored. At Christmas there are no end of ceremonies, in

¹ "This church takes its name of 'Ara Coeli' from the vulgar tradition of the Sibyl's prophecy to Augustus, of the birth of the Redeemer, and of his consequent consecration of an altar on this spot 'to the first-born of God.'"—*Mrs. Eaton.*

which he takes a prominent part ; first, the *presepio*. But he is very great indeed at the Epiphany, when he is paraded up and down the church, escorted by bands of splendid military music, playing polkas, and then held up at the great door facing the hundred and twenty-four steps, on which the people kneel and worship him.—*Mrs. Elliot*.

STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO

It was originally built in the year 1099, by Pope Paschal II., for the express purpose of allaying the superstitious fears of the people, who imagined that the neighbourhood was haunted by the ghost of Nero, who is supposed to have been buried on the heights above, on the Monte Pincio, then the "*Collis Hortulorum*." In the year 1227 the church was rebuilt at the public expense, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin under its present title of S. Maria del Popolo ; and finally it was altogether reconstructed about the year 1480, under the auspices of Sixtus IV., by the architect Baccio Pintelli. The interior consists of a triple nave, divided by compound piers, or piers faced with half columns, and the ceiling is a plain whitewashed vault supported by arches which (one of the very rare instances to be met with in the Roman churches) incline to the pointed form of Gothic. . . . The second Chapel belongs to the Chigi family. . . . The paintings in the chapel, which are by no means well preserved, were designed by Raphael, and executed by the three artists Sebastiano del Piombo, Francesco Salviati, and Vanni. In the angles are four corresponding groups of statues. . . .

The choir . . . is square in area, the ceiling vaulted and divided into panels, curiously painted in fresco by Pinturicchio, with four portraits at the angles of four bishops of the Eastern Church, each larger than life, and seated on the pontifical chair, with turban on head, and dressed in full Oriental costume. . . . Upon the sidewalls are two very magnificent monuments . . . the one bearing an inscription with the date of 1505, of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, and the other, with an inscription of 1507 of Cardinal Recanati. . . . The low bas-relief which covers almost the whole surface of both monuments is considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of Andrea Sansovino, a species of sculpture for which he was particularly remarkable, comprising for the most part arabesque designs of foliage, executed with a degree of prominence hardly exceeding that

of stamped paper, and relieved occasionally by figures of fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, etc., in alto-relievo. The style altogether rather resembles the chasing on gold or silver than work on marble. Particularly, in the right-hand monument, there may be observed upon the centre tablet, underneath the sarcophagus, a very exquisite representation of a vine, of which the dense masses of curling leaves and grapes are undercut to an extraordinary depth. . . .

Above the altar, which faces within the choir to the east, is an ancient picture of the Madonna, one among several others in Rome attributed to the pencil of St. Luke the Evangelist.—*Sir G. Head.*

SS. APOSTOLI

The church is said to have been originally built by the Emperor Constantine, immediately underneath his baths on the Quirinale, though there are no certain accounts of its various restorations till the early part of the fifteenth century, when Martin V. entirely rebuilt it, and at the same time began the Colonna palace adjoining. Subsequently, about the year 1480, Sixtus IV. added the portico; and Clement XI., about the year 1710 renewed the church after the designs of the architect Francesco Fontana, suffering, however, the portico to remain as it existed previously. The portico, unlike those of the generality of Roman churches, is not a projecting one, but flush with the upper part of the building, containing nine entrances, through nine round-topped arches. . . . This spacious church is constructed in the form of a triple nave, divided by massive, compound piers, faced on three sides by pilasters in couples, and on the fourth side, or the side towards the side naves, by a pair of columns. . . . At the extremity of the nave, facing downwards, is the monument of Clement XIV., the celebrated Ganganelli, said to have been sculptured by Canova at the age of twenty-five.—*Sir G. Head.*

S. PIETRO IN VINCOLI

S. Pietro in Vincoli, so called from the chains with which St. Peter was bound both in Rome and at Jerusalem, now preserved, as is believed, under the altar, was erected about the year 420, and after frequent reparations presents now to the eye a noble hall, supported by twenty Doric pillars of

Parian marble, open on all sides, adorned with some beautiful tombs, and terminating in a semicircle behind the altar. It is a pity that the taste of the age in which this edifice was erected should have been perpetuated through so many successive reparations, and the arches carried from pillar to pillar still suffered to appear; while an entablature, like that of St. Maria Maggiore, would have concealed the defect and rendered the order perfect. The pillars are too thin for Doric proportions, and too far from each other; very different in this respect from the Doric models still remaining at Athens. But the proportions applied by the ancient Romans to this order, rendered it in fact a distinct order, and made it almost an invention of their own. Among the monuments the traveller will not fail to observe a sarcophagus of black marble and of exquisite form, on the left hand; and on the right, the tomb of Julius II., indifferent in itself, but ennobled by the celebrated figure of Moses, supposed to be the masterpiece of Michael Angelo, and one of the most beautiful statues in the world.—*Eustace*.

S. GIOVANNI DE' FIORENTINI

The church . . . was built in the year 1488, at the expense of a company of Florentines, by the architect Giacomo della Porta, who has constructed it partly after a miniature model of St. Peter's. It was restored in the year 1735 or thereabouts under the auspices of Clement XII., Corsini, by the architect Alessandro Galilei, who built the present façade, which is of great pretension, and exceeds its due proportion in magnitude, though, as is common enough in the façades of the Roman churches, nothing more than a bare naked wall that overtops the gable. . . . The high altar was built at the expense of the Falconieri family by Pietro da Cortona. The pediment, or rather frontispiece, is of extraordinary breadth and height. . . . The capitals of the columns and pilasters . . . are . . . of cotanella—an almost solitary instance in the Roman churches of the capitals of a column being made of any description of coloured marble. . . . Above the altar, instead of an altar picture, is a magnificent marble group sculptured by Antonio Razzi of St. John the Baptist baptizing our Saviour.—*Sir G. Head*.

S. ONOFRIO

The convent of S. Onofrio, annexed to a church dedicated to the same saint, is situated immediately above the Salviatti palace, about mid-height upon the slope of the Janiculum. . . . The ground in front of the building, like the ground in front of the Fontana Paolina, is levelled in terrace-like form, and commands a magnificent view of the northern part of the city, including St. Peter's and the Vatican, with Mount Soracte in the distance. The convent is a particular object of interest to visitors, in consequence of its having been the residence of Tasso, who passed his latter days and died there. . . . In the library is to be seen a bust and an autograph of Tasso, with which exception no other reminiscences of the poet are preserved here that I know of. The autograph consists of clear legible writing that entirely covers a quarter sheet of small-sized letter-paper; and the bust, carefully preserved in a glass case, is of wax, coloured flesh colour as regards the head, and the remainder wood; the resemblance, so said the friar who conducted me, was taken from the dead body.—*Sir G. Head.*

THE CAPUCINI

Who has not seen, in the square of the Palazzo Barberini, that burial place of the Capuchin monks, where everything is dead, even the furniture? . . . The work is a broidery of bones; on places of rest cut in the walls lie the skeletons of Capuchins in their robes; here one still has his skin, another his beard. Garlands made up of spinal columns decorate the bareness of the walls. The fantastic imagination of the monks has allowed itself every kind of funereal fancy in interlaced thigh-bones, wheels of elbows, baskets of shoulders, chandeliers hanging from the roof with sockets for candles cut into the skulls forming them. The earth of each room covered fifteen monks, laid regularly two by two. They are buried without coffins in holy earth, said to have been brought back during the crusades. In reality, it is a sort of *pozzolano* mingled with arsenic.—*E. About.*

MINOR CHURCHES

STA. BIBIANA.—In 470 Sta. Simplicia dedicated this church to Sta. Bibiana, who had lived in the locality. . . . Bernini

restored it in 1625. The statue of Sta. Bibiana, adorning the grand altar, is an admired work of Bernini's. . . . The church has eight antique columns, and frescoes by Pietro da Cortona, to the left in the nave.—*Stendhal*.

STA. CECILIA.—Built in the locality where the house of the martyred saint was, and rebuilt in 821. Three naves separated by columns; a grand altar supported by four antique columns of black and white marble. On this very rich altar is seen a marble statue representing the saint as she was found in her tomb. . . . The position is curious, the saint leaning on the left arm, the head turned to the ground.—*Stendhal*.

STA. FRANCESCA ROMANA.—Situating at the southern extremity of the Campo Vaccino facing towards the Capitoline, was commenced to be built by Paul I. about the year 760, and was completed about a dozen years afterwards by Adrian I., who added to the northern gable the first square brick tower ever appended to a Roman church, which remains to the present day in perfect preservation.—*Sir G. Head*.

SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO.—The church . . . is said to have been originally built on the site of the residence of two brothers (the saints and martyrs to whom it is dedicated, who were put to death by Julian the Apostate) . . . and was put in the condition it appears in at present by the architect Antonio Canevari, who died in the reign of Clement XII. . . . The church, which is built in brick, is remarkable for displaying in its exterior, here and there, characteristic indications, rarely to be met with in Rome, of the Lombard style of architecture.—*Sir G. Head*.

SAN GIUSEPPE DE' FALEGNAMI.—This church is built immediately above the celebrated Tullian and Mamertine dungeons, though nothing further is related of its origin than that it belongs at present to a confraternity of carpenters. . . . An excavation [being] sunk to the level of the dungeons, the interior is converted to a holy shrine consecrated to the apostles Peter and Paul, who it is said were confined in its dungeons.—*Sir G. Head*.

THE JESU.¹—In the interior the main interest is in the

¹ Though the Jesuits are much given to magnificence in their churches (so much so that Gautier calls the florid late churches at Venice of the "Jesuit style"), their monasteries are very simple. This was particularly noted by Père Labat in his visit to the general of the Jesuits at Rome. The saint in the text is Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order.

superb chapel of St. Ignatius, a masterpiece of splendour and good taste. Nowhere can we find such a gorgeous collection of marbles. This chapel is placed between two pillars of fluted yellow antique marble, resting on bases of African breccia, red, yellow and black, surrounded by a frieze of bronze gilt foliage with bronze statues. The floor is made of mixed marbles, the altar steps are of porphyry, whilst the altar blazes with the rarest marbles, agates and lapis-lazuli, and the tomb in which the body of the saint is placed is of gilt bronze. Above is the statue of the saint in silver, inlaid with precious stones.—*De Broses*.

S. MARCELLO.—According to the tradition . . . it was originally the dwelling-house of a Roman matron, S. Lucina. . . . Rebuilt by Adrian I. about the year 780 . . . finally it was rebuilt in the year 1519 in the reign of Leo X., after the designs of Giacomo Sansovino. . . . The interior is in the form of a single nave, with a flat coffered ceiling, very richly carved and gilded, and particularly remarkable for the number of scarlet cardinals' hats, which, as is the custom, are suspended over the tombs of the deceased owners.—*Sir G. Head*.

STA. MARIA AVENTINA OR DEL PRIORATO.—It is supposed not to have been built previous to the thirteenth century. It was restored by Pius V., about 1570, and again about 1765 it was put in the condition it is in at present at the private expense of the Cardinal Rezzonico, who employed for the purpose the architect Piranesi, the church having been conceded by the reigning Pope, Clement XIII., to the Knights of Malta, of whom the cardinal, his relative was Grand Prior. . . . The exterior of the building . . . has more the appearance of a fortification than a church.—*Sir G. Head*.

STA. MARIA DI MONTE SANTO.—Commenced in the year 1662 by Alexander VII., after the designs of the architect Rainaldi, under the immediate direction of Bernini, and completed afterwards with funds raised on the unclaimed effects of people who died of the plague. . . . The church, surmounted by an oval dome, is remarkable for the classical model of its tetrastyle portico.—*Sir G. Head*.

STA. MARIA EGIZIACA.—This is said to be the temple built by Servius Tullius ; it is surrounded by eighteen columns of which six are isolated and the remainder half built in the walls. These columns are of the Ionic order and are 22 feet in height, being composed of tufa and travertine. . . . This temple was unearthed by Napoleon ; it had been changed into

a church in 872. On the left as we enter, is a model of the Holy Sepulchre.—*Stendhal*.

STA. MARIA IN COSMEDIN.—Remarkable for its fine antique columns. The broad slab of marble placed under the portico was called by the people the *Bocca della Verità*. The man who took an oath placed his hand on the stone, and if he swore falsely, it never failed to close.—*Stendhal*.

STA. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.—Placed opposite an elephant supporting an obelisk. The Dominicans succeeded in giving this church a stern appearance, not unlike the Inquisition of Goa. To do so they adopted the Gothic order. . . . To the left of the grand altar is the *Christ* of Michael Angelo.—*Stendhal*.

SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.—We were surprised this morning at the fine view from this church, the finest view of Rome and one giving its most complete aspect. A day of sunshine should be chosen, when the clouds are driven by the wind; then the domes of the other churches will be seen alternately in light and shadow. . . . The first chapel to the right here has the *Flagellation* painted by Sebastiano del Piombo, after Michael Angelo's design, if the tradition be correct.—*Stendhal*.

SS. SILVESTRO E MARTINO AI MONTI.—During the persecution of the Christians, the Pope (before taking refuge in Mt. St. Oreste) opened a subterranean oratory here. The church built over it was covered over, and forgotten till its discovery in 1650, when the actual church built in 500 was being restored. . . . We often went to admire the landscapes painted on the walls . . . by Guaspre Poussin.—*Stendhal*.

TRINITA DE' MONTI.—Built by Charles VIII. at the request of St. François de Paul, and restored by Louis XVIII. . . . Here is to be seen the *Descent from the Cross* by Daniele de Volterra, who, instead of painting souls, paints vigorous and well-formed bodies. It is the manner of Michael Angelo, without his genius.—*Stendhal*.

PALACES

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO

At the end of Ponte Angelo stands the Castel Angelo, so called because . . . S. Gregory in a solemn procession during the plague saw an angel upon the top of Moles Adriani sheathing his sword to signify that God's anger was appeased. . . . Since

that time divers Popes have turned it into a formal castle. Boniface the VIII., Alexander the VI., and Urban the VIII. have rendered it a regular castle, with five strong bastions, store of good cannons, and a constant garrison maintained in it. From this castle I saw divers times these fortifications; and below divers great pieces of artillery made of the brass taken out of the Pantheon; and they shewed us one great cannon which was made of the brazen nails only that nailed that brass to the walls of the Pantheon; the length and form of those nails, is seen upon that cannon, to shew unto posterity how great they were, with these words upon it; *ex clavis trabialibus Porticus Agrippæ*. In this castle are kept prisoners of state; the 5 millions laid up there by Sixtus Quintus; the Popes' rich triple crowns called Regni, and the chief registers of the Roman church.—*Lassels*.

SPADA PALACE

I can never praise sufficiently the frescoes by Annibale Carracci in this palace, representing Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, on the ceilings and the walls. Luigi and Agostino Carracci had a hand in some, but most of them are certainly by Annibale. In colour they surpass any work of Raphael. The Spada Palace contains the famous statue of Pompey, found in the ruins of Pompey's Curia where the senate had met together on the day Cæsar was assassinated. It is undoubtedly the one at the foot of which great Cæsar fell.¹—*De Broses*.

COLONNA PALACE

The huge Colonna Palace has little outward pomp, but atones for that by the splendid staircase within, by its rich furniture, its orangery, and especially by its superb gallery, to be preferred on the whole to that of Versailles, and full of exquisite paintings. This gallery is supported by huge columns of yellow antique marble. . . . Even in Rome there is scarcely a room to be compared to this gallery. The ceiling is painted with scenes from the victory of Don John of Austria, and Prince Colonna, who was in command of the Catholic army at the battle of Lepanto.—*De Broses*.

¹ Another statue likewise claims the honour,

THE BORGHESE (*Palace and Villa*)

The Palazzo Borghese, vulgarly called by the cockneys of Rome "*Cembalo* (the harpsichord) *di Borghese*," from its peculiar form, was the work of Pope Paul the Fifth (a Borghese). Its great court, its beautiful colonnades, supported by granite columns, are its distinguishing architectural features. It covers an immense space, and is a proud monument of the system it commemorates. What is called in Rome *appartamento-a-pianterreno*, vulgarly translated the *ground-floor*, consists of eleven fine rooms, all dedicated to the gallery, and containing works of all the great masters of all countries. . . . The Villa Borghese, within the walls of the city, is almost the double of the palace, from which it is but a short walk, and once had a celebrity beyond all other Roman villas. It was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, the nephew of Paul the Fifth; and with its gardens and lake, occupies a space of nearly three miles in circumference. The interior of this stupendous villa is filled with antique and modern sculpture, pictures and mosaics¹—without, its grounds are covered with casinos, temples, citadels, aviaries and all that a gorgeous and false taste, with wealth beyond calculation, could crowd together.—*Lady Morgan*.

PALAZZO MASSIMI

The Palazzo Massimi, though one of the smallest and worst situated of the Roman palaces, is, I think, by far the prettiest building of them all. The simplicity of its Doric portico and court particularly pleased me, and does great credit to the taste of Baldassar Peruzzi, who was its architect. . . . We visited this palace to see the famous Discobolus, found in the grounds of the Villa Palombari, on the Æsquiline Hill, which is the finest in the world—at least, above ground. We were shewn a chapel, formerly a bed-room, in which that notable saint, Filippo Neri, raised from the dead a son of this noble house, on the 16th of March 1583, in consequence of which grand miracle St. Filippo Neri was canonised, the place was consecrated, and a solemn service is still annually performed in it upon the anniversary of the day.—*Mrs. Eaton*.

¹ This collection has been recently acquired by the state.

PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI

On the roof of the Palazzo Rospigliosi is painted the celebrated fresco of Guido's *Aurora*. Its colouring is clear, harmonious, airy, brilliant—unfaded by time. The Hours, that hand-in-hand encircle the car of Phœbus, advance with rapid pace. The paler, milder forms of those gentle sisters who rule over declining day, and the glowing glance of those who bask in the meridian blaze,—resplendent in the hues of heaven,—are of no mortal grace and beauty; but they are eclipsed by *Aurora* herself, who sails on the golden clouds before them, shedding “showers of shadowing roses” on the rejoicing earth, her celestial presence diffusing gladness and light and beauty around. Above the heads of the heavenly coursers hovers the morning star, in the form of a youthful cherub, bearing his flaming torch. Nothing is more admirable in this beautiful composition than the motion given to the whole. . . .

From the *Aurora* of Guido, we must turn to the rival *Aurora* of Guercino, in the *Villa Ludovisi*. In spite of Guido's bad head of *Apollo*, and in spite of Guercino's magic *chiaroscuro*, I confess myself disposed to give the preference to Guido. . . . Guercino's *Aurora* is in her car, drawn by two heavenly steeds, and the shades of night seem to dissipate at her approach. Old *Tithonus*, whom she has left behind her, seems half awake; and the morning star, under the figure of a winged genius bearing his kindled torch, follows her course. In a separate compartment, *Night*, in the form of a woman, is sitting musing or slumbering over a book. She has much the character of a sibyl. Her dark cave is broken open, and the blue sky and the coming light break beautifully in upon her and her companions, the sullen owl and flapping bat, which shrink from the unwelcome ray. The Hours are represented under the figure of children, extinguishing the stars of night.
—*Mrs. Eaton.*

VILLA FARNESINA

The *Villa Farnesina* is rather a casino than a villa. . . . It was built by Agostino Chigi, a private citizen and merchant of Rome, in the time of Leo the X., to whom a solemn banquet was given when it was finished. These Roman citizens shared with Popes and Princes the labours of the Bramantes and the Raphaels; and one room of the *Farnesina*

is entirely painted by the pencil of Raphael and of his eminent pupils. The subject of this precious fresco is the story of Galatea ; but the *prima donna* of the picture is a nymph carried off by a Triton. From the beauty of this finished work of Raphael's pencil, the eye is called off by the sketch of a head ! a colossal head ! Although drawn only with a burnt stick, yet not all the beauty of Raphael's Nereids, nor the grace of Volterra's Diana, can turn the attention from this wondrous head ! Daniel da Volterra, a favourite pupil of Michael Angelo's, had been employed with the disciples of Raphael in painting the apartment, and prayed his immortal master to come and give an opinion of his work. Michael Angelo arrived at the Farnesina before his pupil, and in the restless impatience of ennui (the malady of genius) he snatched a bit of charcoal and dashed off that powerful head.¹—*Lady Morgan*.

RAPHAEL'S CASINO

Many are the visits I have paid to the Casino of Raphael, which was the chosen scene of his retirement and adorned by his genius. It is about half a mile from the Porta del Popolo. The first wooden gate in the lane, on the right of the entrance into the grounds of the Villa Borghese, leads you into a vineyard which you cross to the Casino di Raffaello ; for it still bears his name. . . . We passed through two rooms, painted by his scholars—the third, which was his bedroom, is entirely adorned with the work of his own hands. It is a small, pleasant apartment, looking out on a little green lawn, fenced in with wood irregularly planted. The walls are covered with arabesques, in various whimsical and beautiful designs,—such as the sports of children ; Loves balancing themselves on poles, or mounted on horseback, full of glee and mirth ; Fauns and Satyrs ; Mercury and Minerva ; flowers and curling tendrils and every beautiful composition that could suggest itself to a mind of taste, or a classic imagination in its most sportive mood.—*Mrs. Eaton*.

VILLA ALBANI

Deep learning is generally the grave of taste. But the learning which is engaged in Greek and Roman antiquities, as

¹ Here, too, is Raphael's *Cupid and Psyche* series, unhappily never yet photographed. Raphael would seem to have been inspired by the famous classic painting called the Aldobrandini Nuptials.

it embraces all that is beautiful in art, rather refines and regulates our perceptions of beauty. Here is a villa of exquisite design, planned by a profound antiquary. Here Cardinal Alexander Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticoes and such saloons to receive it, as an old Roman would have done: porticoes where the statues stood free on the pavement between columns proportioned to their stature; saloons which were not stocked but embellished with families of allied statues, and were full without a crowd. Here Winkelmann grew into an antiquary under the Cardinal's patronage and instruction, and here he projected his history of art, which brings this collection continually into view.—*Forsyth.*

VILLA MEDICI

It was in 1803 that the Academy of France, founded by the munificence of Louis XIV., moved away from the noise of the streets to the Villa Medici. Since that removal all the great painters of France have lived in the palace and dreamed in its fine garden. David, Pradier, Delaroche, Ingres and Vernet have left their names on its walls. The first view of the palace shows it to be vast and majestic, but without much ornamentation. We at once recognise the arms and flag of France above the door. The only attraction of the approach is an avenue of oaks, and a fountain falling into a broad vase. The first floor is taken up by the reception rooms, which are spacious and adorned with the finest Gobelin tapestry, which makes them in every way worthy of France. They lead into an admirable vestibule, adorned with old columns and casts from the antique. But the most charming part of the house is the façade to the back, which holds a good place among the masterpieces of the Renaissance. The architect might almost have exhausted a mine of bas-reliefs for the adorning of the palace. The garden is of the same period, and dates from the time when the Roman aristocracy professed the most profound contempt for flowers. There is nothing here save trees with a scrupulously correct alignment. Six lawns, surrounded by hedges of a man's height, spread before the villa and carry the eye as far as Mount Soracte which closes in the horizon. To the left some sixteen small lawns are shut in by lofty laurels, tall saplings and evergreen oaks. They meet above and cover the walks with fresh and mysterious shade. To the right, a

nobly-planned terrace encloses a wood of oaks, riven and contorted by age. . . . A little further, an entirely rustic vineyard stretches to the Porta Pinciana, where Belisarius is said to have begged. At any rate there is to be found the celebrated inscription on a stone: *Date obolum Belisario*. The larger and smaller gardens are sprinkled with statues, figures of Hermes and marbles of all kind. Water flows in ancient sarcophagi or leaps from marble fountains: for water and marble are the two luxuries which Rome possesses in abundance.—*E. About.*

THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME

The fountains of Rome are, in themselves, magnificent combinations of art, such as alone it were worth coming to see. That in the Piazza Navona, a large square, is composed of enormous fragments of rock, piled on each other, and penetrated as by caverns. This mass supports an Egyptian obelisk of immense height. On the four corners of the rock recline, in different attitudes, colossal figures representing the four divisions of the globe; the water bursts from the crevices beneath them. They are sculptured with great spirit; one impatiently tearing a veil from his eyes; another with his hands stretched upwards. The Fontani di Trevi is the most celebrated, and is rather a waterfall than a fountain; gushing out from masses of rock, with a gigantic figure of Neptune; and below are two river gods, checking two winged horses, struggling up from among the rocks and waters. The whole is not ill conceived nor executed; but you know not how delicate the imagination becomes by dieting with antiquity day after day! The only things that sustain the comparison are Rafael, Guido, and Salvator Rosa.

The fountain on the Quirinal, or rather the group formed by the statues, obelisk, and the fountain, is, however, the most admirable of all. From the Piazza Quirinale, or rather Monte Cavallo, you see the boundless ocean of domes, spires, and columns, which is the City, Rome. On a pedestal of white marble rises an obelisk of red granite, piercing the blue sky. Before it is a vast basin of porphyry, in the midst of which rises a column of the purest water, which collects into itself all the overhanging colours of the sky, and breaks them into a thousand prismatic hues and graduated shadows—they fall together with its dashing water-drops into the outer basin. The elevated situation of this fountain produces, I imagine,

this effect of colour. On each side, on an elevated pedestal, stand the statues of Castor and Pollux, each in the act of taming his horse ; which are said, but I believe wholly without authority, to be the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. These figures combine the irresistible energy with the sublime and perfect loveliness supposed to have belonged to their divine nature. The reins no longer exist, but the position of their hands and the sustained and calm command of their regard, seem to require no mechanical aid to enforce obedience.—*Shelley.*

ENVIRONS OF ROME

The excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome are charming, and would be full of interest were it only for the changing views they afford, of the wild Campagna. But, every inch of ground, in every direction, is rich in associations, and in natural beauties. There is Albano,¹ with its lovely lake and wooded shore, and with its wine, that certainly has not improved since the days of Horace, and in these times hardly justifies his panegyric. There is squalid Tivoli, with the river Anio, diverted from its course, and plunging down, headlong, some eighty feet in search of it. With its picturesque Temple of the Sibyl, perched high on a crag ; its minor waterfalls glancing and sparkling in the sun ; and one good cavern yawning darkly, where the river takes a fearful plunge and shoots on, low down under beetling rocks. There, too, is the Villa d'Este, deserted and decaying among groves of melancholy pine and cypress-trees, where it seems to lie in state. Then, there is Frascati, and, on the steep above it, the ruins of Tusculum, where Cicero lived, and wrote, and adorned his favourite house (some fragments of it may yet be seen there), and where Cato was

¹ Near Albano, it may be noted, is the Lake of Nemi. Here was located the priest of Diana, who, Eustace reminds us, "was always a fugitive, perhaps an outlaw or a criminal ; he obtained the honour by attacking and slaying his predecessor, and kept it by the same tenure, that is, till another ruffian stronger or more active dispossessed him in the same manner." The folklore connected with this remarkable custom has been discussed in Mr. R. W. Frazer's *Golden Bough*. The old legends of Numa and the nymph Egeria, it will be remembered, belong to a valley a little south of Rome. Recently the two galleys permanently kept by Caligula on Lake Nemi and afterwards sunk, have been raised. Prince Orsini, the present owner, is forming a museum of the mosaic and bronzes recovered. Lear has described the ruined fourteenth-century town of Ninfa, left desolate for 500 years with its collegiate churches, "the walls of which still remain, overgrown with ivy."

born. We saw its ruined amphitheatre on a grey dull day, when a shrill March wind was blowing, and when the scattered stones of the old city lay strewn about the lonely eminence, as desolate and dead as the ashes of a long extinguished fire.
—*Dickens.*

THE ART OF ROME

RAPHAEL

In all his early works and in almost all his Madonnas he was influenced by memories of Perugia. . . . The young women whom he paints are fresh from their first communion, their spirit as yet undeveloped ; Religion, while it has fostered them, has stunted their minds, and while they have a woman's body, they have the heart of a child. . . . Pass now to Raphael's pagan works. . . . He loves the nude form, the vigorous joint of the thigh, the splendid vitality of a back crowded with muscles : everything, in fact, that makes a man a runner and an athlete. I know nothing finer than his sketch for the marriage of *Alexander and Roxana*. . . . The figures are undraped in this Greek festival whose nudity seems a part of nature, and in no way connected with indecency or lust, so innocent is the happiness, the careless gaiety of the youth, health and beauty of these bodies brought to perfection in the *palæstrum*, with the grace of the best days of antiquity. A little Cupid tries to leap in the big cuirass that is too heavy for his limbs ; two others bear the hero's lance ; some put the shield on another who pouts, while they bear him in their dance with wild glee and cries of joy. The hero comes forward as gallantly as the Apollo Belvedere but with more manhood. Nothing can go beyond the dashing grace and lively smiles with which two young comrades shew him the gentle Roxana, who sits with her arms open to him. . . .

I went to Santa Maria della Pace . . . in the last chapel to the left of which are seen Raphael's Four Sibyls above an arch. They stand, sit or lean according to the form of the vaulting, and little angels complete the group, offering them parchments to write their prophecies. Solemn and peaceful, these are indeed superhuman creatures placed, like the goddesses of antiquity, above human action ; their calm attitudes shew their inmost souls, theirs is no disturbed nor transitory existence, they live immutably in the eternal *now*. . . .

I come back to the Vatican to a different series of impres-

sions. . . . First I examine the *Loggie* . . . and the mighty wrestler representing the God the Father, who with one stretch of his limbs comprehends infinity. I pass to the bent figure of Eve as she picks the apple ; her head beautiful above the strong muscles of a young body. . . . Next are the white Caryatides of the Hall of Heliodorus, true goddesses in their sublime grandeur and simplicity, akin to antique statues except in the expressions of mild virtue of the Junos and Minervas, existing as they do to turn their heads or upraise an arm in unchanging serenity. Raphael excels in these ideal figures and allegories. On the ceiling is Philosophy, the stern and calm, Jurisprudence, an austere virgin whose eyes are cast down while she lifts the sword, and fairest of all, Poesy. . . . Raphael gives them all his own grace, and even sometimes as in the Muses of the *Parnassus* . . . we might think his heart had gone out to them.

All this is forcibly displayed in the *School of Athens*. The groups on the steps, above and around the two philosophers, never did nor could exist, and this is the very reason of their beauty. The scene belongs to a more ideal world, which the eye of man has never seen, for it belongs to the spirit of the artist. . . . The young man, in the long white garment, with the angelic expression, walks like an apparition of thought. Another with curled locks bends over the geometrical diagram and his three companions by his side are as spiritual as himself. It is a dream in the clouds ; and these figures like those seen in an ecstasy or a vision, may remain indefinitely in the same attitudes ; for them time does not pass away. . . .

We are now in a Renaissance palace, before the *Psyche* series of Raphael. . . . They decorate a large dining-room veneered with marble ; the ceiling is rounded and framed by a garland of fruit and flower. Above each window the border opens to make room for the healthy bodies of Jupiter, Venus, Psyche, and Mercury. The assembly of the gods fills up the vaulted ceiling ; and if they could raise their eyes above the table groaning beneath gold-plate and strange fishes, the guests would see naked forms relieved on the background of Olympian blue. . . . There is an exuberance of pagan strength in the figure that comes near to coarseness. In Roman art the feminine type is rather one of strength than elegance ; the women, owing to the lack of exercise, become fleshly and fat ; and this fulness is evidenced in many of the women of Raphael. . . . But the *Psyche borne through the Air by Cupids*

and *Venus entreating Jupiter* are fresh in delicious youth. And what can be said of the two flower-bearers with butterfly's wings, the fascinating Grace who dances into the banquet, scarcely touching the ground with her foot? . . . In the spaces by the greater goddesses are flying children, a Cupid yoking a lion with a sea-horse; another diving into the soft water where he will sport and play, and finally white doves, little birds, hippogriffs, a dragon-formed sphinx and every fancy of ideal imagination. . . . What a difference from the timidity of Raphael's Christian art! Between the *Descent from the Cross*¹ and the decoration of the Farnese palace, the spirit of the Renaissance passed over him and enriched his genius with the greatest delight of life.—*Taine*.

PAPAL TAPESTRIES

The great sacrifice to which I made up my mind of leaving behind me a lava streaming down from the summit of the mountain almost to the sea was richly compensated by the attainment of my purpose, by the sight of the tapestries which, being hung up on Corpus-Christi day, afforded the most splendid idea of Raphael, his scholars and his time.

The working of tapestry with standing warp, called *Hautelisse*, had by the date of those tapestries reached its highest perfection in the Netherlands. The gradual stages in the development of this art are not known to me. Down into the twelfth century, the single figures may have been wrought by embroidery or otherwise and then united into a whole by specially worked intermediate pieces. Examples of this we have in the coverings of the choir chairs of old cathedrals, the work bearing some resemblance to the coloured window-panes whose pictures were at first composed of small pieces of coloured glass. In tapestries, needle and thread took the place of lead and tin bars in windows. All the early beginnings of the art are of this kind; we have seen costly Chinese tapestries wrought in this way.

Probably under the stimulus of Oriental specimens this art had attained its acmé in the sumptuous commercial Netherlands at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fabrics of this sort were carried back to the East, and were assuredly known in Rome, probably from imperfect patterns and drawings taken in a Byzantine style. Leo X., a great,

¹ In the Borghese.

and in many, especially æsthetic, respects, a liberal-minded man, had a desire to see represented in free and large proportions on the tapestries immediately surrounding his presence such pictures as delighted his eye on walls; and, accordingly, at his inducement, Raphael prepared the cartoons, selecting, happily, as the material for the embodiment of his great soul, such subjects as Christ's relation to his apostles, and then the achievements of these Christ-instructed men in the world after the ascension of their Master.

On Corpus-Christi day you discerned for the first time the true purpose of the tapestries; converting as they did colonnades and open spaces into magnificent salons and pleasure-walks, while, at the same time, displaying to your eyes the faculty of the most gifted of men, the conjoint perfection of art and handicraft.

The Raphael cartoons, as now preserved for us in England, still remain the admiration of the world.—*Goethe*.

MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE VATICAN

Superhuman beings as sorrowful as ourselves, bodies of gods contorted by earthly passions, an Olympus where human tragedies find an entrance, such is the inspiration that is breathed from the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. Nothing is more unjust than to compare these works to the *Sibyls* and the *Isaiah* of Raphael. . . . There are souls, and there are thoughts, whose reaction is that of the thunderbolt as their action is that of the lightning: such are the conceptions of Michael Angelo. Of what is the reverie of his colossal Jeremiah as he dreams with eyes down-cast and his huge head bent on an enormous hand? His floating hair falls in curls to his chest, his hands veined and furrowed like those of a labourer, his wrinkled brow, his impenetrable face, the lamenting voice that seems pent in his body, gives a conception of one of those savage kings, hunters of the urus, who came to dash their impotent rage against the gates of the Roman Empire. Ezekiel turns in impetuous questioning, and his movement is so swift that the rush of air raises a portion of the mantle on his shoulder. Aged Persica, lost in the long folds of her falling garment, is immersed in the reading of a book which her knotted hands hold before her piercing eyes. Jonah falls with his head backward at the terrific apparition, while his fingers involuntarily reckon the forty days that are left

to Nineveh. Lybica, in her violent descent bears the great volume she has seized; Erythrea is a more warlike, a more lofty Pallas than her Athenian sister was of old. . . .

These are but the contours of the vault, which throughout its two hundred feet of area, develops the histories of Genesis and the deliverance of Israel, the creation of the world, of man and woman, the fall, the exile of the first pair of mortals, the deluge, the brazen serpent, the murder of Holophernes, the punishment of Haman—in a multitude of tragical figures. . . . The human form as here represented, is all-expressive, in the skeleton, muscles, drapery, attitudes and proportion. . . . Moral energy emanates from every physical detail. . . . Look at Adam sleeping by Eve, whom the Creator has but now drawn from his ribs. Never before or since was human so deeply buried in his sleep: his huge body is prone, and his hugeness makes this lassitude the more striking. Awake, his hands now fallen, his limbs now listless, might contend with a lion. . . . Before the Adam and Eve, when expelled from Paradise, no man need look to the face for an expression of sorrow: it is in the entire torso, in the whirling limbs, in human carpentry and the setting of the internal parts, with the firmness of their Herculean joints, in the crashing and movement of the gnarled limbs that we find the complete conception. . . . The greatest achievement, in my opinion, is to be found in the twenty youthful figures seated on the cornices at the four points of each painting. These are painted sculptures giving us the conception of an unknown and vaster world. Each figure is that of a youthful hero of the time of Achilles and Ajax, and of as high birth but even fiercer and more fiery energy. . . . Nature has produced nothing like them. Would that she had made us so; were she minded to, she would have every type here; for by the side of the giants and the heroes are virgins and innocent lads, an Eve fair in proud youth, a handsome Delphica, like a primitive nymph, whose eyes wander in naive wonder:—all of them sons and daughters of a colossal fighting race, but whose period gave them the smiling serenity, the simple joy and grace of the Oceanides of Æschylus or the Nausicaa of Homer. . . .

The *Last Judgment* alongside is different. The painter was in his sixty-seventh year and his inspiration was no longer the same. . . . Here he intentionally enlarges the body, and inflates the muscles. . . . We can but see the disciple of Dante, the friend of Savonarola, the solitary soul nourished on the

menaces of the Old Testament, the patriot, the stoic, and the judge who bears the funereal pall of the liberty of Italy, and amid degraded characters and souls degenerate, lives alone in the darkening days, to spend nine years on this gigantic work, his soul filled with thoughts of the Supreme Judge amid the anticipated echoes of the last day.—*Taine*.

GENERAL NOTE ON ROME

Rome, with its obvious claims as the capital of the Republic, the Empire, the Papacy, and finally of United Italy, may be looked upon as the epitome and museum of the art of all of the rest of Italy. Ceding the place to Ravenna, Pisa, and Verona for Byzantine, Romanesque, and Lombardic architecture; it yet contains within it specimens of well-nigh anything attempted elsewhere, with the exception of Gothic architecture, a lacuna attributed to the absence of the Popes at Avignon. Rome, then, may be looked upon either as the introduction or the climax of a study of Italian art, preferably, to our thinking, the latter. Whichever view the reader takes, we would counsel him not to consider Rome as a town which can be seen and contrasted with organic wholes like Venice or Florence. That its buildings have a family likeness is true, for the spirit and influence of the Papacy is visible everywhere; but it has to be noted that Rome itself never produced a great artist (though it produced the greatest popes) and always drew its craftsmen from other towns. A certain lack of the ideal and of artistic initiative is generally observable in large towns, and Rome was content to allure the most important mediæval or renaissance craftsmen to her, allowing them the freest choice of style, as long as they kept within the subjects and conventions of the ecclesiastical city. In consequence it is very difficult to say that there is any Roman school of painters or sculptors, although the main character of the town is to be seen through the methods of Bernini as much as those of Michael Angelo or Raphael. Some such caution as this is necessary, for the traveller will often be perplexed in Rome, and ask, "Is there any distinctively Roman art, in the same sense as there is a Venetian or a Florentine art?" The answer must be in the negative, and it becomes necessary to seek some clue through the labyrinth of antiquity that Rome is.

The only safe method of study will be found to be the historical one. The unversed traveller generally goes first to

the Forum and thence to the Vatican, but the leap is too wide and calculated to give a false perspective. To begin with the Forum is an excellent course, but it may be suggested that the first study should be an entirely literary one, for the Forum contains very little even of the date of the later Republic. Some conception must be obtained of the early state of Rome and then the traveller will be prepared to understand the imperial remains in the Forum, the ruins of the Palatine and the Colosseum. In selecting a few picturesque descriptions of these spots we have purposely avoided anything savouring of archæology; and the reader, while recognising the necessary insufficiency of the descriptions chosen, will we believe be nevertheless glad to have them. One comment may perhaps be of utility. The spectator will always be astonished at the numbers of buildings included in the small space between the Capitol and the Arch of Titus. But the ground-area is probably not less than that of the Acropolis of Athens, although the Greeks always placed their buildings with an exquisite sense of fitness and built them of far finer materials. The Roman was always practical in his architectural arrangements, and the land about the Forum—as the spot of the first settlement—was of enormous value. The advantage of the close juxta-position of the buildings for us moderns is that the historical events of centuries were centred in the *Via Sacra*. It may be asked whether we have any existing sculpture which preserves the racial type of the Romans as the Parthenon frieze does that of the Greeks. Apart from the busts of the Emperors, we have a national record in the Trajan column. In a realistic way it gives us the physiognomy of the imperial Romans in a way which repays a most careful study. An examination of the lower portions of the casts in South Kensington Museum—the column is inaccessible in Rome—gives us a conception of personal fortitude which we associate with the head of Napoleon. Concerning the archæology of the Forum Romanum it is dangerous to speak, because books written even a few years back are rapidly superseded. No very sensational discoveries are probable now that the earliest historic level has been reached by the excavations of Professor Giacomo Boni. He has revolutionised our ideas concerning the *Via Sacra* (that referred to by most writers being only a mediæval road-way), has identified the sepulchre of Romulus and discovered a new church, *Sta. Maria Antiqua*, with a fresco of the eighth century. Professor

Avioli, too, has demonstrated that a city existed before that found by Romulus.

We have given but a brief description of the palaces on the Palatine, for little here is possible but archæology. The House of Livia, however (probably, but not conclusively the house of the wife of Augustus), contains frescoes in a remarkable state of preservation, and of the highest artistic character. The arabesques of the atrium, the fancied view of a street from within, the illustrations of Polyphemus pursuing Galatea, and Hermes freeing Io from Argus are far superior in art to any Pompeian painting and give us some conception of what Greek fresco-work in Athens must have been. This house, to our thinking, is worth all the ruins of the Palatine, but their extensive peregrination brings the traveller to the house in a state of fatigue that leaves him cold to its historic beauty. After prolonged study of these wonderful rooms we would advise a journey to Tivoli to the remains of the Villa of Hadrian, not because much is to be seen, but because much of the finest statuary was found there. This private city, as we might almost call it, for it took up an area of 7 Roman miles, was built by Hadrian as a mimic representation of remarkable buildings seen during his triumphal progress round the Empire, a progress which was perhaps the apotheosis of Roman supremacy. Spartianus tells us that Hadrian reproduced at Tivoli buildings and landscapes such as the Lyceum,¹ the Academy, the Prytaneum, the Poikilon, Canope, Tempe, and "that nothing might be omitted," Hades itself. Chateaubriand has described the remains in sketchy rhetoric, and Gaston Boissier (*Promenades Archéologiques*) has endeavoured to give more accurate indications, but the villa is more to be studied in the spaciousness of such rooms as remain, and the general aspect than in any individual details.

When some mental impression has been obtained of the architecture of an imperial palace, it may be filled in by the statues in the various museums. True that almost all of these statues have been restored, but this restoration does not detract from their æsthetic value, and only increases the doubt as to some attributions and classical details of dress. Imperial sculpture is mostly to be found in the Capitoline, Vatican, Conservatorial, and other museums. The authority

¹ Hadrian's Greek buildings still preserved the Roman arch, as Boissier has pointed out.

here is W. Helbig, whose *Classical Antiquities in Rome* has been translated by J. F. and F. Muirhead. These antiquities are in themselves a study of extreme importance, and would be preferably taken after a residence in Athens. In so far, however, as classical sculptures or frescoes were discovered at a period when they affected Italian art, they link on to the study of Italy. The racial resemblance too between the art of the two epochs is striking, even where later imitation has been out of the question.

We defer the consideration of the Colosseum till now, because though built under the Flavian dynasty, it is associated with the Christian martyrs. We have not printed any description of their tortures in the arena, because anything written to-day falls short of the reality of what must have been the spectacle of a human shambles. Reference may here be made, however, to a (Christian) clay lamp reproduced in the text-books, representing a martyr exposed to a lion. This shows that the victims were placed on raised platforms, tied to a stake, and that the wild beasts ran up an inclined plane to them. The arena itself was comparatively low, to guard against the desperate leaps of the animals, but for the purposes of the dreadful exhibition the sufferers had to be raised.

From the Colosseum a natural transition brings us to the Catacombs, the study of which has been elaborated with such marvellous insight by De Rossi. As in the case of the Forum, Rome has proved her absolute mastery in archæological matters. The catacombs are the link between the primitive Church and the earliest remaining basilicas, and the accepted modern opinion is that there was nothing secret about the eucharistic celebrations or the burials in the catacombs. By the most ancient laws of Rome, no burials within the city were permissible; and the Jewish communities in Rome had excavated their burial grounds in the *tufa* of the Campagna. At first the Christians shared the catacombs with the Jews; then they constructed them on their own account. Most were for purposes of burial, but some were expressly made for ceremonial purposes, and these latter shew in some structural details, such as the apse and presbytery, the germ of the basilicas. The inscriptions shew that Greek was for some time the language of the Church. The rich sculptured sarcophagi prove that there were men of position among the converts. Catacomb burial began to cease about the year

400, and several centuries are merely occupied by invasions from the north and the gradual depopulation. When the earliest existing churches came into being, they were built by a population, partly Italian with a certain proportion of Teutons, but few indeed of the imperial Romans. Much information is given on the whole subject in Lowrie's *Christian Art and Archaeology*, and with some study of the actual catacombs may be joined a walk through the Museo Kircheriano, containing in part Christian antiquities, and it may be mentioned that there is a collection of similar antiquities in the British Museum. Here again is a special study to be made, and one which almost overwhelms us with its richness.

Passing to the basilicas,¹ the most general theory is that their form was founded on the plan of the Roman houses, not the old Roman type, but the "atrium as it was embellished through the influence of the Greek peristyle." The atrium, of course, had to be roofed completely to make it suitable for Christian worship; the *tablinum*, which was "the only reminder of the sacred hearth," became the altar and the altar (originally of wood) became after the sixth century a chest containing saintly relics. Our extracts with regard to churches are as full as space permits, and give as accurate an account as can be expected: at any rate, we should only run the risk of making mistakes if we entered on the many technical questions involved. We will only add that as the catacombs are of vital interest for early frescoes, so the basilicas contain mosaics, lacking perhaps in the distinctive Byzantine note to be found at Ravenna, but of more interest to the Christian student. A symbolic work like the *Christ Enthroned in the New Jerusalem* in Sta. Pudenziana is a document of inestimable value as illustrating the spirit of the early church in Rome. Christian mosaic is mainly to be distinguished from ancient Roman mosaic in that the Christian work was glass-mosaic, used for illustrative purposes, and its general scheme of colour strengthened by a gold background. Roman mosaic was of a marble composite, and mostly used for floors in formal decorative designs, though historical compositions exist. In the Renaissance a reversion was made to the Roman method owing to the discovery of various pavements. Many of the older cathedral pavements are inlaid marble traceries and not mosaic at all.

In our historic research the next few centuries are not so

¹ A basilica, in its earliest sense of all, meant a king's house.

striking. The papacy had fallen upon troublous times. Charlemagne received the Imperial insignia from Pope Leo III. in 800, but the Holy Roman Empire soon was broken up into its constituent parts. Platina refers to several of the later popes as *pontificuli* or popelings. Rome had become a city of brawls, and the general corruption produced the attempt at regeneration of Arnold of Brescia. Rome was at this period a city of towers,—built for defensive purposes,—a type of which may be seen in those remaining at San Gemignano, or the Asinelli and Garisendi towers at Bologna. Brancalone destroyed 140 of them in 1252. The Crusades, though they did not affect Italy as much as the northern peoples, are another reason for the lack of interesting remains during this period in Rome, whose history becomes even more void with the withdrawal of the Popes to Avignon in 1309, except for the short-lived power of Cola di Rienzo.

As filling an important lacuna we may say a few words about the old basilica of St. Peter's. Built in 326, and gradually enlarged, the documentary restorations make it look like a church-fortress. Mounting a short flight of steps the ancient pilgrim would see a compact front with a belfry and the Vatican dwelling to his right, a guard-house to his left, and past these would enter a cloister with a small shrine in the middle. At the further end of this cloister was the portico and façade of the church with Giotto's *Navicella* or "ship of the church" in mosaic. Passing into the cathedral, the pilgrim would find it something like S. Paolo *fuori*, but with Corinthian columns raised on steps to the aisles. The famed bronze statue of St. Peter probably had its place in the nave.

It is regrettable that no writer should have entered into a comparison between St. Peter's and the Vatican at Rome and San Marco and the Doge's Palace at Venice. In each case the principal church and seat of government are contiguous; in each case they embody the entire tradition of the respective cities. A moment's reflection shows how in Venice everything speaks of foreign conquest and enterprise oversea—even the body of St. Mark was brought from Alexandria, and the materials of the building are from other places; whereas in Rome the basilica was built over the supposed resting-place of St. Peter, the materials were quarried from the palaces of the Cæsars, and the general note is one of the history of Rome.

New St. Peter's in general decoration is mostly of the Bernini period, and its fragments of Giotto cannot compare with the earlier mosaics of San Marco. Had the old papal palace of the Lateran been spared, that together with the church of the Lateran would have become a complete parallel to San Marco and the Doge's Palace.

When Martin V. returned to Rome in 1420, he found a city that had been desolated by plague as well as faction. "When he came," wrote Platina, "he found the city of Rome so ruined that it looked nothing like a city. You might have seen the houses ready to totter. . . . There was neither the face of a city nor any sign of civility there, the citizens seeming rather sojourners and vagabonds." There were few traces left of classic Rome, and the Renaissance craftsmen had a free hand to build up a new city. Practically, the Rome we see to-day is an eighteenth-century town (with entirely recent quarters), but St. Peter's and the larger palaces belong to the full tide of the Renaissance. Nicholas V. was the first pope to adopt an expressed policy of making religion visible in material grandeur. This he and his successors were able to do, because they were despotic rulers like the Sforzas or the Medici. Julius II. and Leo, called the Magnificent, adorned Rome with the buildings that Raphael and Michel Angelo have made memorable.

There is in our time a hesitation to accept these two artists at the valuation which three centuries of worshippers have given them. This is to be attributed to our appreciation of the primitives, and our admiration for Velasquez and Rembrandt. To understand the art of Raphael and Michel Angelo in Rome, we must remember the preponderating influence of the Papacy. Raphael's work illustrates in part the early history of Christian Rome, as well as such new doctrines as that based on the Miracle of Bolsena, but these subjects do not exclude that of the School of Athens, for Renaissance Catholicism considered itself the inheritor of the culture of all the ages. Michel Angelo, with his sterner temper, went directly back to the Old Testament and the Sibyls of ancient Rome, but here again the church considered itself the heir of both traditions. The two masters, working at the centre of Catholic authority, give us in their work a valuable commentary on the most important aspects of Renaissance dogma. In a period of highly refined thought such as it was, the art appealed to complicated motives. The

Vatican frescoes sum up the experience of an era ; our recognition of their value will depend on our knowledge of history and of human nature as developed in a culminating period of civilisation, beautiful with a sweetness that is premonitory of decay, overstrung with a conscious power that yet knows its great day is forever gone.

The declining age of Renaissance, or rather, *rococo* art in Rome was marked by the work of Bernini, who with all his extravagance links on to the masters in the technique of his earlier sculpture. His monumental architecture, with all its faults, still influences almost every piece of street-decoration done in our own day. In his gay insouciance and facility Bernini is not unlike the Italian composers of opera. The last influence of Rome in art may be seen in the composed landscapes, with ruins plentifully intermingled, with which Piranesi and Claude expressed public taste while Canaletto was investing the buildings of Venice with a golden afterglow of decadent power. But while the Republic of Venice was to receive its *coup de grace* at the hands of Napoleon, the Papacy was only to lose its temporal power after several generations, and to regain many times over the spiritual influence which has indeed been so greatly enhanced by that loss.—*Ed.*

NAPLES¹ AND THE BAY OF NAPLES

NAPLES

THE morrow after our arival, in the afternoone, we hired a coach to carry us about the towne. First we went to the Castle of St. Elmo, built on a very high rock, whence we had an intire prospect of the whole Citty, which lyes in shape of a theatre upon the sea brinke, with all the circumjacent islands, as far as Capreæ, famous for the debauched recesses of Tiberius. This Fort is the bridle of the whole Citty, and was well stor'd and garrison'd with native Spanyards. The strangenesse of the precipice and rarenesse of the prospect of so many magnificent and stately Palaces, Churches, and Monasteries, with the Arsenall, the Mole, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance, all in full com'and of the eye, make it one of the richest landskips in the world.

Hence we descended to another strong Castle, cal'd Il Castello Nuovo, which protects the shore, but they would by no intreaty permit us to go in; the outward defence seemes to consist but in 4 towrs, very high, and an exceeding deepe graft with thick walls. Opposite to this is the Toure of St. Vincent, which is also very strong.

Then we went to the very noble Palace of the Viceroy, partly old and part of a newer work, but we did not stay long here. Towards the evening we tooke the ayre upon the Mole, which is a streete on the rampart or banke rays'd in the Sea for security of their gallys in port, built as that of Genoa. Here I observed a rich fountaine in the middle of the Piazza,

¹ From Rome the traveller formerly went to Naples by way of Terracina, Gaeta, and Capua. Of Monte Cassino, seen from the railway on the journey south, Taine wrote: "The chief Benedictine Abbey and the most ancient. It was founded in the sixth century, originally on the site of a temple of Apollo; earthquakes several times destroyed it, and the present edifice dates from the seventeenth century." St. Benedict is of importance as the exemplar of the earliest Italian monasticism. M. A. Dantier has made a special study of the various Benedictine abbeys.

and adorn'd with divers rare statues of copper representing the Sirens or Deities of the Parthenope, spouting large streames of water into an ample shell, all of cast metall, and of great cost ; this stands at the entrance of the Mole, where we mett many of the Nobility both on horseback and in their coaches to take the *fresco* from the Sea, as the manner is, it being in the most advantageous quarter for good ayre, delight, and prospect. Here we saw divers goodly horses who handsomly become their riders, the Neapolitan gentlemen. . . .

Climbing a steepe hill we came to the monastery and church of the Carthusians, from whence is a most goodly prospect towards the sea and citty, the one full of galleys and ships, the other of stately palaces, churches, monasteries, castles, gardens, delicious fields and meadows, Mount Vesuvius smoaking, the Promontory of Minerva and Misenum, Capreae, Prochyta, Ischia, Pausilipe, Puteoli and the rest, doubtless of the most divertisant and considerable vistas in the world. . . .

The building of the Citty is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe, the streetes exceeding large, well paved, having many vaults and conveyances under them for the sullage, which renders them very sweete and cleane even in the midst of winter. To it belongeth more than 3000 Churches and monasteries, and those the best built and adorn'd of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habite ; delight in good horses ; the streetes are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb. The women are generally well featur'd but excessively libidinous. The country-people so jovial and addicted to musick, that the very husbandmen almost universaly play on the guitarr, singing and composing songs in prayse of their sweethearts, and wil commonly goe to the field with their fiddle ; they are merry, witty, and genial, all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the ayre. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some our company were flouted at for wearing red cloakes, as the mode then was.—*Evelyn*.

NAPLES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Naples is the only Italian town which really has the sense of a capital city. Its movement, the number of the people, the abundance and the perpetual noise of the carriages ; the court that is not without splendour in its formalities, and the

life and pride of its chief personages: all this helps to give Naples the living and animated appearance which Paris and London have, but which Rome is entirely without. The population here is excitable, the middle classes affected, the higher nobility fastidious, and the lesser hungry for high-sounding titles, which were showered on them and to spare under the domination of the house of Austria. The Emperor has sold titles to the first comer, whence the proverb: *Certainly he is a duke, although not a gentleman*. . . . The conquest of this kingdom was no great trouble to the Spaniards. It will always be the prey of the first invader. . . . There is also another home defect of an incurable kind: it is the spirit of the masses, excessively perverse, evil, superstitious, treacherous, inclined to sedition, and always ready to pillage in the following of any Masaniello who seizes on the favourable chance of rebellion.—*De Brosse*s.

Amongst the amusements of Naples, I believe I did not mention the Corso. Here the Neapolitans display a magnificence that amazes strangers, particularly on the gala-days. The coaches are painted, gilt and varnished so admirably as to exceed by many degrees in beauty the finest in Paris: they are lined with velvet or satin, fringed with gold or silver. The Neapolitan horses are the most beautiful I ever saw; large, strong, high-spirited, with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, and in waves. Their harness is as brilliant as it is possible to make them; I shall only mention one set, by which you may judge of others; the whole was made of blue and silver; and the ornament that covered the top of the horse's manes represented rows of convolvuluses formed of the same materials, and finely executed: on their heads they bore white ostrich-feathers and artificial flowers. On these gala-days, the Neapolitan ladies drive with six, and often with eight horses; besides, a kind of sumpter horse, which does not draw, but is fastened on the outside, between the leaders and the next pair. This creature, over and above a profusion of ornaments, is covered with an incredible number of little bells, of which he seems very proud, kicking, prancing and plunging from time to time, as with design to hear his bells jingle. This horse is called *balerina*, I suppose from appearing to dance as he goes.—*Lady Miller*.

THOUGHTS FROM GOETHE

That no Neapolitan will allow the merits of his city to be questioned, that their poets should sing in extravagant hyperbole of the blessings of its site, are not matters to quarrel about, even though a pair of Vesuviuses stood in its neighbourhood. Here one can almost cast aside all remembrances, even of Rome. As compared with this free open situation, the capital of the world, in the basin of the Tiber, looks like a cloister built on a bad site. . . .

With sympathetic pleasure you respond to the exuberant gladness which here and everywhere salutes your eyes. The gay particoloured flowers and fruits in which nature here prinks herself, invite men likewise to deck out themselves and their gear in the brightest colours possible. Silken cloths and sashes, flowers blooming on hats, adorn every son and daughter of man in any measure able to procure them. In the humblest houses, chairs and chests of drawers display gay flowers on gilded grounds. The very one-horse calashes blaze in burning red; the carving gilt; the horse in front tosses aloft in the air his artificial flowers, his bright red tassels, his tinselled bravery. Many of them carry their heads bushy with plumage, some even flaunting little flaglets which wave at every motion. We are wont to call the passion for gaudy colours barbaric and tasteless, and so in some respects it may be; yet under a perfect serene blue sky, nothing is really gaudy, for nothing can outshine the splendour of the sun and his reflection in the sea.—*Goethe*.

NEAPOLITAN LIFE¹

A CHILD'S FUNERAL

As the people are gay in life, so also in death no solemn black procession is suffered to disturb the harmony of the joyous world. I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red-velvet cloth stitched with broad gold covered a broad bier; on this stood a carved little box richly gilded and silver plated, wherein lay the white-robed child quite suffused with rosy ribbons. At the four corners of the little box were four angels, each about two feet high holding large bunches of

¹ Naples is still a town of numerous *festas*, which may be found adequately described in Stamer's *Dolce Napoli*.

flowers over the reposing child, and being held fast below only by wires moved at every motion of the bier, thus appearing to strew out mild reviving perfumes. The angels swung about with all the greater volubility that the procession sped along the streets, the priests at the head of it and the taper-bearers running rather than walking.—*Goethe*.

A WATER-PARTY

It was a sort of fête offered to Marie-Louise, by the King of Naples, and took place on the water. Never was there a more propitious night for such a festival, for not a breeze ruffled the calm bosom of the beautiful bay, which resembled a vast lake, reflecting on its glassy surface the bright sky above, which was glittering with innumerable stars. Naples, with its white colonnades, seen amidst the dark foliage of its terraced gardens, rose like an amphitheatre from the sea; and the lights streaming from the buildings on the water, seemed like columns of gold. The castle of St. Elmo crowned the centre of the picture; Vesuvius, like a sleeping giant in grim repose, stood on the right, flanked by Mount St. Angelo, and the coast of Sorrento fading into the distance; and on the left, the vine-crowned height of the Vomero with its palaces and villas, glancing forth from the groves that surround them, was crowned by the Mount Camaldoli, with its convent spires pointing to the sky. A rich stream of music announced the coming of the royal pageant; and proceeded from a gilded barge, to which countless lamps were attached, giving it, when seen at a distance, the appearance of a vast shell of topaz, floating on a sea of sapphire. It was filled with musicians, attired in their glittering liveries; and every stroke of the oars kept time to the music, and sent forth a silvery light from the water which they rippled. This illuminated and gilded barge was followed by another, adorned by a silken canopy from which hung curtains of the richest texture, partly drawn back to admit the balmy air. . . . The King himself steered the vessel, his tall and slight figure gently curved, and his snowy locks, falling over ruddy cheeks, shew that age has bent but not broken him. He looked simple, though he appears like one born to command; a hoary Neptune, steering over his native element.—*Lady Blessington*.

THE LAZZARONI

The Lazzaroni are the porters of Naples ; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *facchini della casa* (house-porter), to perform commissions for servants, and to give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite ; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers ; their diet, macaroni, fish, water-melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine ; and their habitation, the portico of a church or of a palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food, and simple habits. . . .

The name, or rather nickname, by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar : its derivation is a subject of conjecture ; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacero*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn, or ragged.—*Eustace*.

PANTOMIMIC CONVERSATION

Why do the beggars rap their chins constantly, with their hands, when you look at them ? Everything is done in pantomime in Naples, and that is the conventional sign for hunger. A man who is quarrelling with another, yonder, lays the palm of his right hand on the back of his left, and shakes the two thumbs—expressive of a donkey's ears—whereat his adversary is goaded to desperation. Two people bargaining for fish, the buyer empties an imaginary waistcoat pocket when he is told the price, and walks away without a word : having thoroughly conveyed to the seller that he considers it too dear. Two people in carriages, meeting, one touches his lips, twice or thrice, holding up the five fingers of his right hand, and gives a horizontal cut in the air with the palm. The other nods briskly, and goes his way. He has been invited to a friendly dinner at half-past five o'clock, and will certainly come.—*Dickens*.

THE LOTTERIES

There is one extraordinary feature in the real life of Naples, at which we may take a glance before we go—the Lotteries.

They prevail in most parts of Italy, but are particularly obvious, in their effects and influences, here. They are drawn every Saturday. They bring an immense revenue to the Government; and diffuse a taste for gambling among the poorest of the poor, which is very comfortable to the coffers of the State, and very ruinous to themselves. The lowest stake is one grain; less than a farthing. One hundred numbers—from one to a hundred, inclusive—are put into a box. Five are drawn. Those are the prizes. I buy three numbers. If one of them come up, I win a small prize. If two, some hundreds of times my stake. If three, three thousand five hundred times my stake. I stake (or play, as they call it) what I can upon my numbers, and buy what numbers I please. The amount I play, I pay at the lottery office, where I purchase the ticket; and it is stated on the ticket itself.

Every lottery office keeps a printed book, an Universal Lottery Diviner, where every possible accident and circumstance is provided for, and has a number against it. For instance, let us take two carlini—about sevenpence. On our way to the lottery office, we run against a black man. When we get there, we say gravely, "The Diviner." It is handed over the counter, as a serious matter of business. We look at: black man. Such a number. "Give us that." We look at: running against a person in the street. "Give us that." We look at the name of the street itself. "Give us that." Now, we have our three numbers.

If the roof of the theatre of San Carlo were to fall in, so many people would play upon the numbers attached to such an accident in the Diviner, that the Government would soon close those numbers, and decline to run the risk of losing any more upon them. This often happens. Not long ago, when there was a fire in the King's Palace, there was such a desperate run on fire, and king, and palace, that further stakes on the numbers attached to those words in the Golden Book were forbidden. Every accident or event, is supposed, by the ignorant populace, to be a revelation to the beholder, or party concerned, in connection with the lottery. Certain people

who have a talent for dreaming fortunately, are much sought after ; and there are some priests who are constantly favoured with visions of the lucky numbers.

I heard of a horse running away with a man, and dashing him down, dead, at the corner of a street. Pursuing the horse with incredible speed, was another man, who ran so fast, that he came up, immediately after the accident. He threw himself upon his knees beside the unfortunate rider, and clasped his hand with an expression of the wildest grief. "If you have life," he said, "speak one word to me ! If you have one gasp of breath left, mention your age for Heaven's sake, that I may play that number in the lottery."—*Dickens*.

THE "TOLEDO"

The "Toledo" is every man's highway. It is the street of eating-houses, cafés and shops ; the artery which feeds and crosses every quarter of the town ; the river where the crowd bursts in like a flood. Aristocracy comes by in its carriage, the tradespeople sell their stuffs, the common people take their siesta there. It is the nobleman's promenade, the merchant's bazaar, and the beggar's dwelling-house.—*Alexandre Dumas*.

ARCHITECTURE

To describe the public edifices of Naples would be to compose a guide. I shall therefore content myself with a few observations on some remarkable objects in them, or connected with them. Several churches are supposed to occupy the sites of ancient temples, the names and memory of which have been preserved by this circumstance. Thus the cathedral is said to stand on the substructions of a temple of Apollo ; that of the Santa Apostoli rises on the ruins of a temple of Mercury. S. Maria Maggiore was originally a temple of Diana, etc. Of these churches some are adorned with the pillars and the marbles of the temples to which they have succeeded. Thus the cathedral is supported by more than a hundred columns of granite, which belonged to the edifice over which it is erected ; as did the forty or more pillars that decorated the treasury, or rather the chapel of St. Januarius. The church itself was built by an Angevin prince, and when scattered or rather destroyed by earthquakes, it was rebuilt by a Spanish sovereign. It is Gothic, but

strangely disfigured by ornaments and reparations in different styles. In the subterraneous chapel under the choir is deposited the body of St. Januarius. His *supposed* blood is kept in a vial in the *Tesoro* (treasury), and is considered as the most valuable of its deposits, and indeed as the glory and the ornament of the cathedral and of the city itself. The blood of St. Stephen in the church of St. Gaudioso, belonging to the Benedictine Nuns, is said to liquefy in the same manner; but only once a year on the festival of the martyr.

The Santi Apostoli is in its origin perhaps the most ancient church in Naples, and was, if we may credit tradition, erected by Constantine upon the ruins of a temple of Mercury; it has however been rebuilt partially more than once, and finally with great magnificence. The church of St. Paul occupies the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux; the front of this temple, consisting of eight Corinthian pillars, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1688. Two only were restored, and now form part of the frontispiece of the church. The interior is spacious, well proportioned, and finely incrustated with marble. The chancel is very extensive, and all supported by antique pillars; it is supposed to stand over the theatre where Nero first disgraced himself by appearing as a public singer: some vestiges of this theatre may still be traced by an observing antiquary. The church of St. Filippo Neri is remarkable for the number of ancient pillars that support its triple row of aisles on both sides of the nave. St. Lorenzo, belonging to a convent founded by Charles of Anjou, is a monument of the hatred which that prince bore to popular representation. It stands on the site of the Basilica Augusta, a noble and magnificent hall, which at the period of the first entrance of the French was the place of public assembly where the senate and people of Naples met in council. Charles suppressed the assemblies, demolished the hall, and in the year 1266 erected the church which now occupies its place. . . . Of all the Neapolitan churches, that of Di Spirito Santo in the Strada Toledo is the most worthy of notice in my opinion, because the purest and simplest in architecture. The exterior is indifferent, or rather, it was never finished, or at least decorated. The interior is large, well proportioned, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and a regular entablature and cornice.—*Eustace*.

POMPEII ¹

We made our excursion to Pompeii, passing through Portici, and over the last lava of Mount Vesuvius. I experienced a strange mixture of sensations, on surveying at once the mischiefs of the late eruption, in the ruin of villages, farms, and vineyards; and all around them the most luxuriant and delightful scenery of nature. It was impossible to resist the impressions of melancholy from viewing the former, or not to admit that gaiety of spirits which was inspired by the sight of the latter. I say nothing of the Museum at Portici, which we saw in our way, on account of the ample description of its contents already given to the public, and because it should be described no otherwise than by an exact catalogue, or by an exhibition of engravings. An hour and half brought us from this celebrated repository to Pompeii. Nothing can be conceived more delightful than the climate and situation of this city. It stands upon a gently-rising hill, which commands the bay of Naples, with the islands of Caprea and Ischia, the rich coasts of Sorrento, the tower of Castel a Mare; and on the other side, Mount Vesuvius, with the lovely country intervening. It is judged to be about an Italian mile long, and three and a half in circuit. We entered the city at the little gate which lies towards Stabiae. The first object upon entering is a colonnade round a square court, which seems to have formed a place of arms. Behind the colonnade is a series of little rooms, destined for the soldiers' barracks. The columns are of stone, plastered with stucco and coloured. On several of them we found names scratched in Greek and Latin; probably those of the soldiers who had been quartered there. Helmets and armour for various parts of the body were discovered amongst the skeletons of some soldiers, whose hard fate had compelled them to wait on duty, at the perilous moment of the city's approaching destruction. Dolphins and tridents, sculptured in relief on most of these relics of armour, seem to show that they had been fabricated for naval service. Some of the sculptures on the arms, probably belonging to officers, exhibit a greater variety of ornaments. The taking of Troy, wrought on one of the helmets, is beautifully executed;

¹ The impossibility of finding any correct archæological description of Pompeii in short compass makes it necessary to fall back on the earlier descriptions we have chosen.

and much may be said in commendation of the work of several others.

We were next led to the remains of a temple and altar near these barracks. From thence to some rooms floored (as indeed were almost all that have been cleared from the rubbish) with tessellated mosaic pavements of various patterns, and most of them of very excellent execution. Many of these have been taken up, and now form the floors of the rooms in the Museum at Portici, whose best ornaments of every kind are furnished from the discoveries at Pompeii. From the rooms just mentioned we descended into a subterraneous chamber, communicating with a bathing apartment. It appears to have served as a kind of office to the latter. It was probably here that the clothes used in bathing were washed. A fireplace, a capacious cauldron of bronze, and earthen vessels, proper for that purpose, found here, have given rise to the conjecture. Contiguous to this room is a small circular one with a fireplace, which was the stove to the bath. I should not forget to tell you that the skeleton of the poor laundress (for so the antiquaries will have it), who was very diligently washing the bathing clothes at the time of the eruption, was found lying in an attitude of most resigned death, not far from the washing cauldron in the office just mentioned.

We were now conducted to the temple, or rather chapel, of Isis. The chief remains are a covered cloister; the great altar on which was probably exhibited the statue of the goddess; a little edifice to protect the sacred well; the pediment of the chapel, with a symbolical vase in relief, ornaments in stucco, on the front of the main building, consisting of the lotus, the sistrum, representations of gods, Harpocrates, Anubis, and other objects of Egyptian worship. The figures on one side of this temple are Perseus with the Gorgon's head; on the other side, Mars and Venus, with Cupids bearing the arms of Mars. We next observe three altars of different sizes. On one of them is said to have been found the bones of a victim unconsumed, the last sacrifice having probably been stopped by the dreadful calamity which had occasioned it. From a niche in the temple was taken a statue of marble: a woman pressing her lips with her forefinger. Within the area is a well, where the priest threw the ashes of the sacrifices. We saw in the Museum at Portici some lovely arabesque paintings, cut from the walls of the cloister. The foliage which ran round the whole sweep of the cloister itself is in the finest taste.

Behind one of the altars we saw a small room, in which, our guide informed us, a human skeleton had been discovered, with some fish bones on a plate near it, and a number of other culinary utensils. We then passed on to another apartment, almost contiguous, where nothing more remarkable had been found than an iron crow: an instrument with which perhaps the unfortunate wretch, whose skeleton I have mentioned above, had vainly endeavoured to extricate herself, this room being probably barricaded by the matter of the eruption. This temple, rebuilt, as the inscription imports, by N. Popidius, had been thrown down by a terrible earthquake, that likewise destroyed a great part of the city (sixteen years before the famous eruption of Vesuvius described by Pliny, which happened in the first year of Titus, A.D. 79) and buried at once both Herculaneum and Pompeii. As I lingered alone in these environs sacred to Isis, some time after my companions had quitted them, I fell into one of those reveries which my imagination is so fond of indulging; and transporting myself seventeen hundred years back, fancied I was sailing with the elder Pliny, on the first day's eruption, from Misenum, towards Retina and Herculaneum; and afterwards towards the villa of his friend Pomponianus at Stabiæ. The course of our galley seldom carried us out of sight of Pompeii, and as often as I could divert my attention from the tremendous spectacle of the eruption, its enormous pillar of smoke standing conically in the air, and tempests of liquid fire continually bursting out from the midst of it, then raining down the sides of the mountain, and flooding this beautiful coast with innumerable streams of red-hot lava, methought I turned my eyes upon this fair city, whose houses, villas, and gardens, with their long ranges of columned courts and porticos, were made visible through the universal cloud of ashes, by lightning from the mountain; and saw its distracted inhabitants, men, women, and children, running to and fro in despair. But in one spot, I mean the court and precincts of the temple, glared a continual light. It was the blaze of the altars; towards which I discerned a long-robed train of priests moving in solemn procession, to supplicate by prayer and sacrifice, at this destructive moment, the intervention of Isis, who had taught the first fathers of mankind the culture of the earth, and other arts of civil life. Methought I could distinguish in their hands all those paintings and images, sacred to this divinity, brought out on this portentous occasion, from the subterraneous apartments

and mystic cells of the temple. There was every form of creeping thing and abominable beast, every Egyptian pollution which the true prophet had seen in vision, among the secret idolatries of the temple at Jerusalem. The priests arrived at the altars ; I saw them gathered round, and purifying the three at once with the sacred meal ; then, all moving slowly about them, each with his right hand towards the fire : it was the office of some to seize the firebrands of the altars, with which they sprinkled holy water on the numberless bystanders. Then began the prayers, the hymns, and lustrations of the sacrifice. The priests had laid the victims with their throats downward upon the altars ; were ransacking the baskets of flour and salt for the knives of slaughter, and proceeding in haste to the accomplishment of their pious ceremonies ;—when one of our company, who thought me lost, returned with impatience, and calling me off to some new object, put an end to my strange reverie.—*Beckford.*

POMPEIAN ARCHITECTURE

Since you last heard from me, we have been to see Pompeii, and are waiting now for the return of spring weather, to visit, first Pæstum, and then the islands ; after which we shall return to Rome. I was astonished at the remains of this city ; I had no conception of anything so perfect yet remaining. My idea of the mode of its destruction was this :—First, an earthquake shattered it, and unroofed almost all its temples, and split its columns ; then a rain of light small pumice-stones fell ; then torrents of boiling water, mixed with ashes, filled up all its crevices. A wide, flat hill, from which the city was excavated, is now covered by thick woods, and you see the tombs and the theatres, the temples and the houses, surrounded by the uninhabited wilderness. We entered the town from the side towards the sea, and first saw two theatres ; one more magnificent than the other, strewn with the ruins of the white marble which formed their seats and cornices, wrought with deep, bold sculpture. In the front, between the stage and the seats, is the circular space, occasionally occupied by the chorus. The stage is very narrow, but long, and divided from this space by a narrow enclosure parallel to it, I suppose for the orchestra. On each side are the consuls' boxes, and below in the theatre at Herculaneum, were found two equestrian statues of admirable

workmanship, occupying the same place as the great bronze lamps did at Drury Lane. The smallest of the theatres is said to have been comic, though I should doubt. From both you see, as you sit on the seats, a prospect of the most wonderful beauty.

You then pass through the ancient streets; they are very narrow, and the houses rather small, but all constructed on an admirable plan, especially for this climate. The rooms are built round a court, or sometimes two, according to the extent of the house. In the midst is a fountain, sometimes surrounded by a portico, supported on fluted columns of white stucco; the floor is paved with mosaic, sometimes wrought in imitation of vine leaves, sometimes in quaint figures, and more or less beautiful, according to the rank of the inhabitant. There were paintings on all, but most of them have been removed to decorate the royal museums. Little winged figures, and small ornaments of exquisite elegance, yet remain. There is an ideal life in the forms of these paintings of an incomparable loveliness, though most are evidently the work of very inferior artists. It seems as if, from the atmosphere of mental beauty which surrounded them, every human being caught a splendour not his own. In one house you see how the bed-rooms were managed:—a small sofa was built up, where the cushions were placed; two pictures, one representing Diana and Endymion, the other Venus and Mars, decorate the chamber, and a little niche, which contains the statue of a domestic god. The floor is composed of a rich mosaic of the rarest marbles, agate, jasper, and porphyry; it looks to the marble fountain and the snow-white columns, whose entablatures strew the floor of the portico they supported. The houses have only one storey, and the apartments, though not large, are very lofty. A great advantage results from this, wholly unknown in our cities. The public buildings, whose ruins are now forests, as it were, of white fluted columns, and which then supported entablatures, loaded with sculptures, were seen on all sides over the roofs of the houses. This was the excellence of the ancients. Their private expenses were comparatively moderate; the dwelling of one of the chief senators of Pompeii is elegant indeed, and adorned with most beautiful specimens of art, but small. But their public buildings are everywhere marked by the bold and grand designs of an unsparing magnificence. In the little town of Pompeii, (it contained about twenty thousand inhabitants,) it is wonderful to see the number and the grandeur

of their public buildings. Another advantage, too, is that, in the present case, the glorious scenery around is not shut out, and that, unlike the inhabitants of the Cimmerian ravines of modern cities, the ancient Pompeians could contemplate the clouds and the lamps of heaven; could see the moon rise high behind Vesuvius, and the sun set in the sea, tremulous with an atmosphere of golden vapour, between Inarime and Misenum.

We next saw the temples. Of the temple of Æsculapius little remains but an altar of black stone, adorned with a cornice imitating the scales of a serpent. His statue, in terra-cotta, was found in the cell. The temple of Isis is more perfect. It is surrounded by a portico of fluted columns, and in the area around it are two altars, and many ceppi for statues; and a little chapel of white stucco, as hard as stone, of the most exquisite proportion; its panels are adorned with figures in bas-relief, slightly indicated, but of a workmanship the most delicate and perfect that can be conceived. They are Egyptian subjects, executed by a Greek artist, who has harmonised all the unnatural extravagances of the original conception into the supernatural loveliness of his country's genius. They scarcely touch the ground with their feet, and their wind-uplifted robes seem in the place of wings. The temple in the midst raised on a high platform, and approached by steps, was decorated with exquisite paintings, some of which we saw in the museum at Portici. It is small, of the same materials as the chapel, with a pavement of mosaic, and fluted Ionic columns of white stucco, so white that it dazzles you to look at it.

Thence through other porticos and labyrinths of walls and columns (for I cannot hope to detail everything to you), we came to the Forum. This is a large square, surrounded by lofty porticos of fluted columns, some broken, some entire, their entablatures strewed under them. The temple of Jupiter, of Venus, and another temple, the Tribunal, and the Hall of Public Justice, with their forests of lofty columns, surround the Forum. Two pedestals or altars of an enormous size (for, whether they supported equestrian statues, or were the altars of the temple of Venus, before which they stand, the guide could not tell), occupy the lower end of the Forum. At the upper end, supported on an elevated platform, stands the temple of Jupiter. Under the colonnade of its portico we sate, and pulled out our oranges, and figs, and bread, and

medlars (sorry fare, you will say), and rested to eat. Here was a magnificent spectacle. Above and between the multitudinous shafts of the sun-shining columns was seen the sea, reflecting the purple noon of heaven above it, and supporting, as it were, on its line the dark lofty mountains of Sorrento, of a blue inexpressibly deep, and tinged towards their summits with streaks of new-fallen snow. Between was one small green island. To the right was Capreæ, Inarime, Prochyta, and Misenum. Behind was the single summit of Vesuvius, rolling forth volumes of thick white smoke, whose foam-like column was sometimes darted into the clear dark sky, and fell in little streaks along the wind. Between Vesuvius and the nearer mountains, as through a chasm, was seen the main line of the loftiest Apennines, to the east. The day was radiant and warm. Every now and then we heard the subterranean thunder of Vesuvius; its distant deep peals seemed to shake the very air and light of day, which interpenetrated our frames, with the sullen and tremendous sound. This scene was what the Greeks beheld (Pompeii, you know, was a Greek city). They lived in harmony with nature; and the interstices of their incomparable columns were portals, as it were, to admit the spirit of beauty which animates this glorious universe to visit those whom it inspired. If such is Pompeii, what was Athens? What scene was exhibited from the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and the temples of Hercules, and Theseus, and the Winds? The islands and the Ægean sea, the mountains of Argolis, and the peaks of Pindus and Olympus, and the darkness of the Bœotian forest interspersed?

From the Forum we went to another public place; a triangular portico, half enclosing the ruins of an enormous temple. It is built on the edge of the hill overlooking the sea. That black point is the temple. In the apex of the triangle stands an altar and a fountain, and before the altar once stood the statue of the builder of the portico. Returning hence, and following the consular road, we came to the eastern gate of the city. The walls are of enormous strength, and inclose a space of three miles. On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding-places for that which must decay, as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits. They are of marble, radiantly white; and two, especially beautiful, are loaded with exquisite bas-reliefs. On the stucco-wall that incloses them

are little emblematic figures, of a relief exceedingly low, of dead and dying animals, and little winged genii, and female forms bending in groups in some funereal office. The higher reliefs represent, one a nautical subject, and the other a Bacchanalian one. Within the cell stand the cinerary urns, sometimes one, sometimes more. It is said that paintings were found within ; which are now, as has been everything moveable in Pompeii, removed, and scattered about in royal museums. These tombs were the most impressive things of all. The wild woods surround them on either side ; and along the broad stones of the paved road which divides them, you hear the late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in the stream of the inconstant wind, as it were, like the steps of ghosts. The radiance and magnificence of these dwellings of the dead, the white freshness of the scarcely finished marble, the impassioned or imaginative life of the figures which adorn them, contrast strangely with the simplicity of the houses of those who were living when Vesuvius overwhelmed them.

I have forgotten the amphitheatre, which is of great magnitude, though much inferior to the Coliseum. I now understand why the Greeks were such great poets ; and, above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence, of all their works of art. They lived in a perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms. Their theatres were all open to the mountains and the sky. Their columns, the ideal types of a sacred forest, with its roof of interwoven tracery, admitted the light and wind ; the odour and the freshness of the country penetrated the cities. Their temples were mostly upaithric ; and the flying clouds, the stars, or the deep sky, were seen above.—*Shelley*.

VESUVIUS

Vesuvius is, after the Glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature I ever saw. It has not the immeasurable greatness, the overpowering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers ; but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into hard black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in

the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying down upon you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire. From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone—this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated. It is composed of rocks of lava, and declivities of ashes; by ascending the former and descending the latter, there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can be imagined; riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill from which volumes of smoke, and the fountains of liquid fire, are rolled forth forever. The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption; and a thick heavy white smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava; and in one place it rushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks and its own overhanging waves; a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the rivers of lava; it is about twenty feet in breadth and ten in height; and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very slow. We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame. In the day the fire is but slightly seen; you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke.

At length we saw the sun sink between Capreæ and Inarime, and, as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful. We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire; and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them through the dark vapour trains of splendour. We descended by torch-light, and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage in a state of intense bodily suffering.—*Shelley.*

NOTES ON THE BAY OF NAPLES

Three excursions of interest may be made from Naples: the first, a trip in a row-boat westward to Misenum. Shelley has described this as follows: "We set off an hour after sunrise one radiant morning in a little boat; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a wave upon the sea, which was so translucent that you could see the hollow caverns clothed with the glaucous sea-moss, and the leaves and branches of those delicate weeds that pave the unequal bottom of the water. As noon approached, the heat, and especially the light, became intense. We passed Posilipo, and came first to the eastern point of the bay of Puzzoli, which is within the great bay of Naples, and which again incloses that of Baïæ. Here are lofty rocks and craggy islets, with arches and portals of precipice standing in the sea, and enormous caverns, which echoed faintly with the murmur of the languid tide. This is called La Scuola di Virgilio. We then went directly across to the promontory of Misenum."

Misenum has been aptly described by Forsyth as "once the Portsmouth of the Roman Empire," and the magnificent natural harbour is well worth seeing. Shelley then continues: "We were conducted to see the Mare Morto, and the Elysian fields; and the spot on which Virgil places the scenery of the Sixth *Æneid*. Though extremely beautiful, as a lake, and woody hills, and this divine sky must make it, I confess my disappointment. The guide showed us an antique cemetery, where the niches used for placing the cinerary urns of the dead yet remain. We then coasted the bay of Baïæ to the left, in which we saw many picturesque and interesting ruins; but I have to remark that we never disembarked but we were disappointed—while from the boat the effect of the scenery was inexpressibly delightful." This warning may be followed, for little remains of the villas by which Sylla, Pompey, Tiberius and Nero made Baïæ the fashionable watering-place of Rome.

The second excursion should be a carriage-drive (beginning over the jolting lava-pavement) on the road running from Naples through an almost continuous line of villages to Sorrento. The sea-life of these little fishing towns is very curious, and the general view charmed Dickens, who went by rail. He wrote: "Over doors and archways, there are countless little images of San Gennaro, with his Canute's

hand stretched out, to check the fury of the Burning Mountain; we are carried pleasantly, by a railroad on the beautiful Sea Beach, past the town of Torre del Greco, built upon the ashes of the former town destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, within a hundred years; and past the flat-roofed houses, granaries, and macaroni manufactories to Castel-a-Mare, with its ruined castle, now inhabited by fishermen, standing in the sea upon a heap of rocks. Here, the railroad terminates; but, hence we may ride on, by an unbroken succession of enchanting bays, and beautiful scenery, sloping from the highest summit of Saint Angelo, the highest neighbouring mountain, down to the water's edge—among vineyards, olive-trees, gardens of oranges and lemons, orchards, heaped-up rocks, green gorges in the hills—and by the bases of snow-covered heights, and through small towns with handsome, dark-haired women at the doors—and past delicious summer villas—to Sorrento, where the Poet Tasso drew his inspiration from the beauty surrounding him. Returning, we may climb the heights above Castel-a-Mare, and looking down among the boughs and leaves, see the crisp water glistening in the sun; and clusters of white houses in distant Naples, dwindling, in the great extent of prospect, down to dice."

The island of Ischia at the western entrance of the bay of Naples has not much interest, except that the scenery has a curious Grecian aspect. Addison wrote of the approach: "On the north end of the island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita."

For Capri (our third excursion) we may refer to Addison: "The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock, vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has, however, the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ana-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape

imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown with grass."

The Blue Grotto has been portrayed by Mendelssohn: "The sea fills the whole space of the grotto, the entrance to which lies under the water, only a very small portion of the opening projecting above the water, and through this narrow space you can only pass in a small boat, in which you must lie flat. When you are once in, the whole extent of the huge cave and its vault is revealed, and you can row about in it with perfect ease, as if under a dome. The light of the sun also pierces through the opening into the grotto from underneath the sea, but broken and dimmed by the green sea-water, and thence it is that such magical dreams arise. The whole of the high rocks are sky-blue, and green in the twilight, resembling the hue of moonshine. . . . Every stroke of the oars echoes strangely under the vault."

In the gulf of Salerno, which can be seen from Capri, is Amalfi, that southern Pisa, with a similar early glory and similar fate, and Salerno with its memories of the Norman invasion of Sicily; further down is Pæstum with its Greek temples. No better comment on the beauty of Southern Italy has been made than that of Goethe: "Now that all these coasts and promontories, gulfs and bays, islands and necks of land, rocks and sand-belts, bushy hills, soft meadows, fruitful fields, ornamented gardens, cultivated trees, hanging vines, cloud-capt mountains and ever cheerful plains, cliffs and banks, and the all-surrounding sea, with so many changes and variations—now that all these have become the present property of my mind—now, indeed, for the first time does the Odyssey address me as a living reality."

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